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VICTOR HUGO ON "LES MISÉRABLES"

HIS OBJECT IN WRITING THE ROMANCE, AND ITS RELATIONS TO SOCIAL PROBLEMS

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

THE letter of Victor Hugo which follows is from a manuscript version in Italian, probably the translation by Victor Hugo's secretary, and was written in response to an inquiry from Count Victor A. Pepe of Italy, as to Hugo's purposes in writing his great romance. The letter, which is signed in the writer's autograph, has been furnished to THE CENTURY by the Countess Rozwadowska, daughter of the gentleman to whom it was addressed. We have not been able to find it in the correspondence of Hugo, and it is believed to be unpublished. In any event, it will be read with special interest in view of its relations to current social problems, though general conditions in Italy have become more favorable since it was written.—THE EDITOR.

Hauteville House, October 18, 1862.

YOU are right, Sir, when you say that "Les Misérables" is written for all peoples. I do not know whether all will read it, but assuredly I composed it for all. It is addressed to England as well as to Spain, to Italy as well as to France, to Germany equally with Ireland, to the republics that have slaves as much as to the empires that have serfs. Social problems cross the frontiers; the sores of the human race—vast sores that cover the globe—do not halt at the blue or red lines traced on the atlas. Wherever man is ignorant and in despair, wherever woman sells herself for bread, wherever a child suffers for lack of a book to teach him and of a hearth to warm him, the book of "Les Misérables" knocks at the door, saying, "Open! I am here for you."

In the stage—still so dark—of civilization in which we exist, the name of the miserable is Man: he suffers in every clime; he groans in every tongue.

Your Italy is not more exempt than our France from ill; your marvelous Italy bears on her own soil every species of misery. Perhaps brigandage, which is an insane sort of pauperism, does not dwell

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on your mountains? Few nations are as deeply corroded as Italy by the ulcer of monasteries, which I endeavored to probe. Although you possess Rome, Milan, Palermo, Turin, Siena, Pisa, Mantua, Bologna, Ferrara, Genoa, Venice, an heroic history, sublime ruins, magnificent monuments, superb cities, you are as poor as we: you abound in wonders and in rottenness. The sun of Italy is indubitably splendid, but, alas! the blue of the sky does not take away man's rags!

Like us, you have prejudices, superstitions, tyrannies, fanaticisms, and blind laws which prop up ignorant customs. You taste nothing of the present and future except there is mixed in it some flavor of the past; and you have among you a barbarian—the monk, and a savage —the *lazzarone*. The social question is the same for you as for us. Your people die a little less of hunger, and a little more of fever; your hygiene is not much better than ours; the clouds of darkness, which are Protestant in England, are Catholic in Italy, but, under different names, the *vescovo* is identical with the bishop, and there is an obscurantism of almost the same kind. The wrong interpretation of the Bible amounts to the same as the misunderstanding of the Gospels.

Must I go on? Must I demonstrate more completely this mournful parallelism? Perhaps you have no needy ones? Look down. Perhaps you have no parasites? Look up. Perhaps before your eyes, as before ours, there does not oscillate the loathsome scales in whose two pans pauperism and parasitism balance each other so sadly?

Where is your army of schoolmasters, the only one which civilization recognizes? Where are your free, obligatory schools? Can it be that in the land of Dante and Michael Angelo all know how to read? Have you transformed your barracks into prytanea? Have you not, like us, an exorbitant war-budget and a ridiculous appropriation for education? Have you not also that passive obedience out of which a brutal soldiery is so easily made? Have you not a militarism which obeys discipline even to the point of firing on Garibaldi—which is the same as firing on the living honor of Italy?

Let us examine your social organization; let us take it just as it is, and reveal its flagrant iniquity: show me your woman and your child. We measure the degree of civilization by the sum of the protection accorded to these two weak creatures. Can it be that prostitution is less deplorable at Naples than at Paris? What patrimony of truth is contained in your laws, what quantity of justice emanates from your tribunals? Have you by chance the joy of not knowing the meaning of these gloomy words—public vengeance, legal infamy, the galleys, scaffold, hangman, death penalty? Italians! Beccaria is dead, and Farinacio lives among you as among us. And then, let us observe your State régime. Have you, indeed, a government which comprehends the identity of the moral and the political? Are you on the point of amnestying your heroes? Even in France they did something like that. And, now, let us pass miseries in review, let everybody bring his burden here: behold, you are as rich as we! Have not you also, like us, two damnations: the religious, pronounced by the priest, and the social, decreed by the judge? O great people of Italy, thou resemblest the great people of France! Alas, my brothers, you are like us "misérables."

From the depth of the gloom in which we all are plunged, you do not see much more distinctly than we the splendid and remote parts of Eden. Moreover, the priests deceive themselves in maintaining that those parts are behind us, whereas, instead, they lie before us.

I sum up what I have said. This book of "Les Misérables" is a mirror of our conditions, just as it is of yours. There are men and castes that rebel against it, and I understand why: mirrors tell the truth, and are accordingly hated; but they do not cease, on that account, to be useful.

As for me, I wrote for all; with a profound love for my country, but without preoccupying myself more for France than for any other people. Little by little, as I advance in life, I grow simpler and become more and more the patriot of humanity.

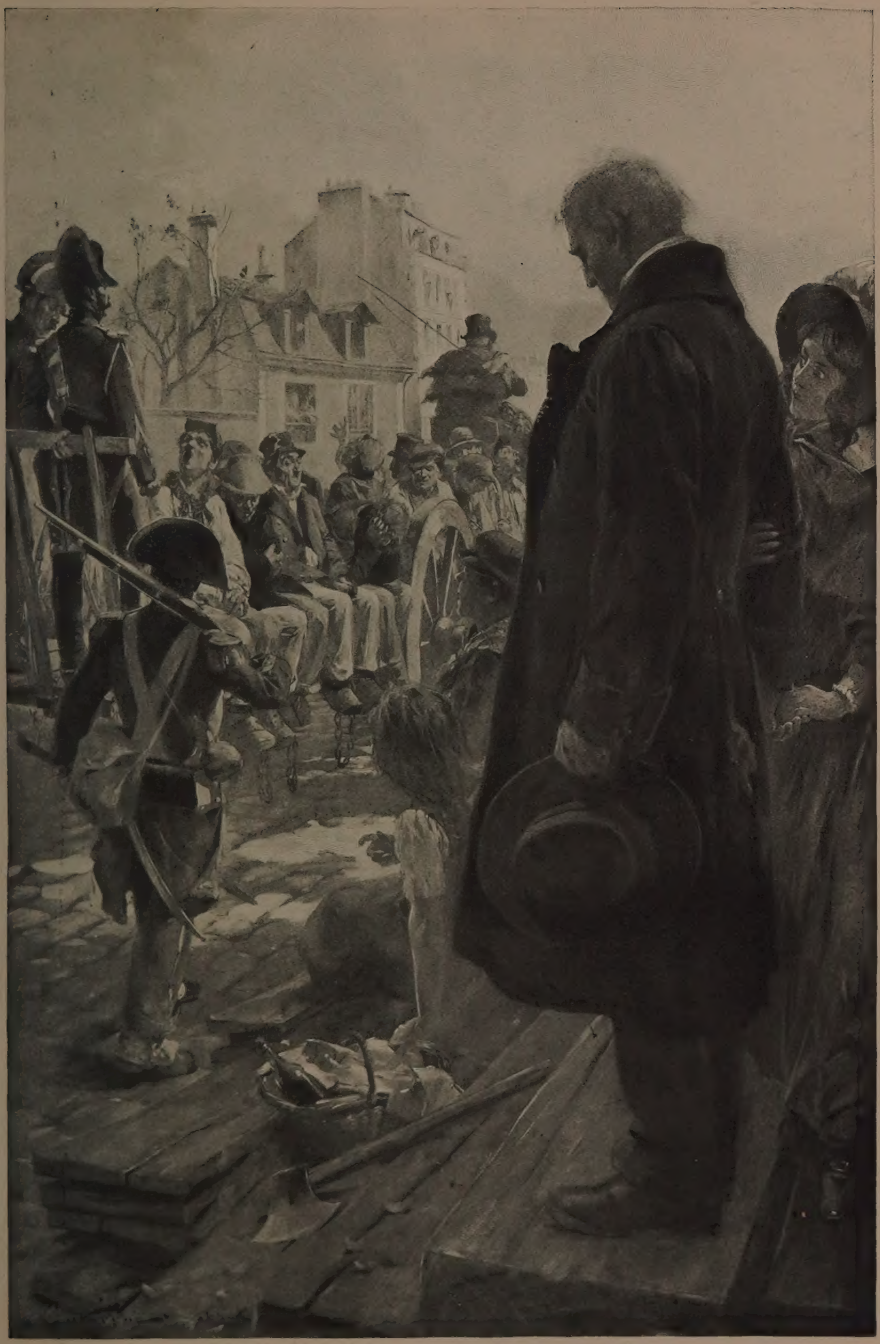
Besides, this is the tendency of our epoch, the law of the development of the French Revolution; and, in order to cor-

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

COSETTE AND MARIUS IN THE GARDEN—"ST. DENIS," BOOK V, CHAPTER VI

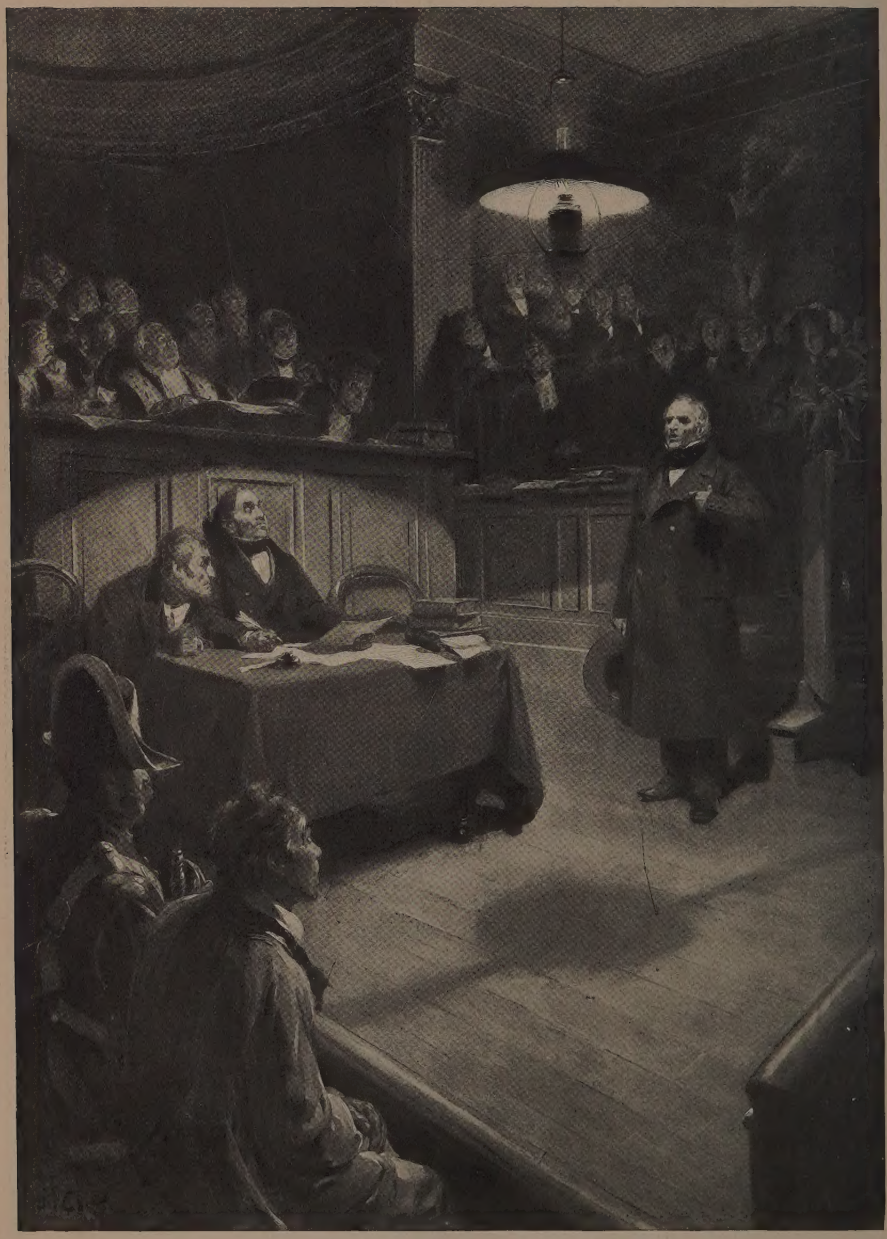
Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

COSETTE AND MARIUS IN THE GARDEN—"ST. DENIS," BOOK V, CHAPTER VI



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

JEAN VALJEAN AND COSETTE WATCHING THE CHAIN OF CONVICTS—
"ST. DENIS," BOOK III, CHAPTER VIII



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

JEAN VALJEAN ACCUSING HIMSELF—"FANTINE," BOOK VII, CHAPTER XI

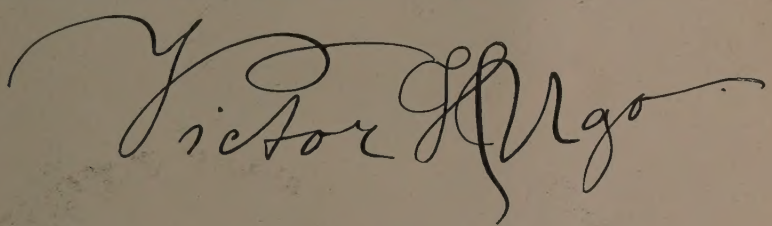
respond to the perpetual extension of civilization, books must cease to be exclusively French, Italian, German, Spanish, English, to become European, and, still more, human. Hence a new logic of art and certain necessities of composition, which modify everything, even the conditions—so narrow in the past—of taste and language, which must now, like everything else, be broadened.

Some French critics have reproved me, to my great joy, because they find me outside of what they call French taste: I wish that the eulogy were deserved.

In short, I do what I can: I suffer from the universal pain, and seek to lessen it; and, having only the poor strength of one man, I cry to all, "Help me!"

There you have, Sir, what your letter has impelled me to say to you; and I say it for you and for your country. If I have been so emphatic, it is because of a phrase in your writing, in which you report that "there are Italians who say, 'This book of *Les Misérables* is French, and does not concern us. Let the French read it as a history, but let us, on the contrary, read it as a romance.'" Alas! I repeat, be we Italians or Frenchmen, the misery concerns us all. Since History first wrote and Philosophy first meditated, misery is the garment of the human race: would that the moment might come at last for stripping off those rags, and for substituting on the limbs of the Man-People, for the accursed patches of the past, the great purple mantle of dawn!

If you deem this letter of use for enlightening any minds and for dissipating any prejudices, you may publish it. Accept, I beg you, this new assurance of my distinguished sentiments.

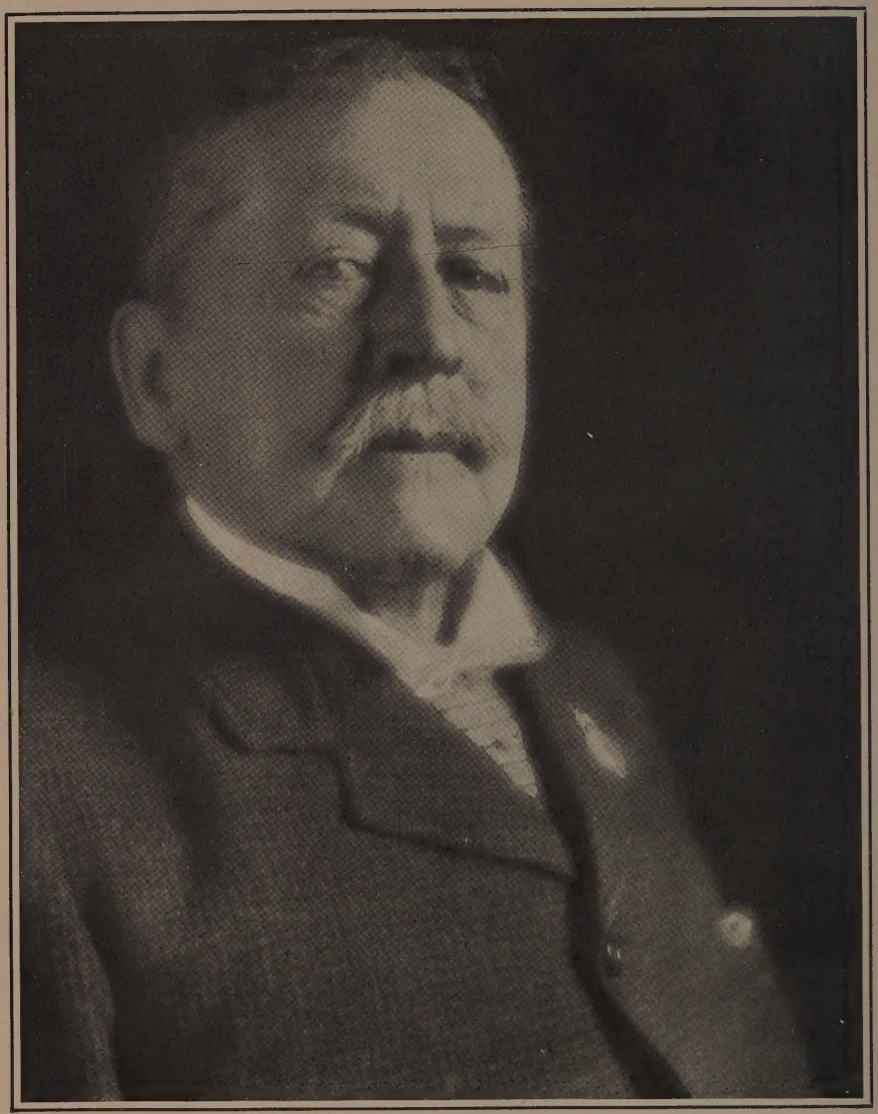


(HUGO'S SIGNATURE TO THE FOREGOING LETTER)

SIGN AND SYMBOL

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

READ me the riddle of the shows of things;
Dance of the seven stars, and stormy spray
Of mighty sunsets beyond mountain rings;
The sad and level light of ebbing day
Along the corn; the autumn bounteousness
Of trees thick-fruited, dreaming in pale air;
The still and pastoral fields where slow flocks press;
The mellow thunder of far seas and fair.
What teems behind the blue mask of the sky?
What exquisite light were dark save for the rose?
What word unspoken but for yonder high,
Rapt peak with its austerity of snows?
The meaning of the symbol who divines?
Or wins the secret shadowed in the signs?



From a photograph made in 1905 by Alvin Langdon Coburn

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TWO POEMS

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

(REPRINTED FROM THE CENTURY FOR MAY, 1890, AND JANUARY, 1892)

"I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON THE YEARS"

I VEX me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now amid a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

DEATH DEFIED

THERE dwells one bright Immortal on the earth,
Not known of all men. They who know her not
Go hence forgotten from the House of Life,
Sons of oblivion.
To her once came
That awful Shape which all men hold in dread,
And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,
With heavenly eyes half sorrowful, and then
Smiled, and passed by. *And who art thou,* he cried
That lookest on me and art not appalled,
That seem'st so fragile, yet defiest Death?
Not thus do mortals face me! What art thou?

But she no answer made: silent she stood;
Awhile in holy meditation stood,
And then moved on thro' the enamoured air,
Silent, with luminous uplifted brows—
Time's sister, Daughter of Eternity,
Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.

GARIBALDI IN NEW YORK[1]

BY HENRY TYRRELL

"THERE is around the name of Garibaldi a halo which nothing can extinguish. A whole life devoted to one object—his country; consecrated by deeds of honor, first abroad, and then at home; valor and constancy more than admirable; simplicity of life and manners which recalls the men of antiquity; all the most mournful trials and losses manfully endured; glory and poverty! Every particular relating to such a man is precious."—*Mazzini.*

IN an obscure little street of Clifton, Staten Island,—now incorporate as Richmond Borough in the "Greater" City of New York,—stands a dingy and deserted frame dwelling, marked with a marble slab, once white, bearing this inscription:

QUI VISSE ESULE DAL 1851 AL 1853

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

L' EROE DEI DUE MONDI

8 MARZO 1884 ALCUNI AMICI POSERO

This shabby-looking house, facing the big red brick brewery, has been for half a century past a shrine cherished by patriotic Italians, and the object of pilgrimages innumerable, prompted by the personal interest which men of all nationalities take in Garibaldi, the justly celebrated "Hero of the Two Worlds." The structure will be inclosed for preservation within a permanent monumental "pantheon," to be dedicated by the Italian organizations of America, next July, the hundredth anniversary of the Liberator's birth.

The fact that on this same memorial tablet, put up by compatriots and personal friends of Garibaldi within two years of his death, the dates "1851 to 1853" are misleading, if not positively incorrect, shows how vague and conflicting are the data upon which a systematic compiler has to depend for clues. Yet the time and labor are well spent, in piecing together for historical record this chapter of a life-story the interest of which is not merely adventitious, but perennial, and the simplest happenings of which took on a kind of legendary glamour even to familiar contemporaries.

The Hon. William M. Evarts, in his speech in the United States Senate on the

[1]Garibaldi was born at Nice, July 4, 1807. Entered the Italian navy, and, in 1834, proscribed, as belonging to Mazzini's secret society of "Young Italy." Fled to South America, entered service of the republic of Rio Grande do Sul. 1836-1848 in the service of Uruguay. In 1848 returned to Italy, and commanded troops in defense of the short-lived Republic of Rome. In 1850, again an exile, came to New York. In 1854 went back to Italy, and settled on the island of Caprera. In 1859 commanded "Alpine Hunters" in the war of Sardinia and France against Austria. In 1860 invaded Sicily and captured Naples. In 1861 retired again to Caprera. In 1862 organized an expedition against Rome, and was defeated by national troops at Aspromonte. In 1866 operated against the Austrians in the Tyrol. In 1867 led an expedition against the Pope, and was defeated at Mentana. In 1870 served in French army against Prussia. In 1871 elected to French Chamber of Deputies. In 1874 entered Italian Parliament. Participated in government work for sanitation of the Pontine marshes around Rome. Died at Caprera, June 2, 1882.

occasion of the dedication of the Martegani bust of Garibaldi in the Capitol at Washington (August 23, 1888), said:

Giuseppe Garibaldi was for two years a resident of New York or its vicinity, where he became well known to our citizens; and his marked character, although not then distinguished by famous achievements, encouraged in the knowledge and expectations of those about him the hope that he would have great things to do for Italy . . . And now, Garibaldi's name, his inextinguishable name, shall be one to conjure with, for liberty and love of country, so long as and wherever those great sentiments shall warm the human breast.

The year 1850 was the most unsettled, and probably the saddest, of Garibaldi's whole life. Returning to Italy in the revolutionary days of '48, after his twelve years' odyssey in South America, he had fought desperately but in vain for the short-lived Roman Republic; had defied the victorious Austrians, in the North, in a guerilla campaign of prodigious valor; and had seen his heroic wife, Anita, ever at his side in the midst of combat, perish a fugitive in the marshes of Ravenna. A proscript and exile, barely escaping with his own life, racked with rheumatism and fever, he fled to Tangier, to Gibraltar, and finally, via Liverpool, to these United States of America, landing in New York about the middle of June, 1850.

Garibaldi came here, in company with his friend Francesco Carpanetto, with the well-defined idea of acquiring American citizenship, and of taking command of a merchant vessel, to be built by the coöperative subscriptions of certain of his comparatively well-to-do countrymen. New York at that time was full of Italian political refugees, some of whom had been Garibaldi's companions in arms, while others had lately escaped the dungeons of Austria, Bourbon Naples, and papal Rome. Among these latter was Michele Pastacaldi, to whose residence, in Irving Place, Garibaldi went immediately upon his arrival in this city.

It was at Pastacaldi's house that Garibaldi met Theodore Dwight,[1] his subsequent biographer, to whom he intrusted for translation and publication the manuscript of his personal memoirs up to that period. Garibaldi at that time was forty-three years of age, and in the prime of his physical manhood, notwithstanding the lifelong arthritic troubles contracted in South America. Dwight's first impression is vividly set down in a note which appears only in the initial edition of his book, dated 1859; for Garibaldi, after having freely given the materials, requested that the publication be deferred until a more propitious season, and that did not arrive until nine years later, when the campaign of the Cacciatori delle Alpi aroused the admiration of the world.

Garibaldi has a broad and round forehead; a straight and almost perpendicular nose, not too small, but of a delicate form; heavy brown moustache and beard, which conceal the lower part of his face; a full, round chest; free and athletic movements, notwithstanding ill health and a rheumatism which disables his right arm; a full, dark eye, steady, penetrating and pensive, but mild and friendly; an easy, natural, frank and unassuming carriage, with a courteous nod and a ready grasp of the hand, as a recognition of one introduced by his friends Pastacaldi and Foresti . . . Speaking French and Italian, his freedom of utterance, and the propriety and beauty of his language, would have been noticeable even in one making pretence to academic culture, which he never did. To my surprise, I found my thoughts turned, in part, from fields of battle, the siege of Rome, and the sortie of San Marino, to the philosophic principles of the Italian revolution, and the true doctrines of Christianity, perverted by the enemies of liberty. I recollect that I made a silent reflection, as I left his company, that although I had heard men speak eloquently and impressively before, had admired their characters and approved their principles, Garibaldi raised my mind and impressed my heart in a manner altogether new, surprising and indescribable.

Still a convalescent, and disliking ever the noisy life of the city, Garibaldi temporarily took up his abode at the Pavilion Hotel on Richmond Terrace, West Brighton, Staten Island, at that time the social center of a picturesque and aristocratic suburb. Jenny Lind gave a number of concerts there, at which Salvi, the well-known Italian baritone, also sang. Salvi was a friend of Antonio Meucci, who

[1] Author of "A Tour in Italy in 1821," "The Roman Republic in 1849," etc. Died, 1865.

Drawn by George T. Tobin from a photograph

GARIBALDI AT HIS FARM ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRERA

This photograph, after the recovery of Rome, was given by Garibaldi to Antonio Meucci, who in Garibaldi's hand is described as "my dear boss"

lived at Clifton in a house owned by Max Maretzek, the operatic impresario.

As soon as Garibaldi got his bearings, so to speak, he said:

"Here we are, a colony of Italian exiles, with nothing to do but talk. Now, our talk is never going to free Italy—it 's *this,*" striking out a herculean blow from the shoulder. "We must await our opportunity, and, in the meantime, get to work."

Any kind of labor, however severe or humble, Garibaldi urged, was preferable to idleness and dependence; and he always earnestly recommended to his fellow-exiles here the rejection of pecuniary aid from others. He conferred upon the matter with Carpanetto and Pastacaldi, and they took a suggestion from Antonio Meucci, who was an inventive genius and a practical workman, and had a place convenient for the experiment. Meucci proposed that they should start a sausage factory on his premises. This scheme was promptly put into execution, and gave temporary employment to a considerable number of the poorer Italian expatriates. Colonel Bovi, who had lost an arm at the siege of Rome, acted as foreman, or superintendent.

But sausage-making seems to have been a precarious business then, as now, and the enterprise failed. It was immediately replaced by the candle factory, of historic renown. In this latter, Garibaldi worked at the commonest manual labor, not because he was obliged to, but probably for the sake of setting a good example. Giovanni P. Morosini, whom to-day we know as a prominent New York banker, was in 1850 an adventurous youth seeking his fortune on Staten Island, and got a job at Meucci's. When he is in the mood, he can give piquant reminiscences of the days when he and an Irishman named Pat Fitzpatrick used to be sent out with Garibaldi to the old Vanderbilt Landing to bring up barrels of tallow for the boiling-vat, the remains of which are still to be seen on the grounds of the old Lazzari place.

In his latter-day memoirs, which were published by his son Menotti, at Florence, in 1888, six years after the father's death, Garibaldi makes brief but characteristic mention of the honest Meucci, and "la Signora Ester, sue moglie":

Un brav' uomo mio amico, Antonio Meucci fiorentino, si decide a stabilire una fabbrica di candele e mi offre di aiutarlo nel suo stabilimento. Detto fatto . . . Lavori per alcuni mesi col Meucci, il quale non mi trattò come un suo lavorante qualunque, ma come uno della famiglia, e con molta amorevolezza. (A worthy friend of mine, Antonio Meucci, a Florentine, decided to start a candle factory, and offered me a position as assistant in his establishment. No sooner said than done . . . I worked several months with Meucci, who treated me in no wise as an employee, but rather as one of his family, and with much loving kindness.)

It was not long, however, before a committee of New York's leading citizens sought out Garibaldi in his modest Staten Island retreat, desiring him to accept the honors of a public reception in this hero-worshiping metropolis. His reply, dated August 3, 1850, was a courteous but decided refusal, which Dwight translates from "the refined Italian original" as follows:

GENTLEMEN: I much regret that my very poor health does not allow me to take part in the demonstration which you have appointed for next Saturday. The slowness of my convalescence, and the uncertainty of the time of my recovery, still render it impossible for me to fix a day when I may be able to accede to the wishes expressed in your affectionate and flattering invitation. I hope you will allow me to repeat, more strongly than at first, my desire that you entirely abandon the proposed testimonial.

Such a public exhibition is not necessary to secure for me the sympathy of my countrymen, of the American people, and of all true republicans, for the misfortunes which I have encountered, and for the cause which has occasioned them.

Although a public manifestation of that sympathy would be most grateful to me, exiled from my native land, separated from my children, and weeping over the fall of my country's liberty by foreign intervention; yet, believe me, I would rather avoid it, content that it be allowed me tranquilly and humbly to become a citizen of this great Republic of free men, to sail under its flag, to engage in commerce in order to earn my livelihood, and to await a moment more favorable for the redemption of my country from oppressors, both domestic and foreign.

In regard to the cause to which I have consecrated myself, there is nothing I hold in higher esteem than the approbation of this great people; and I believe it will be sufficient for them to know how I have honestly and

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE MEUCCI-GARIBALDI HOUSE AT CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND, AS IT IS TO-DAY

faithfully served the cause of liberty, in which they themselves have given such a noble example to the world.

That the gentlemen of the reception committee rightly appreciated the force and significance of this letter is evident from their published acknowledgment, which closes with these words:

"We lament the modesty of General Garibaldi, which, more than his retarded convalescence, has prevented the success of our urgent requests."

They got along better with Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who visited New York late in 1851. Kossuth had his headquarters at the Howard House, on Broadway, opposite the City Hall; went about in military state, attended by a Magyar guard in dashing uniforms; and attended public receptions galore. One of these was tendered him at the old Nautilus Hall, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, by a committee composed of Dr. Ephraim Clark, Dr. Westervelt, Samuel French, and Richard Adams Locke, on which occasion, the annals conspicuously record, General Garibaldi was among those present, and made a brief address in French.

In his humble retirement at Clifton, Garibaldi naturally did not give all his time and thoughts to candle-making. He had set himself a characteristic literary task, which was nothing less than the writing of a series of personal sketches, intended as a tribute to those of his late companions in arms whose loss he mourned with the outspoken, passionate grief of a great yet simple heart. First and foremost of these was Anita Garibaldi. In a note to Dwight he writes:

> According to promise, I send you the first biographical sketch—and do not be surprised that it is of my wife. She was my constant companion, in good and evil fortune—sharing, as you will see, my greatest perils, and surpassing the bravest of the brave. Please consult Foresti regarding the manuscripts and translations, and frankly give me your opinion.

After completing about half a dozen of these sketches, including eloquent notices of Hugo Bassi and Angelo Brunetti (Ciceruacchio), both martyrs of the disaster at Cesenatico, in 1849, and of his South American comrades, Anzani and Carniglia, Garibaldi was obliged to excuse himself to Dwight for desisting from further writing, on account of the fatigue he felt after the day's work. These epic chapters, aglow with the sacred fire of emotion, and full of impassioned anti-

popery protest, for some reason, perhaps not altogether past divining, never survived the first edition of Dwight's book, now long since out of print; nor do they appear in anything like their first shape in the aforementioned posthumous memoirs edited by Menotti.

What those memoirs *do* record, however, with touching frankness, is the almost intolerable obsession of melancholy and restlessness under which Garibaldi passed these first few months in New York. He tells how, on one occasion, unknown to Meucci, he yielded to the momentary impulse of despair, and, equipped with his few imperfect words of English, went down to the Staten Island docks, resolved, if possible, to ship as a sailor on one of the many English and American clippers lying there. He asked if he could "help"; the gruff skippers misunderstood him as soliciting help for himself, and so the ex-commander of the republican fleet of Brazil was ignominiously despised and rejected.

He said nothing, but returned to Meucci's house and resolutely fought the blue devils of nostalgia, ennui, and vain regrets. There was work to be done, and no lack of homely distractions. Meucci rigged up a cat-boat with a felucca sail, painted it, red, white, and green, and with laudable but misdirected sentiment named it the *Hugo Bassi*. In this boat the two friends enjoyed many a fishing excursion down the bay and among the lagoons of Long Island. Garibaldi also loved to wander off alone for a day's shooting among the wooded Dongan Hills. This led to his arrest, on one occasion, for the unwitting violation of some petty township ordinance. He was haled before the local magistrate, who, upon the identification of Garibaldi by his indignant friends, promptly dismissed the case. To the protests and condolences of these latter he sturdily replied:

> No, friends, these officers of the law have done nothing more than their duty, and I deserved the correction. The Americans make and enforce the laws proper to the regulation of their own communities, just as we hope some day to do with ours in Italy.

He constantly bore in mind the fact that he was a guest in this country, a foreigner, and a democrat.

Another instance of Garibaldi's appearance in a New York court of justice—voluntary, this time—is related by Henry Vandervoort, the veteran clerk of the City Court of Sessions. Garibaldi had witnessed a case of assault and battery on the Staten Island ferryboat, and, with his usual chivalric impulse, offered to testify in favor of the injured party. His pres-

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a water-color sketch by Walton H. Roberts

RUINS OF THE CANDLE-MAKING FURNACE AND CALDRON AT CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND, AS THEY APPEARED ABOUT 1884

ence in the court-room naturally caused a sensation, though, as Mr. Vandervoort notes—

> the General's demeanor was modest and unassuming, and he spoke in a low voice, his testimony being translated by an interpreter. He used dramatic emphasis at one point only, and that, as I subsequently ascertained, was where he declared "it was cowardly to pitch upon the little fellow so, even though he did manage to defend himself."

He describes Garibaldi's costume, on this occasion, as—

> a sort of blue cloth surtout, with frogs for trimming around the buttonholes. He always wore a large black neckerchief, wound twice around, to cover the scar of an old South American gunshot wound in his neck. His trousers were large and loose, worn sailor-fashion, close-buttoned around the waist.

This tallies with the recollections of the few Staten Islanders still living, or but recently passed away, such as Morosini; Captain Richard Christopher (who died in January, 1907); James Thompson, the carpenter and builder; the late "Uncle John" Garretson; and the late Daniel Pelton, the well-known poet and religious writer, who for sixty-five years was a resident of West New Brighton. These all knew Garibaldi by sight. They used to meet him walking on the Richmond Terrace at Livingston, or on St. Mary's Avenue, Rosebank, or coming to market at Stapleton, or perhaps indulging in a game of *bocci* (open-air bowling) at the Italian resort of one Bergamo, on New York Avenue, near the water's-edge. He seems to have left the same impression with all—"like a workingman," "simple and plain—anybody could speak to him," and "the most generous, chivalrous man I ever met—the Chevalier Bayard of the oppressed." Ira K. Morris, the historian of Staten Island, sums it all up in the following quaint and kindly words:

> He was in private intercourse the most gentle and unassuming of men. Children would run to play with him. If in a crowded room you would have looked around for some one to whom you would have given a wife or sister in charge, you would have singled out General Garibaldi amongst hundreds, there was such a stamp and impress of one of Nature's gentlemen about the man.

Garibaldi's almost lifelong affiliation with Freemasonry was one of the determining factors of his career. Through the Carbonari, and then the Giovine Italia, with Mazzini, he had served his patriotic apprenticeship in the allied secret orders; and it was most natural and fitting that, having taken up his residence on Staten Island, he should lose no time in connecting himself with the Masonic organization to which his friend Meucci belonged. This was the Tompkinsville Lodge, No. 401, in which Garibaldi took degrees, and of which his portrait and autograph signature are proud possessions to-day. In 1889, nearly forty years after Garibaldi's sojourn, this same lodge buried Antonio Meucci, from whom it inherited sundry relics and souvenirs destined for permanent preservation in the Garibaldi pantheon about to be dedicated.

One of these relics is none other than a veritable *camicia rossa,* or red shirt, worn by Garibaldi at the siege of Rome in 1849. Its legend is as follows:

Garibaldi, the "proud despiser of pay and money," was always penniless; so that when he had occasion to give, which was constantly, it became necessary for him to borrow or else to sacrifice his personal belongings, such as trinkets and wearing apparel. One day he brought home an Italian exile who, he explained, was poorer than himself. "I have two shirts, and he has none at all; so I purpose to divide with him." But one of Garibaldi's two shirts was in the wash, so that had he stripped the other garment off his back to give to his needy compatriot, as he would have been capable of doing without the least hesitation, the division would still have been, for the moment, unequal. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "There is the red shirt, in my trunk, that I have n't worn since Rome. He shall have that." Here Meucci intervened, and offered to give one of his own shirts in exchange for the Garibaldian red badge of courage, which he declared he would never thenceforth part with until his dying day. He kept his vow, as presently we shall see.

"Women," as one of them frankly writes, "all through his life, made a dead

set at Garibaldi." Some day, possibly, a biographical specialist will do for him what Masson has done for Napoleon, and give to the world, after painfully minute research, a volume about "Garibaldi et les Femmes." He may find plenty of material for such a work, but little or none of it will fall within the Staten Island period of 1850–52. Those were doubly years of mourning for Garibaldi.

From a photograph by Maull and Fox, London

GARIBALDI IN 1863

Society and public life never attracted him, and now he studiously shunned them. His few intimate associates were men, mostly compatriots who had been associated with him in the Italian revolution—among others, Foresti, Pastacaldi, Bovi, Righini, Filopanti, Minelli, Oregoni, and General Avezzana, the ex-Minister of War of the Republic of Rome.

Of the two portraits of Garibaldi made in New York in 1850–52, the steel engraving after the original daguerreotype by M. A. Root and S. Root (not reproduced here) was generally conceded at the time to be the more life-like and characteristically leonine. Albert L. Rawson, the venerable New York artist, writer, traveler, and mystic, whose wife was Laura Keene, a popular actress of the fifties and sixties, said, in answer to inquiries by the present writer:

Garibaldi was distinctively the leonine type of man, both morally and physically. He had the lion nobility of nature, all dignity, strength and gentleness, with hot flashes of anger, quick and generous forgiveness, and absence of all rancor, malice, or uncharitableness.

"In the oil portrait, from life, painted for Pastacaldi in 1851, Daniel Pelton thought there was something about the head, with its long hair and tawny mane, that suggested the Christ type as conceived by the medieval Italian painters. "But," he added, "with more of the serpent's wisdom expressed in the eye." Garibaldi replied:

This Christ type, as you call it, is not uncommon on the Ligurian coast, where I was born; and perhaps it may be accounted for by the wives of sailors in peril going to pray before pictures and images of Jesus. As for the serpent's wisdom, or wariness, that undoubtedly was induced by the danger in which the population, including my own ancestors, has stood for centuries past from Algerine pirates.

In Fulton street, near Broadway, New York, over the doorway of an old-time brick building occupied by what is now an ordinary drinking saloon, may still be seen a signboard, weatherbeaten by the storms of more than half a century, bearing the name of Lorenzo Ventura. Within the place is a museum of antique prints, playbills, and other historical relics; and conspicuous among the latter is a round marble-topped table at which, according to well-authenticated tradition, Garibaldi used to play dominoes and chat with his friends. Ventura's, in the middle of the last century, was a favorite cosmopolitan rendezvous for the actors of the adjacent Park Theater, and the journalists and "literati" of Printing House Square. Here it was that Garibaldi first met John Anderson, the rich tobacconist, who became prominently identified thereafter with the Italian cause.

Anderson's shop was in Nassau street, just around the corner from Ventura's. In the early forties, it had been one of the scenes connected with the tragedy of Mary Rogers, a pretty cigar-girl employed there, and upon the newspaper reports of whose murder Edgar Allan Poe, then living in Philadelphia, based his well-known "detective" tale, "The Mystery of Marie Roget." It must have been through the conversations of Anderson and Meucci, both of whom had visited Havana, and were intimately acquainted with the political conditions there, that Garibaldi became interested in the idea of a revolution for Cuban independence. Of these conversations, of course, no record remains; but one saying of Garibaldi's, which has been preserved, seems to us to-day singularly prophetic. In answer to a remark that the native Cubans were hopelessly destitute and unarmed, he exclaimed:

"Un valoroso sa sempre trovare un' arme."
("The brave can always find a weapon.")

He had in mind the machete, then the implement of the sugarcane-cutter's daily toil, now the sword of Free Cuba.

When, early in the year 1851, Garibaldi and Carpanetto somehow found themselves in a position to take the *San Giorgio,* a small trading vessel, on what was ostensibly a voyage of commercial speculation to Central America, they sailed first to Havana, where it appears they had important, though mysterious, business. Garibaldi himself, in his posthumous memoirs, tells us that he assumed the name of Giuseppe Pane, an alias which he had previously used in his association with the Young Italy movement as far back as 1834. It may not have been a filibustering expedition, this Central American voyage of 1851, precise dates and details of which remain in impenetrable obscurity. Very likely, however, the true relation of Garibaldi to Cuban independence would make more of a story than has ever yet been set forth in cold print.

He crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and went south to Lima, and there embarked upon a new enterprise, taking command of the ship *Carmen* for a trip to China and back. Then he captained a ship with a cargo of copper from Chile to Boston. Returning to New York, he spent here the few weeks which, in his biographies, pass for "the year" of 1852.

Under commission to a certain Captain Figari, Garibaldi went to Baltimore and superintended the overhauling of an "ocean tramp," which was rechristened the *Commonwealth,* and then sent on two or three trips around Cape Horn, and across the Pacific to China. Finally, in 1853, he took the *Commonwealth* to Newcastle, England, for a cargo of coal. Morosini, who accompanied him as a common sailor, has often related how the Italians, going barefoot about the decks, would shudder in fear of the heavy hob-nailed shoes of the English navvies who came aboard to load on the coal.

"Look out, Nanni!" Garibaldi would cry. "If they ever tread on your toes with those horseshoes, you 'll be crippled for life."

On the 10th of May, 1853, the *Commonwealth* put in at the port of Genoa, and Garibaldi landed once again on his native shores, this time to stay there. A

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

FROM A WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY ANGELO ACHINI OF MILAN, PAINTED AFTER A LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT IN OIL MADE BY THE SAME PAINTER TWO MONTHS BEFORE THE DEATH OF GARIBALDI

OWNED BY GENERAL RUSH C. HAWKINS

From a photograph

GROUP OF GARIBALDI VETERANS AT ROSEBANK, STATEN ISLAND

Antonio Meucci is the old man with the white beard in the foreground

small legacy from his brother, who had died the year before, enabled him to purchase an eyrie on the rocky islet of Caprera, near the northeastern coast of Sardinia. The Russian war, and the skilful diplomacy of Cavour, were preparing events which did not culminate until 1859, but which inspired Garibaldi with hope to watch and with patience to wait. Thenceforth Caprera was his castle, his home. To-day it is his sepulcher.

A year or two after Garibaldi's death, which occurred on June 2, 1882, the present writer accompanied a young English artist, Mr. Walton Roberts, upon a pilgrimage to the home of Antonio Meucci, at Clifton, Staten Island. The old man received us with simple cordiality, showed us his treasured souvenirs, and entertained us with his reminiscences during the greater part of an entire afternoon. In his workshop, at the rear of the building, were the tools and many mechanical odds and ends with which he and Garibaldi had busied themselves thirty years before; for Meucci was an inventor, and in his youth had been a stage carpenter and engineer in the opera-houses of Florence, Milan, and Rome, and later in Havana.

An up-stairs room, with low ceiling and small windows, at the northeast corner of the house, looking out toward New York harbor, had been Garibaldi's. On his narrow iron bedstead lay neatly folded the famous red shirt, with facings or trimmings of green, a style of garment originally adopted from the Uruguayan *gauchos,* or cowboys, and made the uniform of the Italian legion in South America, subsequently to attain world-wide renown as the Garibaldian *camicia rossa.* Other personal relics, religiously preserved by Meucci and his wife, were a couple of walking-sticks, a silver-mounted stiletto, a cameo pin, and a bronze medal. In the little parlor down-stairs were three large altar-candles, in the Italian colors, red, white and green, which Meucci told us he and Garibaldi had amused themselves at making in a leisure moment, "to illuminate the Campidoglio of Rome when the Italian army should enter the Eternal

City and make it the capital of United Italy." When Rome was recovered, Meucci made three other candles in the Italian colors and sent them to Garibaldi.

Chief treasure of all, however, was a photograph received from Caprera in the latter years of Garibaldi's life, bearing his signature, and the inscription: *"Al mio caro principale, Antonio Meucci"*—"To my dear old boss," as Meucci affectionately translated it. It shows the veteran liberator in the austere but peaceful and patriarchal retirement of his rock-bound island farm.

"He always kept up correspondence with his friends in America," said Meucci, "and he had a lot of agricultural implements sent over to Italy from New York. At the time of the Civil War, Garibaldi offered his sword to Abraham Lincoln, and at a word he would have come over here to fight for the preservation of the Union."

Roberts made the water-color sketch, herewith reproduced, of the ruined brick furnace and caldron, all that remained of the old candle-making plant. It stood then in the yard of the brewery, across the street from the Meucci domicile; but shortly afterward it was removed to the adjoining grounds of Lazzari's "Hotel and Garden of Caprera," for some years a much-frequented suburban resort. Here Garibaldi's youngest son, Manlio, now an officer in the Italian navy, made the pilgrimage of filial piety when his ship came to New York to participate in the Columbian celebration and naval parade. Lazzari's is no more, but there, on its site, still stands "Garibaldi's kettle," as the people of the neighborhood call it, and thither the house itself has been removed while these notes are being prepared for the press. Meucci died there in 1889.

An epilogue to this history comes to light in a letter dated Staten Island, July 10, 1882, from Antonio Meucci to Celso Cesare Moreno, the eminent Italian geographer and linguist. After lamenting the recent passing of Garibaldi, he adds:

> I see by the newspaper you send me that Prince Torlonia desires to purchase the red shirt of General Giuseppe Garibaldi. Many Americans and English have asked the same thing of me, not only concerning this, but all the other objects once appertaining to the Hero which remain in my possession. But to all I answer No, as I will not make barter of such relics. I am extremely poor, but, come what may, I shall always religiously keep these souvenirs, so as to be sure that when I die they will not fall into unworthy hands.[1]

[1] Ho veduto nel giornale che mi mandaste, che il principe Torlonia amerebbe fare acquista della camicia rossa del generale Giuseppe Garibaldi. Ora vi dico che molti americani e inglesi mi domandano la stessa cosa non solo, ma vorrebbero tutti gli oggetti appartenenti già all' Eroe e che conservo religiosamente in mio possesso: ma a tutti dico di no, perchè non voglio fare interesse con tali reliquie. Sono estremamente povero, ma ad ogni modo custodirò religiosamente tali ricordi e provvederò onde alla mia morte non vadano in mano d'immeritevoli persone.

THE REVOLUTION AT SATAN'S TRAP

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

Author of "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," etc.

JEHOSHAPHAT RUDD of Satan's Trap was shy; able-bodied, to be sure, if a gigantic frame means anything, and mature, if a family of nine is competent evidence, but still as shy as a child. Moreover, he had the sad habit of anxiety: whence tense eyelids, an absent, poignant gaze, a perpetual pucker between the brows. His face was brown and big, framed in tawny, soft hair and beard, and spread with a delicate web of wrinkles, spun by the weather—a round countenance, simple, kindly, apathetic. The wind had inflamed the whites of his eyes and turned the rims blood-red; but the wells in the midst were deep and clear and cool. Reserve, courageous and methodical diligence at the fishing, a quick, tremulous concern upon salutation—by these signs the folk of his harbor had long ago been persuaded that he was a fool; and a fool he was, according to the convention of the Newfoundland outports—a shy, dull fellow, whose interests were confined to his punt, his gear, the grounds off the Tombstone, and the bellies of his young ones. He had no part with the disputations of Satan's Trap; no voice, for example, in the rancorous discussions of the purposes and ways of the Lord God Almighty, believing the purposes to be wise and kind, and the ways the Lord's own business. He was shy, anxious, and preoccupied; wherefore he was called a fool, and made no answer: for doubtless he *was* a fool. And what did it matter? He would fare neither better nor worse.

Nor would Jehoshaphat wag a tongue with the public-spirited men of Satan's Trap: the times and the customs had no interest, no significance, for him; he was troubled with his own concerns. Old John Wull, the trader, with whom (and no other) the folk might barter their fish, personified all the abuses, as a matter of course. But—

"I 'low I 'm too busy t' think," Jehoshaphat would reply uneasily. "I 'm too busy. I—I—why, I got t' tend my *fish!*"

This was the quality of his folly.

IT chanced one summer dawn, however, when the sky was flushed with tender light, and the shadows were trooping westward, and the sea was placid, that the punts of Timothy Yule and Jehoshaphat Rudd went side by side to the Tombstone grounds. It was dim and very still upon the water, and solemn, too, in that indifferent vastness between the gloom and the rosy, swelling light. Satan's Trap lay behind in the shelter and shadow of great hills laid waste, a lean, impoverished, listless home of men.

"You dunderhead!" Timothy Yule assured Jehoshaphat. "He 've been robbin' you."

"Maybe," said Jehoshaphat, listlessly. "I been givin' the back kitchen a coat o' lime, an' I is n't had no time t' give t' thinkin'."

"An' he 've been robbin' this harbor for forty year."

"Dear man!" Jehoshaphat exclaimed, in dull surprise. "Have he told you that?"

"Told me!" cried Timothy. "No," he added, with bitter restraint; "he 've not."

Jehoshaphat was puzzled. "Then," said he, "how come you t' know?"

"Why, they *says* so."

Jehoshaphat's reply was gently spoken, a compassionate rebuke. "An I was you,

Timothy," said he, "I would n't be harsh in judgment. 'T is n't quite Christian."

"My God!" ejaculated the disgusted Timothy.

After that they pulled in silence for a time. Jehoshaphat's face was averted, and Timothy was aware of having, in a moment of impatience, not only committed a strategic indiscretion, but of having betrayed his innermost habit. The light grew and widened and yellowed; the Cottages of Satan's Trap took definite outline, the hills their ancient form, the sea its familiar aspect. Sea and sky and distant rock were wide awake and companionably smiling. The earth was blue and green and yellow, a glittering place.

"Look you! Jehoshaphat," Timothy demanded, "is you in debt?"

"I is."

"An' is you ever been out o' debt?"

"I is n't."

"How come you t' know?"

"Why," Jehoshaphat explained, "Mister Wull *told* me so. An' whatever," he qualified, "father was in debt when he died, an' Mister Wull told me I ought t' pay. Father was *my* father," Jehoshaphat argued, "an' I 'lowed I *would* pay. For," he concluded, "'t was right."

"Is he ever give you an account?"

"Well, no—no, he have n't. But it would n't do no good, for I 've no learnin', an' can't read."

"No," Timothy burst out, "an' he is n't give nobody no accounts."

"Well," Jehoshaphat apologized, "he 've a good deal on his mind, lookin' out for the wants of us folk. He 've a *wonderful* lot o' brain labor. He 've all them letters t' write t' St. John's, an' he 've got a power of 'rithmetic t' do, an' he 've got the writin' in them big books t' trouble un, an'—"

Timothy sneered.

"Ah, well," sighed Jehoshaphat, "an I was you, Timothy, I would n't be harsh in judgment."

Timothy laughed uproariously.

"Not harsh," Jehoshaphat repeated quietly—"not in judgment."

"Damn un!" Timothy cursed between his teeth. "The greedy squid, the devilfish's spawn, with his garden an' his sheep an' his cow! *You* got a cow, Jehoshaphat? *You* got turnips an' carrots? *You* got ol' Bill Lutt t' gather soil, an' plant, an' dig, an' weed, while you smokes plug-cut in the sunshine? Where 's *your* garden, Jehoshaphat? Where 's *your* onions? The green lump-fish! An' where do he get his onions, an' where do he get his soup, an' where do he get his cheese an' raisins? 'T is out o' you an' me an' all the other poor folk o' Satan's Trap. 'T is from the fish, an' *he* never cast a line. 'T is from the fish that we takes from the grounds while he squats like a lobster in the red house an' in the shop. An' he gives less for the fish 'n he gets, an' he gets more for the goods an' grub 'n he gives. The thief, the robber, the whale's pup! Is *you* able, Jehoshaphat, t' have the doctor from Sniffle's Arm for *your* woman? Is *you* able t' feed *your* kids with cow's milk an' baby-food?"

Jehoshaphat mildly protested that he had not known the necessity.

"An' what," Timothy proceeded, "is you ever got from the grounds but rheumatiz an' salt-water sores?"

"I got enough t' eat," said Jehoshaphat.

Timothy was scornful.

"Well," Jehoshaphat argued, in defense of himself, "the world have been goin' for'ard a wonderful long time at Satan's Trap, an' nobody *else* have n't got no more n' just enough."

"Enough!" Timothy fumed. "'T is kind o' the Satan's Trap trader t' give you that! *I 'll* tell un," he exploded; "I 'll give un a piece o' my mind afore I dies."

"Don't!" Jehoshaphat pleaded.

Timothy snorted his indignation.

"I would n't be rash," said Jehoshaphat. "Maybe," he warned, "he 'd not take your fish no more. An' maybe he 'd close the shop an' go away."

"Jus' you wait," said Timothy.

"Don't you do it, lad!" Jehoshaphat begged. "'T would make such a wonderful fuss in the world!"

"An' would you think o' that?"

"I is n't got *time* t' think," Jehoshaphat complained. "I 'm busy. I 'low I got my fish t' cotch an' cure. I is n't got time. I—I—I 'm too busy."

They were on the grounds. The day had broken, a blue, serene day, knowing no disquietude. They cast their grapnels overside, and they fished until the shadows had fled around the world and were hurrying out of the east. And they reeled their

lines, and stowed the fish, and patiently pulled toward the harbor tickler, talking not at all of the Satan's Trap trader, but only of certain agreeable expectations which the young Timothy had been informed he might entertain with reasonable certainty.

"I 'low," said Jehoshaphat, when they were within the harbor, "I understand. I got the hang of it," he repeated, with a little smile, "now."

"Of what?" Timothy wondered.

"Well," Jehoshaphat explained, " 't is your first."

This was a sufficient explanation of Timothy's discontent. Jehoshaphat remembered that he, too, had been troubled, fifteen years ago, when the first of the nine had brought the future to his attention. He was more at ease when this enlightenment came.

Old John Wull was a gray, lean little widower, with a bald head, bowed legs, a wide, straight, thin-lipped mouth, and shaven, ashy cheeks. His eyes were young enough, blue and strong and quick, often peering masterfully through the bushy brows, which he could let drop like a curtain. In contrast with the rugged hills and illimitable sea and stout men of Satan's Trap, his body was withered and contemptibly diminutive. His premises occupied a point of shore within the harbor—a wharf, a storehouse, a shop, a red dwelling, broad drying-flakes, and a group of outbuildings, all of which were self-sufficient and proud, and looked askance at the cottages that lined the harbor shore and strayed upon the hills beyond.

It was his business to supply the needs of the folk in exchange for the fish they took from the sea—the barest need, the whole of the catch. Upon this he insisted, because he conscientiously believed, in his own way, that upon the fruits of toil commercial enterprise should feed to satiety, and cast the peelings and cores into the back yard for the folk to nose like swine.

Thus he was accustomed to allow the fifty illiterate, credulous families of Satan's Trap sufficient to keep them warm and to quiet their stomachs, but no more; for, he complained: "Is n't they got enough on their backs?" and, "Is n't they got enough t' eat?" and, "Lord!" said he, "they 'll be wantin' figs an' joolry next."

There were times when he trembled for the fortune he had gathered in this way—in years when there were no fish, and he must feed the men and women and human litters of the Trap for nothing at all, through which he was courageous, if niggardly. When the folk complained against him, he wondered, with a righteous wag of the head, what would become of them if he should vanish with his property and leave them to fend for themselves. Sometimes he reminded them of this possibility; and then they got afraid, and thought of their young ones, and begged him to forget their complaint. His only disquietude was the fear of hell: whereby he was led to pay the wage of a succession of parsons, if they preached comforting doctrine and blue-penciled the needle's eye from the Testament; but not otherwise. By some wayward, compelling sense of moral obligation, he paid the school-teacher, invariably, generously, so that the little folk of Satan's Trap might learn to read and write in the winter months. 'Rithmetic he condemned, but tolerated, as being some part of that unholy, imperative thing called l'arnin' "; but he had no feeling against readin' and writin'. There was no other trader within thirty miles.

"They 'll trade with me," John Wull would say to himself, and be comforted, "or they 'll starve."

It was literally true.

In that winter certain gigantic forces, with which old John Wull had nothing whatever to do, were inscrutably passionate. They went their way, in some vast, appalling quarrel, indifferent to the consequences. John Wull's soul, money, philosophy, the hopes of Satan's Trap, the various agonies of the young, were insignificant. Currents and winds and frost had no knowledge of them. It was a late season: the days were gray and bitter, the air was frosty, the snow lay crisp and deep in the valleys, the harbor water was frozen. Long after the time for blue winds and yellow hills the world was still sullen and white. Easterly gales, blowing long and strong, swept the far outer sea of drift-ice—drove it in upon the land, pans and bergs, and heaped it

against the cliffs. There was no safe exit from Satan's Trap. The folk were shut in by ice and an impassable wilderness. This was not by the power or contriving of John Wull: the old man had nothing to do with it; but he compelled the season, impiously, it may be, into conspiracy with him. By and by, in the cottages, the store of food, which had seemed sufficient when the first snow flew, was exhausted. The flour-barrels of Satan's Trap were empty. Full barrels were in the storehouse of John Wull, but in no other place. So it chanced that one day, in a swirling fall of snow, Jehoshaphat Rudd came across the harbor with a dog and a sled.

John Wull, from the little office at the back of the shop, where it was warm and still, watched the fisherman breast the white wind.

"Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, when he stood in the office, "I 'low I 'll be havin' another barrel o' flour."

Wull frowned.

"Ay," Jehoshaphat repeated, perplexed; "another barrel."

Wull pursed his lips.

"O' flour," said Jehoshaphat, staring.

The trader drummed on the desk and gazed out of the window. He seemed to forget that Jehoshaphat Rudd stood waiting. Jehoshaphat felt awkward and out of place; he smoothed his tawny beard, cracked his fingers, scratched his head, shifted from one foot to the other. Some wonder troubled him, then some strange alarm. He had never before realized that the lives of his young were in the keeping of this man.

"Flour," he ventured weakly—"one barrel."

Wull turned. "It 's gone up," said he.

"Have it, now!" Jehoshaphat exclaimed. "I 'lowed last fall, when I paid eight," he proceeded, "that she 'd clumb as high as she could get 'ithout fallin'. But she 've gone up, says you? Dear man!"

"Sky high," said the trader.

"Dear man!"

The stove was serene and of good conscience. It labored joyously in response to the clean-souled wind. For a moment, while the trader watched the snow through his bushy brows and Jehoshaphat Rudd hopelessly scratched his head, its hearty, honest roar was the only voice lifted in the little office at the back of John Wull's shop.

"An' why?" Jehoshaphat timidly asked.

"Scarcity."

"Oh," said Jehoshaphat, as though he understood. He paused. "Is n't you got as much as you *had?*" he inquired.

The trader nodded.

"Is n't you got enough in the storehouse t' last till the mail-boat runs?"

"Plenty, thank God!"

"Scarcity," Jehoshaphat mused. "Mm-m-m! Oh, I *sees,*" he added vacantly. "Well, Mister Wull," he sighed, "I 'low I 'll take one of Early Rose an' pay the rise."

Wull whistled absently.

"Early Rose," Jehoshaphat repeated, with a quick, keen glance of alarm.

The trader frowned.

"Rose," Jehoshaphat muttered. He licked his lips. "Of Early," he reiterated, in a gasp, "Rose."

"All right, Jehoshaphat."

Down came the big key from the nail. Jehoshaphat's round face beamed. The trader slapped his ledger shut, moved toward the door; but stopped dead, and gazed out of the window, while his brows fell over his eyes, and he fingered the big key.

"Gone up t' eighteen," said he, without turning.

Jehoshaphat stared aghast.

"Wonderful high for flour," the trader continued, in apologetic explanation; "but flour 's wonderful scarce."

"'T is n't *right!*" Jehoshaphat declared. "Eighteen dollars a barrel for Early Rose? 'T is n't right!"

The key was restored to the nail.

"I can't pay it, Mister Wull. No, no, man, I can't do it. Eighteen! Mercy o' God! 'T is n't right! 'T is too *much* for Early Rose."

The trader wheeled.

"An' I *won't* pay it," said Jehoshaphat.

"You don't have to," was the placid reply.

Jehoshaphat started. Alarm—a sudden vision of his children—quieted his indignation. "But, Mister Wull, sir," he pleaded, "I got t' have it. I—why—I just *got* t' have it!"

The trader was unmoved.

"Eighteen!" cried Jehoshaphat, flushing. "Mercy o' God! I says 't is n't right."

" 'T is the price."

" 'T is n't right!"

Wull's eyes were now flashing. His lips were drawn thin over his teeth. His brows had fallen again. From the ambush they made he glared at Jehoshaphat.

"I says," said he, in a passionless voice, "that the price o' flour at Satan's Trap is this day eighteen."

Jehoshaphat was in woeful perplexity.

"Eighteen," snapped Wull. "Hear me?"

They looked into each other's eyes. Outside the storm raged, a clean, frank passion; for nature is a fair and honest foe. In the little office at the back of John Wull's shop the withered body of the trader shook with vicious anger. Jehoshaphat's round, brown, simple face was gloriously flushed; his head was thrown back, his shoulders were squared, his eyes were sure and fearless.

" 'T is robbery!" he burst out.

Wull's wrath exploded. "You baynoddie!" he began; "you pig of a puntfisherman; you penniless, ragged fool; you man without a copper; you sore-handed idiot! What you whinin' about? What right *you* got t' yelp in my office?"

Of habit Jehoshaphat quailed.

"If you don't want my flour," roared Wull, fetching the counter a thwack with his white fist, "leave it be! 'T is mine, is n't it? I *paid* for it. I *got* it. There 's a law in this land, you pauper, that *says* so. There 's a law. Hear me? There 's a law. Mine, mine!" he cried, in a frenzy, lifting his lean arms. "What I got is mine. I 'll eat it," he fumed, "or I 'll feed my pigs with it, or I 'll spill it for the fishes. They is n't no law t' make me sell t' *you*. An' you 'll pay what I 'm askin', or you 'll starve."

"You would n't do that, sir," Jehoshaphat gently protested. "Oh, no—*no!* Ah, now, you would n't do that. You would n't throw it t' the fishes, would you? Not flour! 'T would be a sinful waste."

" 'T is my right."

"An', Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat argued, with a little smile, " 't is yours, I 'll admit; but we been sort o' dependin' on you t' lay in enough t' get us through the winter."

Wull's response was instant and angry. "Get you out o' my shop," said he, "an' come back with a civil tongue."

"I 'll go, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat quietly, picking at a thread in his faded cap. "I 'll go. Ay, I 'll go. But —I got t' have the flour. I—I—just *got* to. But I won't pay," he concluded, "no eighteen dollars a barrel."

The trader laughed.

"For," said Jehoshaphat, " 't is n't right."

Jehoshaphat went home without the flour, complaining of the injustice.

JEHOSHAPHAT RUDD would have no laughter in the house, no weeping, no questions, no noise of play. For two days he sat brooding by the kitchen fire. His past of toil and unfailing recompense, the tranquil routine of life, was strangely like a dream, far off, half forgot. As a reality it had vanished. Hitherto there had been no future; there was now no past, no ground for expectation. He must, at least, take time to think, have courage to judge, the will to retaliate. It was more important, more needful, to sit in thought, with idle hands, than to mend the rent in his herring seine. He was mystified and deeply troubled.

Sometimes by day Jehoshaphat strode to the window and looked out over the harbor ice to the point of shore where stood the storehouse and shop and red dwelling of old John Wull. By night he drew close to the fire, and there sat with his face in his hands; nor would he go to bed, nor would he speak, nor would he move. In the night of the third day the children awoke and cried for food. Jehoshaphat rose from his chair, and stood shaking, with breath suspended, hands clenched, eyes wide. He heard their mother rise and go crooning from cot to cot. Presently the noise was hushed: sobs turned to whimpers, and whimpers to plaintive whispers, and these complaints to silence. The house was still; but Jehoshaphat seemed all the while to hear the children crying in the little rooms above. He began to pace the floor, back and forth, back and forth, now slow, now in a fury, now with list-

less tread. And because his children had cried for food in the night the heart of Jehoshaphat Rudd was changed. From the passion of those hours, at dawn, he emerged serene, and went to bed.

At noon of that day Jehoshaphat Rudd was in the little office at the back of the shop. John Wull was alone, perched on a high stool at the desk, a pen in hand, a huge book open before him.

"I 'm come, sir," said Jehoshaphat, "for the barrel o' flour."

The trader gave him no attention.

"I 'm come, sir," Jehoshaphat repeated, his voice rising a little, "for the flour."

The trader dipped his pen in ink.

"I says, sir," said Jehoshaphat, laying a hand with some passion upon the counter, "that I 'm come for that there barrel o' flour."

"An' I s'pose," the trader softly inquired, eyeing the page of his ledger more closely, "that you thinks you 'll get it, eh?"

"Ay, sir."

Wull dipped his pen and scratched away.

"Mister Wull."

The trader turned a leaf.

"Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat cried angrily, "I wants flour. Is you gone deaf overnight?"

Impertinent question and tone of voice made old John Wull wheel on the stool. In the forty years he had traded at Satan's Trap he had never before met with impertinence that was not timidly offered. He bent a scowling face upon Jehoshaphat. "An' you thinks," said he, "that you 'll get it?"

"I does."

"Oh, you does, does you?"

Jehoshaphat nodded.

"It all depends," said Wull. "You 're wonderful deep in debt, Jehoshaphat." The trader had now command of himself. "I been lookin' up your account," he went on softly. "You 're so wonderful far behind, Jehoshaphat, on account o' high livin' an' Christmas presents, that I been thinkin' I might do the business a injury by givin' you more credit. I can't think o' *myself,* Jehoshaphat, in this matter. 'T is a business matter; an' I got t' think o' the *business.* You sees, Jehoshaphat, eighteen dollars more credit—"

"Eight," Jehoshaphat corrected.

"Eighteen," the trader insisted.

Jehoshaphat said nothing, nor did his face express feeling. He was looking stolidly at the big key of the storehouse.

"The flour depends," Wull proceeded, after a thoughtful pause, through which he had regarded the gigantic Jehoshaphat with startled curiosity, "on what I thinks the business will stand in the way o' givin' more credit t' you."

"No, sir," said Jehoshaphat.

Wull put down his pen, slipped from the high stool, and came close to Jehoshaphat. He was mechanical and slow in these movements, as though all at once perplexed, given some new view, which disclosed many and strange possibilities. For a moment he leaned against the counter, legs crossed, staring at the floor, with his long, scrawny right hand smoothing his cheek and chin. It was quiet in the office, and warm, and well-disposed, and sunlight came in at the window.

Soon the trader stirred, as though awakening. "You was sayin' eight, was n't you?" he asked, without looking up.

"Eight, sir."

The trader pondered this. "An' how," he inquired at last, "was you makin' that out?"

" 'T is a fair price."

Wull smoothed his cheek and chin. "Ah!" he murmured. He mused, staring at the floor, his restless fingers beating a tattoo on his teeth. He had turned woebegone and very pale. "Jehoshaphat," he asked, turning upon the man, "would you mind tellin' me just how you 're 'lowin' t' get my flour against my will?"

Jehoshaphat looked away.

"I 'd like t' know," said Wull, "if you would n't mind tellin' me."

"No," Jehoshaphat answered. "No, Mister Wull—I would n't mind tellin'."

"Then," Wull demanded, "how?"

"Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat explained, "I 'm a bigger man than you."

It was very quiet in the office. The wind had gone down in the night, the wood in the stove was burned to glowing coals. It was very, very still in old John Wull's office at the back of the shop, and old John Wull turned away, and went absently to the desk, where he fingered the

leaves of his ledger, and dipped his pen in ink, but did not write. There was a broad window over the desk, looking out upon the harbor; through this, blankly, he watched the children at play on the ice, but did not see them. By and by, when he had closed the book and put the desk in order, he came back to the counter, leaned against it, crossed his legs, began to smooth his chin, while he mused, staring at the square sunlight on the floor. Jehoshaphat could not look at him. The old man's face was so gray and drawn, so empty of pride and power, his hand so thin and unsteady, his eyes so dull, so deep in troubled shadows, that Jehoshaphat's heart ached. He wished that the world had gone on in peace, that the evil practices of the great were still hid from his knowledge, that there had been no vision, no call to revolution; he rebelled against the obligation upon him, though it had come to him as a thing that was holy. He regretted his power, had shame, indeed, because of the ease with which the mighty could be put down. He felt that he must be generous, tender, that he must not misuse his strength.

The patch of yellow light had perceptibly moved before the trader spoke. "Jehoshaphat," he asked, "you know much about law?"

"Well, no, Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat answered, with simple candor; "not *too* much."

"The law will put you in jail for this."

Constables and jails were like superstitious terrors to Jehoshaphat. He had never set eyes on the brass buttons and stone walls of the law.

"Oh, no—*no!*" he protested. "He would n't! Not in *jail!*"

"The law," Wull warned, with grim delight, "will put you in jail."

"He *could n't!*" Jehoshaphat complained. "As I takes it, the law sees fair play atween men. That 's what he was *made* for. I 'low he put *you* in jail for raisin' the price o' flour t' eighteen; but not me—not for what I 'm bound t' do, Mister Wull, law or no law, as God lives! 'T would n't be right, sir, if he put me in jail for that."

"It will."

"But," Jehoshaphat persisted doggedly, " 't would n't be *right!*"

The trader fell into a muse.

"I 'm come," Jehoshaphat reminded him, "for the flour."

"You can't have it."

"Oh, dear!" Jehoshaphat sighed. "My, my! Pshaw! I 'low, then, us 'll just have t' *take* it."

Jehoshaphat went to the door of the shop. It was cold and gloomy in the shop. He opened the door. The public of Satan's Trap, in the persons of ten men of the place, fathers of families (with the exception of Timothy Yule, who had qualified upon his expectations), trooped over the greasy floor, their breath cloudy in the frosty air, and crowded into the little office, in the wake of Jehoshaphat Rudd. They had the gravity of mien, the set faces, the compassionate eyes, the merciless purpose, of a jury. The shuffling subsided. It was once more quiet in the little office. Timothy Yule's hatred got the better of his sense of propriety: he laughed, but the laugh expired suddenly, for Jehoshaphat Rudd's hand fell with unmistakable meaning upon his shoulder.

John Wull faced them.

"I 'low, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, diffidently, "that we wants the storehouse key."

The trader put the key in his pocket.

"The key," Jehoshaphat objected; "we wants that there key."

"Moses!" old John Wull snarled, "you 'll all go t' jail for this, if they 's a law in Newfoundland."

The threat was ignored.

"Don't hurt un, lads," Jehoshaphat cautioned; "for he 's so wonderful tender. He 've not been bred the way *we* was. He 's wonderful old an' lean an' brittle," he added gently; "so I 'low we 'd best be careful."

John Wull's resistance was merely technical.

"Now, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, when the big key was in his hand, and the body of the trader had been tenderly deposited in his chair by the stove, "don't you go an' fret. We is n't the thieves that break in an' steal nor the moths that go an' corrupt"—Jehoshaphat's idea of the moth was of the very vaguest—"We is n't robbers, an' we is n't mean men. We 're the public," he explained impressively, "o' Satan's Trap. We got together, Mister Wull," he con-

tinued, feeling some delight in the oratory which had been thrust upon him, "an' we 'lowed that flour was worth about eight; but we 'll pay nine, for we got thinkin' that if flour goes up an' down, accordin' t' the will o' God, it ought t' go up now, if ever, the will o' God bein' a mystery, anyhow. We don't want you t' close up the shop an' go away, after this, Mister Wull; for we got t' have you, or some one like you, t' do what you been doin', so as we can have minds free o' care for the fishin'. If they was anybody at Satan's Trap that could read an' write like you, an' knowed about money an' prices—if they was anybody like that at Satan's Trap, willin' t' do woman's work, which I doubts, we would n't care whether you went or stayed; but they is n't, an' we can't do 'ithout you. So don't you fret," Jehoshaphat concluded. "You set right there by the fire in this little office o' yours. Tom Lower 'll put more billets on the fire for you, an' you 'll be wonderful comfortable till we gets through. I 'll see that account is kep' by Tim Yule of all we takes. You can put it on the books just when you likes. No hurry, Mister Wull—no hurry. The prices will be them that held in the fall o' the year, 'cept flour, which is gone up t' nine by the barrel. An', ah, now, Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat pleaded, "don't you have no hard feelin'. 'T would n't be right. We 're the public; so *please* don't you go an' have no hard feelin'."

The trader would say nothing.

"Now, lads," said Jehoshaphat, "us 'll go."

In the storehouse there were two interruptions to the transaction of business in an orderly fashion. Tom Lower, who was a lazy fellow and wasteful, as Jehoshaphat knew, demanded thirty pounds of pork, and Jehoshaphat knocked him down. Timothy Yule, the anarchist, proposed to sack the place, and him Jehoshaphat knocked down twice. There was no further difficulty.

"Now, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, as he laid the key and the account on the trader's desk, "the public o' Satan's Trap is wonderful sorry; but the thing had t' be done."

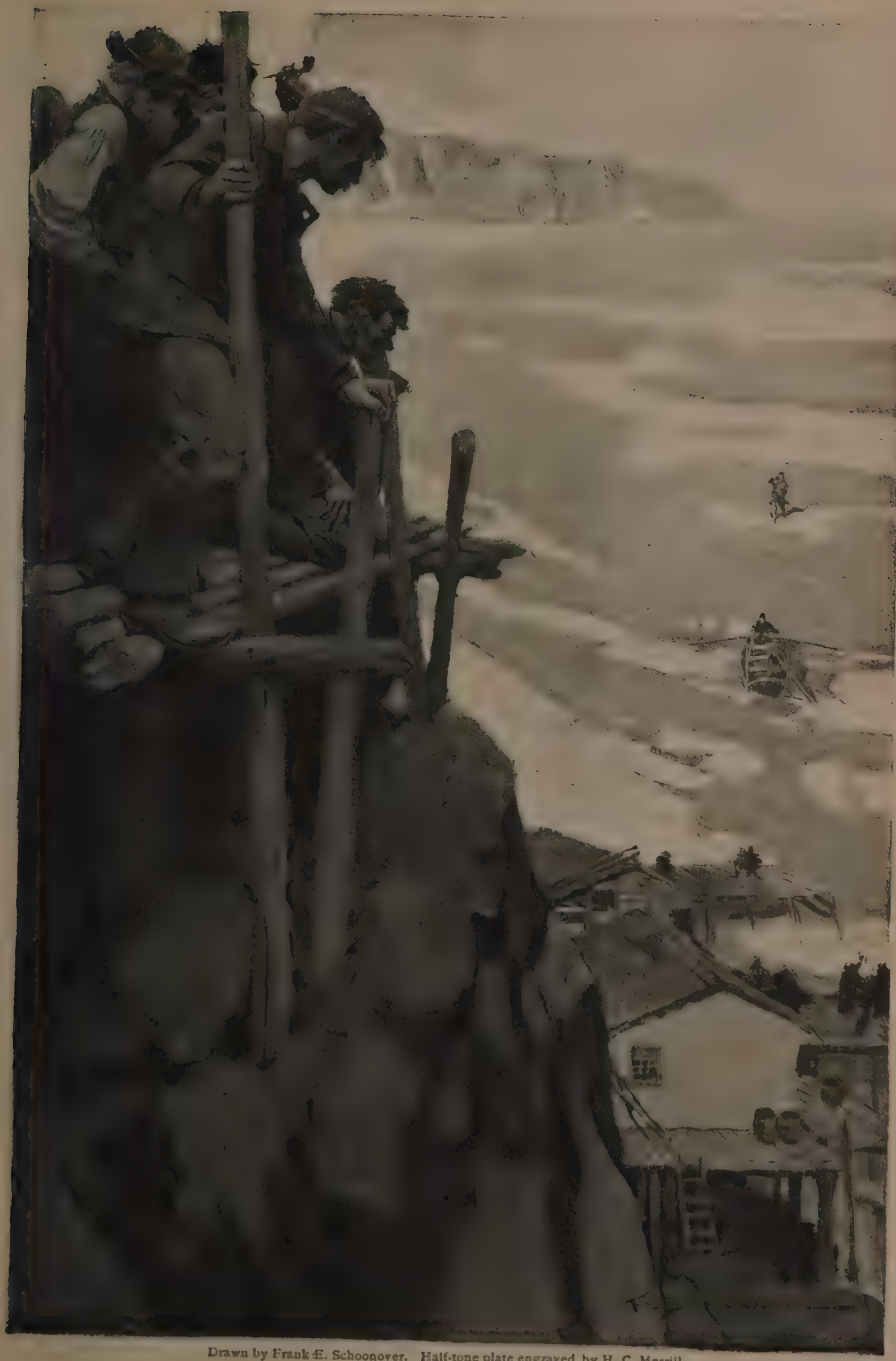
The trader would not look up.

"It makes such a wonderful fuss in the world," Jehoshaphat complained, "that the crew had n't no love for the job. But it—it—it jus' had t' be done."

Old John Wull scowled.

For a long time, if days may be long, Jehoshaphat Rudd lived in the fear of constables and jails, which were the law, to be commanded by the wealth of old John Wull; and for the selfsame period—the days being longer because of the impatience of hate—old John Wull lived in expectation of his revenge. Jehoshaphat Rudd 'lowed he 'd stand by, anyhow, an' *go* t' jail, if 't was needful t' maintain the rights o' man. Ay, *he 'd* go t' jail, an' be whipped an' starved, as the imagination promised, but he 'd be jiggered if he 'd *"'pologize."* Old John Wull kept grim watch upon the winds; for upon the way the wind blew depended the movement of the ice, and the clearing of the sea, and the first voyage of the mail-boat. He was glad that he had been robbed; so glad that he rubbed his lean, transparent hands until the flush of life appeared to surprise him; so glad that he chuckled until his housekeeper feared his false teeth would by some dreadful mischance vanish within him. Jail? ay, he 'd put Jehoshaphat Rudd in jail; but he would forgive the others, that they might continue to fish and to consume food. In jail, ecod! t' be fed on bread an' water, t' be locked up, t' wear stripes, t' make brooms, t' lie there so long that the last little Rudd would find its own father a stranger when 't was all over with. 'T would be fair warning t' the malcontent o' the folk; they would bide quiet, hereafter. All the people would toil and trade; they would complain no more. John Wull was glad that the imprudence of Jehoshaphat Rudd had provided him with power to restore the ancient peace to Satan's Trap.

One day in the spring, when the bergs and great floes of the open had been blown to sea, and the snow was gone from the slopes of the hills, and the sun was out, and the earth was warm and yellow and merrily dripping, old John Wull attempted a passage of the harbor by the ice, which there had lingered, confined. It was only to cross the narrows from Haul-Away Head to Daddy Tool's Point, no more than a stone's throw for a stout



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"OLD JOHN WULL WAS ADRIFT AND BOUND OUT"

lad. The ice had been broken into pans by a stiff breeze from the west, and was then moving with the wind, close-packed, bound out to sea, there to be dispersed and dissolved. It ran sluggishly through the narrows, scraping the rocks of the head and of the point; the heave of the sea slipped underneath and billowed the way, and the outermost pans of ice broke from the press and went off with the waves. But the feet of old John Wull were practised; he essayed the crossing without concern, indeed with an absent mind. Presently he stopped to rest; and he stared out to sea, musing; and when again he looked about, the sea had softly torn the pan from the pack.

Old John Wull was adrift, and bound out.

"Ahoy, you, Jehoshaphat!" he shouted. "Jehoshaphat! Oh, Jehoshaphat!"

Jehoshaphat came to the door of his cottage on Daddy Tool's Point.

"Launch that rodney,"[1] Wull directed, "an' put me on shore. An' lively, man," he complained, "I 'll be cotchin' cold out here."

With the help of Timothy Yule, who chanced to be gossiping in the kitchen, Jehoshaphat Rudd got the rodney in the open water by the stage-head. What with paddling and much hearty hauling and pushing they had the little craft across the barrier of ice in the narrows before the wind had blown old John Wull a generous rod out to sea.

"Timothy, lad," Jehoshaphat whispered, "I 'low you better stay here."

Timothy kept to the ice.

"You been wonderful slow," growled Wull. "Come 'round t' the lee side, you dunderhead! Think I wants t' get my feet wet?"

"No, sir," Jehoshaphat protested. "Oh, no; I would n't have you do that an I could *help* it."

The harbor folk were congregating on Haul-Away Head and Daddy Tool's Point. 'T was an agreeable excitement to see John Wull in a mess—in a ludicrous predicament, which made him helpless before their eyes. They whispered, they smiled behind their hands, they chuckled inwardly.

Jehoshaphat pulled to the lee side of the pan.

"Come 'longside," said Wull.

Jehoshaphat dawdled.

"Come 'longside, you fool!" Wull roared. "Think I can leap three fathom?"

"No, sir; oh, no; no, indeed."

"Then come 'longside."

Jehoshaphat sighed.

"Come in here, you crazy pauper!" Wull screamed, stamping his rage "Come in here an' put me ashore!"

"Mister Wull."

Wull eyed the man in amazement.

"Labor," said Jehoshaphat, gently, "is gone up."

Timothy Yule laughed, but on Haul-Away Head and Daddy Tool's Point the folk kept silent; nor did old John Wull, on the departing pan, utter a sound.

"Sky high," Jehoshaphat concluded.

The sun was broadly, warmly shining, the sky was blue; but the wind was rising smartly, and far off over the hills of Satan's Trap, beyond the wilderness that was known, it was turning gray and tumultuous. Old John Wull scowled, wheeled, and looked away to sea; he did not see the ominous color and writhing in the west.

"We don't want no law, Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat continued, "at Satan's Trap."

Wull would not attend.

"Not law," Jehoshaphat repeated; "for we knows well enough at Satan's Trap," said he, "what 's fair as atween men. You jus' leave the law stay t' St. John's, sir, where he 's t' home. He is n't fair, by no means; an' we don't want un here t' make trouble."

The trader's back was still turned.

"An', Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat entreated, his face falling like a child's, "don't you have no hard feelin' over this. Ah, now, *don't!*" he pleaded. "You won't, will you? For we is n't got no hate for you, Mister Wull, an' we is n't got no greed for ourselves. We just wants what 's fair—just what 's fair." He added: "Just on'y that. We likes t' see you have your milk an' butter an' fresh beef an' nuts an' whisky. *We* don't want them things, for they is n't ours by rights. All we wants is just on'y fair play. We don't want no law, sir: for, ecod!" Jehoshaphat declared, scratching his head in bewilderment, "the law looks

[1] A rodney is a small, light boat, used for getting about among the ice packs, chiefly in seal-hunting.

after them that *has,* so far as I *knows,* sir, an' don't know nothin' about them that *has n't.* An' we don't want un here at Satan's Trap. We won't *have* un! We—we—why, ecod! we—we can't *'low* it! We 'd be ashamed of ourselves an' we 'lowed you t' fetch the law t' Satan's Trap t' wrong us. We 're free men, is n't we?" he demanded indignantly. "Is n't we? Ecod! I 'low we *is!* You think, John Wull," he continued, in wrath, "that *you* can do what you like with *we* just because you an' the likes o' you is gone an' got a law? You can't! You can't! An' you can't, just because we won't *'low* it."

It was an incendiary speech.

"No, you can't!" Timothy Yule screamed from the ice, "you robber, you thief, you whale's pup! *I 'll* tell you what I thinks o' you. You can't scare *me.* I wants that meadow you stole from my father. I wants that meadow—"

"Timothy," Jehoshaphat interrupted quietly, "you 're a fool. Shut your mouth!"

Tom Lower, the lazy, wasteful Tom Lower, ran down to the shore of Haul-Away Head, and stamped his feet, and shook his fist. "I wants your red house," he shouted. "I wants your cow an' your raisins an' your candy! We got you down, you robber! An' I 'll *have* your red house; I 'll have your wool blankets, I 'll have your—"

"Tom Lower," Jehoshaphat roared, rising in wrath, "I 'll floor you for that! That I will—next time I cotch you out."

John Wull turned half-way around and grinned.

"Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat asked propitiatingly, "won't you be put ashore?"

"Not at the price."

"I 'low, then, sir," said Jehoshaphat, in some impatience, "that you might as well be comfortable while you makes up your mind. Here,"—He cast a square of tarpaulin on the ice, and chancing to discover Timothy Yule's jacket, he added that—"There!" he grunted, with satisfaction; "you 'll be sittin' soft an' dry while you does your thinkin'. Don't be long, sir—not overlong. *Please* don't, sir," he begged; "for it looks t' me—it looks wonderful t' me—like a spurt o' weather."

John Wull spread the tarpaulin.

"An' when you gets through considerin' of the question," said Jehoshaphat, suggestively, "an' is come t' my way o' thinkin', why all you got t' do is lift your little finger, an' I 'll put you ashore,"—A gust of wind whipped past,—"if I 'm able," Jehoshaphat added.

Pan and boat drifted out from the coast, a slow course, which in an hour had reduced the harbor folk to black pygmies on the low rocks to windward. Jehoshaphat paddled patiently in the wake of the ice. Often he raised his head, in apprehension, to read the signs in the west; and he sighed a deal, and sometimes muttered to himself. Old John Wull was squatted on the tarpaulin, with Timothy Yule's jacket for a cushion, his great-coat wrapped close about him, his cap pulled over his ears, his arms folded. The withered old fellow was as lean and blue and rigid and staring as a frozen corpse.

The wind had freshened. The look and smell of the world forboded a gale. Overhead the sky turned gray. There came a shadow on the sea, sullen and ominous. Gusts of wind ran offshore and went hissing out to sea; and they left the waters rippling black and flecked with froth wherever they touched. In the west, the sky, far away, changed from gray to deepest black and purple; and high up, midway, masses of cloud, with torn and streaming edges, rose swiftly toward the zenith. It turned cold. A great flake of snow fell on Jehoshaphat's cheek, and melted; but Jehoshaphat was pondering upon justice. He wiped the drop of water away with the back of his hand, because it tickled him, but gave the sign no heed.

"I 'low, Mister Wull," said he, doggedly, "that you better give Timothy Yule back his father's meadow. For nobody knows, sir," he argued, "why Timothy Yule's father went an' signed his name t' that there writin' just afore he died. 'T was n't right. He did n't ought t' sign it. An' you got t' give the meadow back."

John Wull was unmoved.

"An', look you! Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat continued, pulling closer to the pan, addressing the bowed back of the trader, "you better not press young

Isaac Lower for that cod-trap money. He 've too much trouble with that wife o' his t' be bothered by debt. Anyhow, you ought t' give un a chance. An', look you! you better let ol' Misses Jowl have back her garden t' Green Cove. The way you got that, Mister Wull, is queer. I don't know, but I 'low you better give it back, anyhow. You *got* to, Mister Wull; an', ecod! you got t' give the ol' woman a pound o' cheese an' five cents' worth—no, ten—ten cents' worth o' sweets t' make her feel good. She *likes* cheese. She 'lows she never could get *enough* o' cheese. She 'lows she *wished* she could have her fill afore she dies. An' you got t' give her a whole pound for herself."

They were drifting over the Tombstone grounds.

"Whenever you makes up your mind," Jehoshaphat suggested diffidently, "you lift your little finger—jus' your little finger."

There was no response.

"Your little finger," Jehoshaphat repeated. "Jus' your little finger—on'y that."

Wull faced about. "Jehoshaphat," said he, with a grin, "you would n't leave me."

"Jus' would n't I!"

"You would n't."

"You jus' wait and see."

"You would n't leave me," said Wull, "because you could n't. I knows you, Jehoshaphat—I knows you."

"You better look out."

"Come, now, Jehoshaphat, is you goin' t' leave an old man drift out t' sea an' die?"

Jehoshaphat was embarrassed.

"Eh, Jehoshaphat?"

"Well, no," Jehoshaphat admitted frankly. "I is n't; leastways, not alone."

"Not alone?" anxiously.

"No; not alone. I 'll go with you, Mister Wull, if you 're lonesome, an' wants company. You sees, sir, I can't give in. I jus' *can't!* I 'm here, Mister Wull, in this here cranky rodney, beyond the Tombstone grounds, with a dirty gale from a point or two south o' west about t' break, because I 'm the public o' Satan's Trap. I can die, sir, t' save gossip; but I sim-plee jus' is n't able t' give in. 'T would n't be *right.*"

"Well, *I* won't give in."

"Nor I, sir. So here we is—out here beyond the Tombstone grounds, you on a pan an' me in a rodney. An' the weather is n't—well—not quite *kind.*"

It was not. The black clouds, torn, streaming, had possessed the sky, and the night was near come. Haul-Away Head and Daddy Tool's Point had melted with the black line of coast. Return—safe passage through the narrows to the quiet water and warm lights of Satan's Trap—was almost beyond the most courageous hope. The wind broke from the shore in straight lines—a stout, agile wind, loosed for riot upon the sea. The sea was black, with a wind-lop upon the grave swell—a black-and-white sea, with spume in the gray air. The west was black, with no hint of other color—without the pity of purple or red. Roundabout the sea was breaking, troubled by the wind, indifferent to the white little rodney and the lives o' men.

"You better give in," old John Wull warned.

"No," Jehoshaphat answered; "no; oh, no! I won't give in. Not *in.*"

A gust turned the black sea white.

"*You* better give in," said Jehoshaphat.

John Wull shrugged his shoulders and turned his back.

"Now, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, firmly, "I 'low I can't stand this much longer. I 'low we can't be fools much longer an' get back t' Satan's Trap. I got a sail, here, Mister Wull; but, ecod! the beat t' harbor is n't pleasant t' *think* about."

"You better go home," sneered old John Wull.

"I 'low I *will,*" Jehoshaphat declared.

Old John Wull came to the windward edge of the ice, and there stood frowning, with his feet submerged. "What was you sayin'?" he asked. "That you 'd go home?"

Jehoshaphat looked away.

"An' leave me?" demanded John Wull. "Leave *me? Me?*"

"I got t' think o' my kids."

"An' you 'd leave me t' *die?*"

"Well," Jehoshaphat complained, "'t is long past supper-time. You better give in."

"I won't!"

The coast was hard to distinguish from the black sky in the west. It began to snow. Snow and night, allied, would bring Jehoshaphat Rudd and old John Wull to cold death.

"Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat objected, "'t is long past supper-time, an' I wants t' go home."

"Go—an' be—!"

"I 'll count ten," Jehoshaphat threatened.

"You dass n't!"

"I don't know whether I 'll *go* or not," said Jehoshaphat. "Maybe not. Anyhow, I 'll count ten, an' see what happens. Is you ready?"

Wull sat down on the tarpaulin.

"One," Jehoshaphat began.

John Wull seemed not to hear.

"Two," said Jehoshaphat. "Three—four—five—six—seven."

John Wull did not turn.

"Eight."

There was no sign of relenting.

"Nine."

Jehoshaphat paused. "God's mercy!" he groaned, "don't you be a fool, Mister Wull," he pleaded. "Does n't you *know* what the weather is?"

A wave—the lop raised by the wind—broke over the pan. John Wull stood up. There came a shower of snow.

"Eh?" Jehoshaphat demanded in agony.

"I won't give in," said old John Wull.

"Then I got t' say ten. I jus' *got* to."

"I dare you."

"I will, Mister Wull. Honest, I will! I 'll say ten an' you don't look out."

"Why don't you *do* it?"

"In a minute, Mister Wull. I 'll say it just so soon as I get up the sail. I will, Mister Wull, honest t' God!"

The coast had vanished.

"Look," cried Jehoshaphat, "we 're doomed men!"

The squall, then first observed, sent the sea curling over the ice. Jehoshaphat's rodney shipped the water it raised. Snow came in a blinding cloud.

"Say ten, you fool!" screamed old John Wull.

"Ten!"

John Wull came to the edge of the pan. 'T was hard for the old man to breast the gust. He put his hands to his mouth, that he might be heard in the wind.

"I give in!" he shouted.

Jehoshaphat managed to save the lives of both.

Old John Wull, with his lean feet in a tub of hot water, with a gray blanket over his shoulders, with a fire sputtering in the stove, with his housekeeper hovering near—old John Wull chuckled. The room was warm, and his stomach was full, and the wind, blowing horribly in the night, could work him no harm. There he sat, sipping herb tea to please his housekeeper, drinking whisky to please himself. He had no chill, no fever, no pain; perceived no warning of illness. So he chuckled away. It was all for the best. There would now surely be peace at Satan's Trap. Had he not yielded? What more could they ask? They would be content with this victory. For a long, long time they would not complain. He had yielded; very well: Timothy Yule should have his father's meadow, Dame Jowl her garden and sweets and cheese, the young Lower be left in possession of the cod-trap, and there would be no law. Very well; the folk would neither pry nor complain for a long, long time: that was triumph enough for John Wull. So he chuckled away, with his feet in hot water, and a gray blanket about him, bald and withered and ghastly, but still feeling the comfort of fire and hot water and whisky, the pride of power.

And within three years John Wull possessed again all that he had yielded, and the world of Satan's Trap wagged on as in the days before the revolution.

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XXV

"WE BEGAN TO MARRY THEM, MY GOOD FELLOW"

LORD DUNHOLM and his eldest son, Lord Westholt, sauntered together, smoking their after-dinner cigars on the broad-turfed terrace overlooking park and gardens, which seemed to sweep without boundary-line into the purplish moorland beyond. The gray mass of the castle stood clear-cut against the blue of a sky the twilight of which was still almost daylight, though in the purity of its evening stillness a star already hung here and there and a young moon had risen. The great spaces about them held a stillness the exquisite entirety of which was marked at intervals by the distant bark of a shepherd dog driving his master's sheep to the fold; their soft, intermittent plaints—the mother ewes' mellow answering to the tender, fretful lambs—floated on the air, a lovely part of the ending day's repose. Where two who are friends stroll together at such hours, the great beauty makes for silence or for thoughtful talk. These two men—father and son—were friends and intimates, and had been so from Westholt's first memory of the time when his childish individuality began to detach itself from the background of misty and indistinct things. They had liked each other, and their liking and intimacy had increased with the onward moving and change of years. After sixty sane and decently spent active years of life, Lord Dunholm, in either country tweed or evening dress, was a well-built and handsome man. At thirty-three his son was still like him.

"Have you seen her," Lord Dunholm was saying.

"Only at a distance. She was driving Lady Anstruthers across the moor in a cart. She drove well, and—" the son laughed as he flicked the ash from his cigar—"the back of her head and shoulders looked handsome."

"The American young woman is at present a factor which is without doubt to be counted with." Lord Dunholm put the matter without lightness. "Any young woman is a factor; but the American young woman just now—just now—" He paused a moment, as though considering. "It did not seem at all necessary to count with them at first when they began to appear among us. They were generally curiously exotic, funny little creatures with odd manners and voices. They were often most amusing, and one liked to hear them chatter and see the airy lightness with which they took superfluous—and sometimes unsuperfluous—conventions as a hunter takes a five-barred gate. But it never occurred to us to marry them. We did not take them seriously enough. But we began to marry them—we began to marry them, my good fellow."

The final words broke forth with such a suggestion of sudden anxiety that, in spite of himself, Westholt laughed involuntarily, and his father, turning to look at him, laughed also. But he recovered his seriousness.

"It was all rather a muddle at first," he went on. "Things were not fairly done, and certain bad lots looked on it as a paying scheme on the one side, while it was a matter of silly little ambitions on the other. But it is an extraordinary country, there is no sane denying, huge, fabulously resourceful in every way—area, variety of climate, wealth of minerals, products of all sorts, soil to grow

anything, and sun and rain enough to give each thing what it needs; last—or, rather, first—a people who, considered as a nation, are in the riot of youth and who began by being English—which we Englishmen have an innocent belief is the one method of owning the earth. That figure of speech is an Americanism I carefully committed to memory. Well, after all, look at the map—look at the map! There we are."

They had frequently discussed together the question of the development of international relations. Lord Dunholm, a man of far-reaching and clear logic, had realized that the oddly unaccentuated growth of intercourse between the two countries might be a subject to be reflected on without lightness.

"The habit we have of regarding America and Americans as rather a joke," he had once said, "has a sort of parallel in the condescendingly amiable amusement of a parent at the precocity or whimsicalness of a child. But the child is shooting up amazingly—amazingly, in a way which suggests divers possibilities."

The exchange of visits between Dunholm and Stornham had been rare and formal. The Dowager Lady Anstruthers had been an unattractive neighbor even at a distance of ten miles, and Sir Nigel had made no effort to enter into friendly relations. From the call made upon the younger Lady Anstruthers on her marriage, the Dunholms had returned with a sense of puzzled pity for the little American bride with her wonderful frock and her uneasy childish eyes. During the last few years Lady Anstruthers had been too delicate to make or return calls. One heard painful accounts of her apparently wretched ill health and of the condition of her husband's estate.

"As the relations between the two families have evidently been strained for years," Lord Dunholm said, "it is interesting to hear of the sudden advent of the sister. It seems to point to reconciliation. And you say the girl is an unusual person."

"From what one hears, she would be unusual if she were an English girl who had spent her life on an English estate. That an American who is making her first visit to England should seem to see at once the practical needs of a neglected place is a thing to wonder at. What can she know about it? one thinks. But she apparently does know. They say she has made no mistakes, even with the village people. She is managing, in one way or another, to give work to every man who wants it. Result, of course, unbounded rustic enthusiasms."

Lord Dunholm laughed between the soothing whiffs of his cigar.

"How clever of her! And what sensible good feeling! Yes, yes; she evidently has learned things somewhere. Perhaps New York has found it wise to begin to give young women professional training in the management of English estates. Who knows? Not a bad idea."

A few days later Mrs. Brent, returning from a call on Mrs. Charley Jenkins, was passed by a carriage the liveries of which she recognized half way up the village street. It was the carriage from Dunholm Castle. Lord and Lady Dunholm and Lord Westholt sat in it. They were of course going to call at the Court. Mrs. Brent slackened her steps that she might have the pleasure of receiving and responding gracefully to salutations from the important personages in the landau.

A common-looking young man on a bicycle who had wheeled into the village with the carriage, riding alongside it for a hundred yards or so, stopped before the Clock Inn and dismounted just as Mrs. Brent neared him. He saw her looking after the equipage, and, lifting his cap, spoke to her civilly.

"This is Stornham village, ain't it, ma'am?" he inquired.

"Yes, my man."

"Thank you. That was n't Miss Vanderpoel's eldest sister in that carriage, was it?"

"Miss Vanderpoel's—" Mrs. Brent hesitated. "Do you mean Lady Anstruthers?"

"I 'd forgotten her name. I know Miss Vanderpoel's eldest sister lives at Stornham — Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter."

"Lady Anstruthers' younger sister is a Miss Vanderpoel, and she is visiting at Stornham Court now." Mrs. Brent could not help adding curiously: "Why do you ask?"

"I am going to see her. I 'm an American."

Mrs. Brent coughed to cover a slight gasp.

"The lady in the carriage was the Countess of Dunholm. They are going to the Court to call on Miss Vanderpoel."

"Then Miss Vanderpoel 's there yet. That 's all right. Thank you, ma'am." And lifting his cap again, he turned into the little public house.

THE Dunholm party had been accustomed, on their rare visits to Stornham, to be received by the kind of man-servant in the kind of livery which is a manifest, though unwilling confession. The men who threw open the doors were of regulation height, well dressed, and of trained bearing. The entrance hall had lost its hopeless shabbiness. The change suggested magic. The magic which had been used, Lord Dunholm reflected, was the simplest and most powerful on earth.

The drawing-room wore a changed aspect, and at a first glance it was to be seen that in poor little Lady Anstruthers, as she had generally been called, there was to be noted alteration also.

That her sister, Miss Vanderpoel, had beauty, it was not necessary to hesitate in deciding. She was not one of the curious, exotic little creatures whose thin, though sometimes rather sweet, and always gay, high-pitched young voices Lord Dunholm had been so specially struck by in the early days of the American invasion. Her voice had a tone one would be likely to remember with pleasure. How well she moved! How well her black head was set on her neck! Yes, she was of the new type, the later generation. These amazing, oddly practical people had evolved it. Lady Dunholm was as pleased as her husband. A really charming girl was an enormous acquisition to the neighborhood.

When they at last all strolled out to look at the gardens, pleased as he was, Lord Dunholm presently gave up his place at her side to Westholt. He must not be a selfish old fellow and monopolize her. He hoped they would see each other often, he said charmingly. He thought she would be sure to like Dunholm, which was really a thoroughly English old place, marked by all the features she seemed so much attracted by. There were some beautiful relics of the past there, and some rather shocking ones—certain dungeons, for instance, and a Gallows Mount on which in good old times the family gallows had stood. This had apparently been a working adjunct to the domestic arrangements of every respectable family.

"It was then that nobles were regarded with respect," he said, smiling.

He joined his wife and began at once to make himself so delightful to Rosy that she ceased to be afraid of him, and ended by talking almost gaily of her London visit.

Betty and Westholt walked together. The afternoon being lovely, they had all sauntered into the park to look at a certain view, and the sun was shining between the trees. Betty thought the young man almost as charming as his father, which was saying much. She had fallen wholly in love with Lord Dunholm—with his beautifully cut, elderly face, his voice, his erect bearing, his fine smile, his attraction of manner, his courteous ease and wit. He was one of the men who stood for the best of all they had been born to represent. Her own father, she felt, stood for the best of all such an American as himself should be. Lord Westholt would in time be what his father was. He had inherited from him good looks, good feeling, and a sense of humor. Yes, he had been given from the outset all that the other man had been denied.

She was thinking of Mount Dunstan as "the other man," and presently spoke of him.

"You know Lord Mount Dunstan?" she said. Westholt hesitated slightly.

"Yes—and no," he answered, after the hesitation. "No one knows him very well. You have not met him?" There was a touch of surprise in his tone.

"He was a passenger on the *Meridiana* when I last crossed the Atlantic. There was a slight accident, and we were thrown together for a few moments. Afterward I met him by chance again. I did not know who he was."

Lord Westholt showed signs of hesitation anew.

"His going to America was rather spir-

ited," said the mellow voice beside him. "I thought only Americans took their fates in their hands in that way. I know Arizona. For a man of his class to face a rancher's life there means determination. It means the spirit—" with a low little laugh at the leap of her imagination—"of the men who were Mount Dunstans in early days, and went forth to fight for what they meant to have. He went to fight. He ought to have won. He will win some day."

"I do not know about fighting," Lord Westholt answered. Had the fellow been telling her romantic stories? "The general impression was that he went to America to amuse himself."

"No, he did not do that," said Betty, with finality. "An Arizona sheep-ranch is not amusing." She stopped short, and stood still for a moment. They had been walking down the avenue, and she stopped because her eyes had been caught by a figure half sitting, half lying, in the middle of the road, a prostrate bicycle near it. It was the figure of a cheaply dressed young man who, as she looked, seemed to make an ineffectual effort to rise.

"Is that man ill?" she exclaimed. "I think he must be." They went toward him at once, and when they reached him, he lifted a dazed white face, down which blood was trickling from a cut on his forehead. He was in fact very white indeed, and did not seem to know what he was doing.

"I am afraid you are hurt," Betty said, and as she spoke, the rest of the party joined them. The young man vacantly smiled, and making an unconscious-looking pass across his face with his hand, smeared the blood over his features painfully. Betty kneeled down, and drawing out her handkerchief, lightly wiped the gruesome smears away. Lord Westholt saw what had happened, having given a look at the bicycle.

"His chain broke as he was coming down the incline, and, as he fell, he got a nasty knock on this stone," he said, touching with his foot a rather large one which had evidently fallen from some passing cart-load of building material.

The young man, still vacantly smiling, was fumbling at his breast-pocket. He began to talk incoherently in good New York, at the mere sound of which Lady Anstruthers made a little step forward.

"Superior—any other," he muttered. "Tabulator spacer—marginal release key—call your 'tention—instantly—'justable—Delkoff—no equal on market." And having found what he had fumbled for, he handed a card to Miss Vanderpoel, and sank unconscious on her breast.

"Let me support him, Miss Vanderpoel," said Westholt, starting forward.

"Never mind, thank you," said Betty. "If he has fainted, I suppose he must be laid flat on the ground. Will you please read the card."

It was the card Mount Dunstan had read the day before.

J. Burridge & Son,
Delkoff Typewriter Co.,
G. Selden. Broadway, New York.

"He is probably G. Selden," said Westholt. "Traveling in the interests of his firm, poor chap! The clue is not of much immediate use, however."

They were fortunately not far from the house, and Westholt went back quickly to summon servants and send for the village doctor. The Dunholms were kindly, sympathetic, and each one of the party lent a handkerchief to staunch the bleeding. Lord Dunholm helped Miss Vanderpoel to lay the young man down carefully.

"I am afraid," he said, "I am really afraid his leg is broken. It was twisted under him. What can be done with him?"

Miss Vanderpoel looked at her sister.

"Will you let him be carried to the house temporarily, Rosy?" she asked. "There is apparently nothing else to be done."

"Yes, yes," said Lady Anstruthers. "How could one send him away, poor fellow! Let him be carried to the house."

Miss Vanderpoel smiled into Lord Dunholm's much-approving elderly eyes.

"G. Selden is a compatriot," she said. "Perhaps he heard I was here and came to sell me a typewriter."

Lord Westholt returning with two footmen and a light mattress, G. Selden was carried with cautious care to the house. The afternoon sun, breaking

through the branches of the ancestral oaks, kindly touched his keen-featured, white young face. Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt each lent a friendly hand, and Miss Vanderpoel, keeping near him, once or twice wiped away an insistent trickle of blood which showed itself from beneath the handkerchiefs. Lady Dunholm followed with Lady Anstruthers. Afterward, during his convalescence, G. Selden frequently felt with regret that by his unconsciousness of the dignity of his cortège at the moment he had missed feeling himself to be for once in a position he would have designated as "out of sight" in the novelty of its importance. To have beheld him borne by nobles and liveried menials, accompanied by ladies of title up the avenue of an English park, on his way to be cared for in baronial halls, would, he knew, have added a joy to the final moments of his grandmother, which the consolations of religion could scarcely have met equally in competition.

The doctor, arriving after he had been put to bed, found concussion of the brain and a broken leg. With Lady Anstruthers' kind permission, it would certainly be best that he should remain for the present where he was. So, in a bedroom the windows of which looked out upon spreading lawns and broad-branched trees, he was established as comfortably as was possible. G. Selden, through the capricious intervention of fate, if he had not "got next" to Reuben S. Vanderpoel himself, had most indisputably "got next" to his favorite daughter.

As the Dunholm carriage rolled down the avenue, there reigned for a few minutes a reflective silence. It was Lady Dunholm who broke it. "That is a nice girl," she said in her softly decided voice.

"That is it," said Lord Dunholm, with a humorous smile. "Thank you, Eleanor, for supplying me with a quite delightful Early Victorian word. I believe I wanted it. She is a number of other things, but she is also a nice girl. If you will allow me to say so, I have fallen in love with her."

"If you will allow me to say so," put in Westholt, "so have I—quite fatally."

"That," said his father, with speculation in his eye, "is more serious."

XXVI

"WHAT IT MUST BE TO BE YOU—JUST YOU!"

G. Selden, awakening to consciousness a few days later, lay and stared at the chintz covering of the top of his four-post bed through a few minutes of vacant amazement. It was a four-post bed he was lying on, was n't it? And his leg was bandaged and felt immovable. The last thing he remembered was going down an incline in a tree-bordered avenue. There was nothing more. He had been all right then. Was this a four-post bed or was it not? Yes, it was. And was it part of the furnishing of a swell bedroom—the kind of bedroom he had never been in before? Tiptop, in fact. He stared, and tried to recall things.

"Well," he said, "if this ain't the limit! You may search *me!*"

A respectable person in a white apron came to him from the other side of the room. It was Buttle's wife, who had been hastily called in.

" 'Sh—'sh!" she said soothingly. "Don't you worry. Nobody ain't goin' to search you. Nobody ain't. There! "Sh—'sh—'sh!" as if he was a baby. Beginning to be aware of a curious sense of weakness, Selden lay and stared at her in pathetic helplessness. Perhaps he had got bats in his belfry, and there was no use in talking.

At that moment, however, the door opened and a young lady entered. She was a "looker," G. Selden's weakness did not interfere with his perceiving. "A looker, by Gee!" She was dressed, as if for going out, in softly-tinted exquisite things, and a large, strange hydrangea blue flower under the brim of her hat rested on soft and full black hair. The black hair gave him a clue. It was hair like that that he had seen as Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter rode by when he stood at the park gates at Mount Dunstan. Bats in his belfry, of course.

"How is he?" she said to the nurse.

"He 's been seeming comfortable all day, Miss," the woman answered; "but he 's light-headed yet. He opened his eyes quite sensible-looking a bit ago, but he spoke quite queer. He said something was the limit and that we might search him."

Betty approached the bedside to look at him, and meeting the disturbed inquiry in his uplifted eyes, laughed because, seeing that he was not delirious, she thought she understood. She had not lived in New York without hearing its argot.

She bent over him with her laugh still shining in her eyes.

"I hope you feel better. Can you tell me?" she said.

His voice was not strong, but his answer was that of a young man who knew what he was saying.

"If I 'm not off my head, ma'am, I 'm quite comfortable, thank you," he replied.

"I am glad to hear that," said Betty. "Don't be disturbed. Your mind is quite clear."

"All I want," said G. Selden, impartially, "is just to know where I 'm at and how I blew in here. It would help me to rest better."

"You met with an accident," the "looker" explained, still smiling with both lips and eyes. "Your bicycle chain broke, and you were thrown and hurt yourself. It happened in the avenue in the park. We found you and brought you in. You are at Stornham Court, which belongs to Sir Nigel Anstruthers. Lady Anstruthers is my sister. I am Miss Vanderpoel."

"Hully Gee!" ejaculated G. Selden, inevitably. The splendor of the moment was such that his brain whirled. As it was not yet in the physical condition to whirl with any comfort, he found himself closing his eyes weakly.

"That 's right," Miss Vanderpoel said. "Keep them closed. I must not talk to you until you are stronger. Lie still and try not to think. The doctor says you are getting on very well. I will come and see you again."

As the soft sweep of her dress reached the door he managed to open his eyes.

"Thank you, Miss Vanderpoel," he said. "Thank you, ma'am." And as his eyelids closed again he murmured in luxurious peace. "Well, if that 's her—she can have *me*—and welcome!"

She came to see him again each day, sometimes in a linen frock and garden hat, sometimes in her soft tints and lace and flowers, before or after her drive in the afternoon, and two or three times in the evening, with lovely shoulders and wonderful trailing draperies, looking like the women he had caught far-off glimpses of on the rare occasion of his having indulged himself in the highest and most remotely placed seat in the gallery at the opera.

Lady Anstruthers came in to see him also, and she several times brought with her a queer, little lame fellow who was spoken of as "Master Ughtred."

His determination, his sharp readiness, his control of temper under rebuff and superfluous harshness, his odd impersonal summing up of men and things, and good-natured patience with the world in general, were, Betty knew, business assets. She was moved by the remote connection of such a life with that of the first Reuben Vanderpoel, who had laid the huge solid foundations of their modern fortune.

One morning Betty, coming to make her visit of friendly inquiry, found the patient looking thoughtful.

"Well, Miss Vanderpoel," he explained, "I was lying here thinking of Lord Mount Dunstan and Mr. Penzance, and how well they treated me. I have n't told you about that, have I?"

"That explains what Mrs. Buttle said," she answered. "When you were delirious, you talked frequently to Lord Mount Dunstan and Mr. Penzance. We both wondered why."

Then he told her the whole story. Beginning with his sitting on the grassy bank outside the park listening to the song of the robin, he ended with the adieux at the entrance gates, when the sound of her horse's trotting hoofs had been heard by them.

"What I 've been lying here thinking of," he said, "is how queer it was it happened just that way. If I had n't stopped just that minute, and if you had n't gone by, and if Lord Mount Dunstan had n't known you, and said who you were, little Willie would have been in London by this time, hustling to get a cheap bunk to get back to New York in."

"Because?" inquired Miss Vanderpoel.

G. Selden laughed and hesitated a moment. Then he made a clean breast of it.

"Say, Miss Vanderpoel," he said, "I hope it won't make you mad if I own up. Ladies like you don't know any-

thing about chaps like me. On the square and straight out, when I seen you and heard your name, I could n't help remembering whose daughter you was. Reuben S. Vanderpoel spells a big thing. Why, when I was in New York, we fellows used to get together and talk about what it 'd mean to the chap who could get next to Reuben S. Vanderpoel. We used to count up all the business he does, and all the clerks he 's got under him pounding away on typewriters, and how they 'd be bound to get worn out and need new ones. And we 'd make calculations how many a man could unload if he could get next. One of the boys made up a thing about one of us saving Reuben S.'s life—dragging him from under a runaway auto, and when he says: 'What can I do to show my gratitude, young man?' him handing out his catalogue and saying, 'Should like to call your attention to the Delkoff, sir,' and getting him to promise he 'd never use any other as long as he lived."

Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter laughed as spontaneously as any girl might have done. G. Selden laughed with her. At any rate, she had n't got mad so far.

"That was what did it," he went on. "When I rode away on my bike, I got thinking about it, and could not get it out of my head. The next day I just stopped on the road and got off my wheel and I says to myself: "Look here, business is business, if you *are* traveling in Europe and lunching at Buckingham Palace with the main squeeze. Get busy. What 'll the boys say if they hear you 've missed a chance like this. You hit the pike for Stornham Castle, or whatever it 's called, and take your nerve with you! She can't do more than have you fired out, and you 've been fired before, and got your breath after it. So I turned round and made time. And that was how I happened on your avenue. And perhaps it was because I was feeling a bit rattled I lost my hold when the chain broke, and pitched over on my head. There, I 've got it off my chest."

Something akin to her feeling of affection for the nice, long-legged Westerner she had seen rambling in Bond street touched Betty again. The Delkoff was the center of G. Selden's world, as the flowers were of Kedgers', as the "little 'ome" was of Mrs. Welden's.

"Were you going to try to sell *me* a typewriter?" she asked.

"Well," G. Selden admitted, "I did n't know but what there might be use for one writing business letters on a big place like this. Straight, I won't say I was n't going to try pretty hard. It may look like gall, but you see a fellow has to rush things, or he 'll never get there. A chap like me *has* to get there somehow."

She was silent a few moments, and looked as if she was thinking something over. Her silence and this look on her face actually caused to dawn in the breast of Selden a gleam of daring hope. He looked round at her with a faint rising of color.

"Say, Miss Vanderpoel, say—" he began, and then broke off.

"Yes?" said Betty, still thinking.

"C—*could* you use one—anywhere?" he said. "I don't want to rush things too much, but—*could* you?"

"Is it easy to learn to use it?"

"Easy!"—his head lifted from his pillow,—"It 's as easy as falling off a log. A baby in a perambulator could learn to tick off orders for its bottle. And, on the square, there is n't its equal on the market, Miss Vanderpoel, there is n't." He fumbled beneath his pillow, and brought forth his catalogue.

"I asked the nurse to put it there. I wanted to study it, now and then, and think up arguments. See—adjustable to hold with perfect ease an envelop, an index-card, or a strip of paper no wider than a postage-stamp. Unsurpassed paper feed, practical ribbon mechanism, perfect and permanent alinement."

As Mount Dunstan had taken the book, Betty Vanderpoel took it. Never had G. Selden beheld such smiling in eyes about to bend upon his catalogue.

"You will raise your temperature," she said, "if you excite yourself. You must n't do that. I believe there are two or three people on the estate who might be taught to use a typewriter. I will buy three. Yes, we will say three."

She would buy three! He soared to heights. He did not know how to thank her, though he did his best. Dizzying visions of what he would have to tell "the boys" when he returned to New York

flashed across his mind. The daughter of Reuben S. Vanderpoel had bought three Delkoffs, and he was the junior assistant who had sold them to her.

"You don't know what it means to me, Miss Vanderpoel," he said; "but if you were a junior salesman you 'd know. It 's not only the sale, though that 's a rake-off of fifteen dollars to me, but it 's because it 's *you* that 's bought them. Gee!" He gazed at her with a frank awe the obvious sincerity of which held a queer touch of pathos. "What it must be to be *you*—just *you*!"

She did not laugh. She felt as if a hand had lightly touched her on her naked heart. She had thought of it so often, had been bewildered restlessly by it as a mere child—this difference in human lot, this chance. Was it chance? And, even as she thought these things, G. Selden went on.

"You never can know," he said, "because you 've always been in it. And the rest of the world can't know because they 've never been anywhere near it." He stopped and evidently fell to thinking.

"Tell me about the rest of the world," said Betty, quietly.

He laughed again.

"Why, I was just thinking to myself you did n't know a thing about it. And it 's queer. It 's the rest of us that mounts up when you come to numbers. I guess it 'd run into millions. I 'm not thinking of beggars and starving people. I 've been rushing the Delkoff too steady to get on to any swell charity organization, so I don't know about them. I 'm just thinking of the millions of fellows, and women, too, for the matter of that, that waken up every morning and know they 've got to hustle for their ten per or their fifty per—if they can stir it up as thick as that. If it 's as much as fifty per, of course, seems like to me, they 're on Easy Street. But sometimes those that 's got to fifty per—or even more—have got more things to do with it—kids, you know, and more rent and clothes. They 've got to get at it just as hard as we have. Why, Miss Vanderpoel, how many people do you suppose there are in a million that don't have to worry over their next month's grocery bills and the rent of their flat? Gee! I bet there 's not ten; and I don't know the ten."

He did not state his case uncheerfully. "The rest of the world" represented to him the normal condition of things.

"Most married men 's afraid to look an honest grocery bill in the face. And they *will* come in—as regular as spring hats. And I tell *you*, when a man 's got to live on seventy-five a month, a thing that 'll take all the strength and energy out of a twenty-dollar bill sort o' gets him down on the mat.

" 'T ain't the working that bothers most of us. We were born to that, and most of us would feel like dead-beats if we were doing nothing. It 's the earning less than you can live on, and getting a sort of tired feeling over it. It 's having to make a dollar bill look like two, and watching every other fellow try to do the same thing, and not often make the trip. There 's millions of us—just millions—every one of us with his Delkoff to sell"—his figure of speech pleased him, and he chuckled at his own cleverness "—and thinking of it, and talking about it, and under his vest half afraid that he can't make it. And what you say in the morning when you open your eyes and stretch yourself is: 'I 've *got* to sell a Delkoff to-day, and suppose I should n't, and could n't hold down my job.' I began it over my feeding-bottle. So did all the people I know. That 's what gave me a sort of a jolt just now when I looked at you and thought about you being *you*—and what it meant."

She had a much more intimate knowledge of New York than she had ever had before when their conversation ended, and she felt it a rather rich possession. She had heard of the "hall bedroom," previously, and she had seen from the outside the "quick lunch" counter, but G. Selden unconsciously escorted her inside, and threw upon faces and lives the glare of a flashlight.

"There was a thing I 've been thinking I 'd ask you, Miss Vanderpoel," he said just before she left him. "I 'd like you to tell me if you please. It 's like this. You see those two fellows treated me as fine as silk. I mean Lord Mount Dunstan and Mr. Penzance. And they both of 'em did say they 'd like to see me again. Now, do you think, Miss Vander-

poel, it would look too fresh, if I was to write a polite note and ask if either of them could make it convenient to come and take a look at me, if it would n't be too much trouble? I don't *want* to be too fresh, and perhaps they would n't come anyhow; and if it is, please won't you tell me, Miss Vanderpoel?"

"I think you might write the note," she said. "I believe they would come to see you."

"Do you?" he said with eager pleasure. "Then I 'll do it. I 'd give a good deal to see them again. I tell you, they are just *it*—both of them."

XXVII

LIFE

Mount Dunstan, walking through the park the next morning on his way to the vicarage just after post-time, met Mr. Penzance himself, coming to make an equally early call at the Mount. Each of them had a letter in his hand, and each met the other's glance with a smile.

"G. Selden," Mount Dunstan said. "And yours?"

"G. Selden also," answered the Vicar. "Poor young fellow! What ill luck! And yet—is it ill luck? He says not."

"He tells me it is not," said Mount Dunstan. "And I agree with him."

Mr. Penzance read his letter aloud:

Dear Sir: This is to notify you that owing to my bike going back on me when going downhill, I met with an accident in Stornham Park. Was cut about the head and leg broken. Little Willie being far from home and mother, you can see what sort of fix he 'd been in if it had n't been for the kindness of Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughters—Miss Bettina and her sister Lady Anstruthers. The way they 've had me taken care of has been great. I 've been under a nurse and doctor same as if I was Albert Edward with appendyceetus (I apologize if that 's not spelt right). Dear Sir, this is to say that I asked Miss Vanderpoel if I should be butting in too much if I dropped a line to ask if you could spare the time to call and see me. It would be considered a favor, and appreciated by

G. Selden,

Delkoff Typewriter Co., Broadway.

P. S. Have already sold three Delkoffs to Miss Vanderpoel.

"Upon my word," Mr. Penzance commented, "I like that queer young fellow. He does not wish to 'butt in too much.' Now, there is rudimentary delicacy in that. And what a forceful figure of speech! Some butting animal—a goat I seem to see, preferably—forcing its way into a group, or closed circle, of persons."

"Shall we ride over together to see him this morning?" Mount Dunstan said. "An hour with G. Selden, surrounded by the atmosphere of Reuben S. Vanderpoel, would be a cheering thing."

"It would," Mr. Penzance answered. "Let us go, by all means. We should not, I suppose,"—with keen delight,—"be 'butting in' upon Lady Anstruthers too early? Like G. Selden, I should not like to 'butt in,' " he added.

"Let us go," answered Mount Dunstan. "One can call on an invalid at any time. Lady Anstruthers will forgive us."

In less than an hour's time they were on their way. They laughed and talked as they rode, their horses' hoofs striking out a cheerful, ringing accompaniment to their voices. There is nothing more exhilarating than the hollow, regular ring and *click-clack* of good hoofs going well over a fine, old Roman road in the morning sunlight. They talked of the junior assistant salesman and of Miss Vanderpoel. Penzance was much pleased by the prospect of seeing "this delightful and unusual girl." He had heard stories of her, as had Lord Westholt.

"It is the new life in her which strikes me," Mount Dunstan said. "She has brought wealth with her, and wealth is power to do the good or evil that grows in a man's soul; but she has brought something more. She might have come and gone and left a mind-dazzling memory and nothing else. A few sovereigns tossed here and there would have earned her a reputation for life; but, 'by Gee!' to quote Selden, she has begun *living* with them, as if her ancestors had done it for six hundred years. And what *I* see, is that if she had come without a penny in her pocket, she would have done the same thing." He paused a pondering moment, and then drew a sharp breath. "She 's life," he said. "She 's *life* itself. What a thing it is for a man or woman to be Life, instead of a mass of tissue and muscle and nerve, dragged about by the mere mechanism of living."

When they rode through Stornham village they saw signs of work already done and work still in hand. The whole village wore the aspect of a place which had taken heart and was facing existence in a hopeful spirit.

As they entered the hall at the Court, Miss Vanderpoel was descending the staircase. She was laughing a little to herself, and she looked pleased when she saw them.

"It is good of you to come," she said, as they crossed the hall to the drawing-room. "But I told him I really thought you would. I have just been talking to him, and he was a little uncertain as to whether he had assumed too much."

"As to whether he had 'butted in,'" said Mr. Penzance. "I think he must have said that."

"He did. He also was afraid that he might have been 'too fresh,'" answered Betty.

"On our part," said Mr. Penzance, with gentle glee, "we hesitated a moment in fear lest we also might appear to be 'butting in.'"

Then they all laughed together. They were laughing when Lady Anstruthers entered, and she herself joined them. But to Mount Dunstan, who felt her to be somehow a touching little person, there was manifest a tenderness in her feeling for G. Selden. For that matter, however, there was something already beginning to be rather affectionate in the attitude of each of them. They went up-stairs, to find him lying in state upon a big sofa placed near a window, and his joy at the sight of them was genuine. Here these two swells came as friendly as you please. And that nice old chap that was a vicar, smiling and giving him "the glad hand!"

After a short time Betty and Mount Dunstan left Mr. Penzance talking to the convalescent. Mount Dunstan had asked to be shown the gardens. He wanted to see the wonderful things he had heard had been already done to them.

They went down the stairs together and passed through the drawing-room into the pleasure-grounds. The once neglected lawns had already been mown and rolled, clipped and trimmed, until they spread before the eye huge measures of green velvet. Even the beds, girdling and adorning them, were brilliant with flowers.

"Kedgers," said Betty, waving her hand. "In my ignorance, I thought we must wait for blossoms until next year; but it appears that wonders can be brought all ready to bloom for one from nursery gardens, and can be made to grow with care, and daring, and passionate affection. I have seen Kedgers turn pale with anguish as he hung over a bed of transplanted things which seemed to droop too long. They droop just at first, you know; and then they slowly lift their heads, as if to listen to a Voice calling. Once I sat for quite a long time before a rose, watching it. When I saw it *begin* to listen, I really trembled. It was life coming back."

She had begun gaily and then her voice had changed.

"One feels it so much in a garden," she said. "I have stood in a potting-shed and watched Kedgers fill a shallow box with damp, rich mold, and scatter over it a thin layer of seeds. Then he moistens them, and carries them reverently to his altars in a greenhouse. The ledges in Kedgers' greenhouses are altars. I think he offers prayers before them. Why not? And when one comes to see them, the moist seeds are swelled to fullness, and when one comes again they are bursting. And the next time tiny green things are curling outward. And at last there is a fairy forest of tiniest pale green stems and leaves, and one is standing close to the secret of the earth."

Mount Dunstan turned and looked at her.

"Do you know," he said, "that, as we were on our way here, I said of you to Penzance, that *you* were life—*you!*"

For a few seconds, as they stood so, their eyes involuntarily held each other. Something softly glowing in the sunlight, falling on them both, something raining down in the song of a rising skylark trilling in the blue a field away, something in the warmed incense of blossoms near them, was *calling,* though they did not know they heard. A splendid blush rose in a flood under her skin. She was conscious of it, and felt a second's impatience that she should color like a school-girl, suspecting a compliment. He

did not look at her as a man looks who has made a pretty speech.

Her feeling about the blush melted away as the blush itself had done.

"That was a beautiful thing to say," she answered. "I have often thought that I should like it to be true."

"It is true," he said.

Then the skylark, showering golden rain, swept down to earth and its nest in the meadow, and they walked on.

She learned from him, as they walked together, and he also learned from her, in a manner which built for them, as they went from point to point, a certain degree of delicate intimacy, gradually, during their ramble, tending to make discussion and question possible. She made no confidences, beautifully candid as her manner was; but he saw that she clearly understood the thing she was doing, and that if her sister had no son, she would not have done this, but something totally different. He had an idea that Lady Anstruthers would have been swiftly and lightly swept back to New York, and Sir Nigel left to his own devices; in which case Stornham Court and its village would gradually have crumbled to decay. It was for Sir Ughtred Anstruthers the place was being restored. She was quite clear on the matter of entail. He wondered at first, not unnaturally, how a girl had learned certain things of which she had an obviously clear knowledge. As they continued to converse he learned.

Through the closeness of her affectionate intimacy with her father she had become, without any special process, familiar with the technicalities of huge business schemes, with law and commerce and political situations. Even her childish interest in the world of enterprise and labor had been passionate. As the companion of a great business man she had acquired, inevitably, while almost unconsciously, a remarkable education.

"If he had not been *himself,* he might easily have grown tired of a little girl constantly wanting to hear things; constantly asking questions," she said. "But he did not get tired. We invented a special knock on the door of his private room. It said, 'May I come in, Father?' If he was busy, he answered with one knock on his desk, and I went away. If he had time to talk, he called out, 'Come, Betty'; and I went to him. He told me of great things even before he had talked of them to men. He knew I would never speak of what was said between us in his room. He said once that it was a part of the evolution of race that men had begun to expect of women what in past ages they really only expected of one another."

Mount Dunstan hesitated before speaking.

"You mean absolute faith, apart from affection?"

"Yes. The power to be silent even when one is tempted to speak, if to speak might betray what it is wiser to keep to oneself, because it is another man's affair. The kind of thing which is good faith among business men. It applies to small things as much as to large, and to other things than business."

As they walked on, they found themselves laughing together and talking without restraint. They went through the flower- and kitchen-gardens; they saw the once fallen wall now rebuilt with the old brick; they visited the greenhouses, and came upon Kedgers entranced in business, but enraptured at being called upon to show his treasures.

"He 's stronger to-day, Miss," he said, as they paused before a new wonderful bloom. "What he 's getting now is good for him. I had to change his food, Miss; but this seems all right. His color 's better."

Betty herself bent over the flower as she might have bent over a child. Her eyes softened; she touched a leaf with a slim finger as delicately as if it had been a new-born baby's cheek. As Mount Dunstan watched her, he drew a step nearer to her side. For the first time in his life he felt the glow of a normal and simple pleasure untouched by any bitterness.

XXVIII

SETTING THEM THINKING

To old Doby, sitting at his open window with his pipe and illustrated papers on the table by his side, the advantage of a window giving upon the village street unspeakably increased. For many years he had greatly preferred the chimney-corner. But now the window was a better place to sit near. Carts went by, with men

whistling as they walked at the horses' heads; loads of things wanted for work at the Court. New faces passed,—faces of workmen,—sometimes grinning, "impident youngsters" who larked with the young women and called out to them as they passed their cottages, if a good-looking one was loitering about her garden gate. And there were gentry's carriages, with fine, stamping horses, and jingling silver harness, and big coachmen, and tall footmen, and such like that had long ago dropped off showing themselves at Stornham.

The carriages came and came again, and stately or unstately far-off neighbors sat at tea upon the lawn under the trees, and it was observed that the methods and appointments of the Court had entirely changed. Nothing looked new and American. The silently moving men-servants could not have been improved upon; there was plainly an excellent *chef* somewhere; and the massive silver was old and wonderful. Upon everybody's word, the change was such as it was worth a long drive merely to see.

The most wonderful thing, however, was Lady Anstruthers herself. She had begun to grow delicately plump. Her once drawn and haggard face had rounded out, her skin had smoothed, and was actually becoming pink and fair; a nimbus of pale, fine hair puffed airily over her forehead; and she wore the most charming clothes—all of which made her look fifteen years younger than she had seemed when, on the grounds of ill health, she had retired into seclusion.

On the lawns at the garden-parties Betty's height and her long, slender neck held her delicate head above those of other girls, and the dense black of her hair made a rich note of shadow amid the prevailing English blondness. Her mere coloring set her apart. Rosy used to watch her with tender wonder, recalling her memory of nine-year-old Betty with the long, slim legs and the demanding and accusing child eyes. She had always been this creature even in those far-off days. At the garden-party at Dunholm Castle it became evident that she was, after a manner, unusually the central figure of the occasion. It was not at all surprising, people said to one another. Nothing could have been more desirable for Lord Westholt. He combined rank with fortune, and the Vanderpoel wealth almost constituted rank in itself. Both Lord and Lady Dunholm seemed pleased with the girl. Lord Dunholm showed her great attention. When she took part in the dancing on the lawn, he looked on delightedly. He walked about the gardens with her, and it was plain to see that their conversation was not the ordinary polite effort to accord usually marking the talk between a mature man and a merely handsome girl. Lord Dunholm sometimes laughed with unfeigned delight, and sometimes the two seemed to talk of grave things.

"Such occasions as these are a sort of yearly taking of the social census of the county," Lord Dunholm explained. "One invites *all* one's neighbors, and is invited again. It is a friendly duty one owes."

"I do not see Lord Mount Dunstan," Betty answered. "Is he here?"

She had never denied to herself her interest in Mount Dunstan, and she had looked for him. Lord Dunholm hesitated a second, as his son had done, at Miss Vanderpoel's mention of the tabooed name. But, being an older man, he felt more at liberty to speak, and gave her a rather long, kind look.

"My dear young lady," he said, "did you expect to see him here?"

"Yes, I think I did," Betty replied. "I believe I rather hoped I should."

"Indeed. You are interested in him?"

"I know him very little; but I am interested. I will tell you why."

She paused by a seat beneath a tree, and they sat down together. She gave with a few swift, vivid touches a sketch of the red-haired second-class passenger on the *Meridiana* of whom she had only thought that he was an unhappy, rough-looking young man, until the brief moment in which they had stood face to face, each comprehending that the other was to be relied on if the worst should come to the worst. She had understood his prompt disappearance from the scene, and had liked it. When she related the incident of her meeting with him when she thought him a mere keeper on his own lands, Lord Dunholm listened with a changed and thoughtful expression. He was touched by certain things she said about the "First Man."

"He is one of them," she said. "They find their way in the end. But just now he thinks there is none. He is standing in the dark—where the ways meet."

"You think he will find his way?" Lord Dunholm said. "Why do you think so?"

"I *know* he will," she answered; "but I cannot tell you *why* I know."

"What you have said has been interesting to me, because of the light your own thought threw upon what you saw. It has not been Mount Dunstan I have been caring for, but for the light you saw him in. You met him without prejudice, and you carried the light in your hand. You always carry a light. My impression is," he added very quietly, "some women do."

"The prejudice you speak of must be a bitter thing for a proud man to bear. Is it a just prejudice? What has he done?"

Lord Dunholm was gravely silent for a few moments.

"It is an extraordinary thing to reflect," his words came slowly, "that it may *not* be a just prejudice. I do not know that he has done anything but seem rather sulky, and be the son of his father and the brother of his brother."

"And go to America," said Betty. "He could have avoided doing that; but he cannot be called to account for his relatives. If that is all, the prejudice is *not* just."

"No, it is not," said Lord Dunholm; "and one feels rather awkward at having shared it. You have set me thinking again, Miss Vanderpoel."

XXIX

THE THREAD OF G. SELDEN

THE Shuttle, having in its weaving caught up the thread of G. Selden's rudimentary existence, and drawn it, with the young man himself, across the sea, used curiously the thread in question in the forming of the design of its huge web. As wool and coarse linen are sometimes interwoven with rich silks for decorative or utilitarian purposes, so perhaps was this previously unvalued material employed.

It was indeed an interesting truth that the young man, during his convalescence, without his own knowledge, acted as a species of magnet which drew together persons who might not easily have met otherwise. Mr. Penzance and Mount Dunstan rode over to see him every few days, and their visits naturally established relations with Stornham Court much more intimate than could have formed themselves in the same length of time under the ordinary circumstance of country life. Conventionalities lost their prominence in friendly intercourse with Selden. It was not, however, that he himself desired to disperse with convention. His intense wish to "do the right thing" and avoid giving offence was the most ingenuous and touching feature of his cosmopolitan good-nature.

"If I ever make a break, sir," he had once said with fervor, in talking to Mr. Penzance, "for the Lord's sake, tell me and set me on the right track. No fellow likes to look like a hoosier; but I don't mind that half as much as—as seeming not to *appreciate.*"

"I tell you that 's fine," he said to Ughtred, who brought him a flower from the garden. "I appreciate that."

To Betty he said more than once:

"You know how I appreciate all this, Miss Vanderpoel. You *do* know I appreciate it, don't you?"

He had an immense admiration for Mount Dunstan, and talked to him a great deal about America, often about the sheep-ranch, and what it might have done and ought to have done. But his admiration for Mr. Penzance became affection.

These two being frequently absorbed in conversation, Mount Dunstan was rather thrown upon Betty's hands. When they strolled together about the place or sat under the deep shade of green trees, they talked not only of England and America, but of divers things which increased their knowledge of each other. It is points of view which reveal qualities, tendencies, and innate differences or accordance of thought, and the points of view of each interested the other.

"Mr. Selden is asking Mr. Penzance questions about English history," Betty said on one of the afternoons in which they sat in the shade. "I need not ask you questions. You *are* English history."

"And you are American history," Mount Dunstan answered.

"I suppose I am."

At one of their chance meetings Miss Vanderpoel had told Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt something of the story of G. Selden. Westholt had felt that he must ride over to Stornham to see the convalescent. He wanted to learn some New York slang. He would take lessons from Selden, and he would also buy a Delkoff—two Delkoffs, if that would be better.

"Heath ought to have a typewriter," he had said to his father. Heath was the house-steward. "Think of the letters the poor chap has to write. Invest in one for Heath."

Betty had said: "Do you know, I shall be very glad if you decide to buy one—or two—or three," with an uplift of the Irish blue eyes to Lord Dunholm. "The blood of the first Reuben Vanderpoel stirs in my veins; also I have begun to be fond of G. Selden."

Therefore it occurred that, on the afternoon referred to, Lady Anstruthers crossed the sward with two male visitors in her wake.

"Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt," said Betty, rising smilingly.

For this meeting between the men, Selden was, without doubt, responsible. While his father talked to Mount Dunstan, Westholt explained that they had come athirst for the catalogue. Presently Betty took him to the sheltered corner of the lawn where the convalescent sat with Mr. Penzance. But for a short time Lord Dunholm remained to converse with Mount Dunstan.

Dunholm beautifully eliminated the years; he eliminated all but the facts that the young man's father and himself had been acquaintances in youth, that he remembered Mount Dunstan himself as a child, that he had heard with interest of his visit to America. Whatsoever the young man himself felt, he made no sign which presented obstacles.

Lord Dunholm progressed admirably with him. He soon found that he need not be upon any strain with regard to the eliminations. The man himself could eliminate, which was an assistance.

They talked together when they turned to follow the others to the retreat of G. Selden.

"Have you purchased a Delkoff?" Lord Dunholm inquired.

"If I could have afforded it, I should have bought one."

"I think that we have come here with the intention of purchasing three. We did not know that we required them until Miss Vanderpoel recited half a page of the catalogue to us."

"Three will mean a 'rake off' of fifteen dollars to G. Selden," said Mount Dunstan. It was, he saw, necessary that he should explain the meaning of a "rake off," and he did so, to his companion's entertainment.

They were all kind to G. Selden, and he, on his part, was an aid to them. Mr. Penzance it was who suggested that he should now try the strength of the leg.

"Yes," Mount Dunstan said. "Let me help you."

As he rose to go to him, Westholt good-naturedly got up also. They took their places at each side of his invalid's-chair, and assisted him to rise and stand.

"It 's all right, gentlemen. It 's all right," he called out with a delighted flush when he found himself upright. "I believe I could stand alone. Thank you. Thank you."

He was able, leaning on Mount Dunstan's arm, to take a few steps. Evidently in a short time he would find himself no longer disabled.

Mr. Penzance had invited him to spend a week at the vicarage. He was to do this as soon as he could comfortably drive from the one place to the other. After receiving the invitation, he had sent secretly to London for one of the Delkoffs he had brought with him from America as a sample. He cherished in private a plan of gently entertaining his host by teaching him to use the machine. The vicar would thus be prepared for that future in which surely a Delkoff must in some way fall into his hands. Indeed, Fortune having at length cast an eye on himself, Selden thought, might chance to favor him further, and in time he might be able to send a "high-class machine" as a grateful gift to the vicarage. Perhaps Mr. Penzance would accept it because he would understand what it meant of feeling and "appreciation."

DURING the afternoon, Lord Dunholm had managed to talk a good deal with

Mount Dunstan. In the smoking-room at Dunholm that night he and his son talked of their chance encounter.

"I am not at all proud of the way in which we have taken things for granted," was his father's summing-up. "It is perhaps worth observing,"—taking his cigar from his mouth and smiling at the end of it as he removed the ash,—"that but for Miss Vanderpoel and G. Selden we might never have had an opportunity of facing the fact that we may not have been giving fair play."

XXX

A RETURN

At the close of a long, warm afternoon, Betty Vanderpoel came out upon the square stone terrace overlooking the gardens and that part of the park which, enclosing them, caused them, as they melted into its greenness, to lose all limitations and to appear to be only a more blooming bit of the landscape.

Upon the garden Betty's eyes dwelt as she stood still for some minutes taking in their effect thoughtfully.

Kedgers had certainly accomplished much. His close-trimmed lawns did him credit; his flower-beds were flushed and azured, purpled and snowed, with bloom. Sweet, tall spires hung with blue or white or rosy flower-bells lifted their heads above the color of lower growths. Only the fervent affection, the fasting and prayer of a Kedgers, could have done such wonders with new things and old. Without assistants he could have done nothing, but he had been given a sufficient number of under-gardeners, and had even managed to inspire them with something of his own ambition and solicitude.

Betty, descending the terrace steps, wandered down the paths between the flower-beds, glancing about her as she went. The place was not the one she had come to a few months ago. Hothouses, out-buildings, and stables were in repair. Work was still being done in different places. In the house itself carpenters or decorators were enclosed in some rooms and at their business, but exterior order prevailed. In the courtyard, stablemen were at work, and her own groom came forward, touching his forehead. She paid a visit to the horses. They were fine creatures, and when she entered their stalls, made room for her and whinnied gently, in well-founded expectation of sugar and bread, which were kept in a cupboard awaiting her visits. She smoothed velvet noses and patted satin sides, talking to Mason a little before she went her way.

Then she strolled into the park. She was in a listening and dreaming mood—one of the moods in which bird, leaf, and wind, sun, shade, and scent of growing things, have part. And yet her thoughts were of mundane things.

It was on this avenue that G. Selden had met with his accident. He was still at Dunstan vicarage, and yesterday Mount Dunstan, in calling, had told them that Mr. Penzance was applying himself with delighted interest to a study of the manipulation of the Delkoff.

The thought of Mount Dunstan brought with it the thought of her father. This was because there was frequently in her mind a connection between the two. How would the man of schemes, of wealth and power almost unbounded, regard the man born with a load about his neck—chained to earth by it, standing in the midst of his hungering and thirsting possessions, his hands empty of what would feed them and restore their strength? Would he see any solution of the problem. She could imagine his looking at the situation through his gaze at the man, and considering both in his summing-up.

"Circumstances and the man," she had heard him say; "but always the man first."

Being no visionary, he did not underestimate the power of circumstance. This Betty had learned from him. And what could practically be done with circumstances such as these? The question had begun to recur to her. What could she herself have done in the case of Rosy and Stornham if chance had not placed in her hand the strongest lever? The great, beautiful, blind-faced house awaiting its slow doom in the midst of its lonely, unfed lands! What could save it—and all that it represented of race and name and the stately history of men—but the power one professed to call base and sordid—mere money?

And if a man could not earn money, or go forth to rob richer neighbors of it, as in the good old marauding days, or

accept it if it were offered to him as a gift, what could he do? Nothing. If he had been born a village laborer, he could have earned by the work of his hands enough to keep his cottage roof over him and have held up his head among his fellows. But for such a man as Mount Dunstan there was no mere labor which would avail. He had not that rough honest resource.

BETTY stood, all white from slim shoe to tilted parasol, and either the result of her inspection of the work done by her order or a combination of her summer-day mood with her feeling for the problem had given her a special radiance.

She had paused to look at a man approaching down the avenue. He was not a laborer, and she did not know him. Men who were not laborers, usually rode or drove, and this one was walking. He was neither young nor old, and though at a distance his aspect was not attractive, she found that she regarded him curiously, and waited for him to draw nearer.

The man himself was glancing about him with a puzzled look and knitted forehead. When he had passed through the village he had seen things he had not expected to see; when he had reached the entrance gate and, for reasons of his own, dismissed his station trap, he had looked at the lodge scrutinizingly, because he was not prepared for its picturesque trimness. The avenue was free from weeds and in order; the two gates beyond him were new and substantial. As he went on his way and reached the first, he saw at about a hundred yards' distance a tall girl in white standing watching him. Things which were not easily explainable always irritated him. That this place, which was his own affair, should present an air of mystery did not improve his humor, which was bad to begin with. He had lately been passing through unpleasant things which had left him feeling himself tricked and made ridiculous—as only women can trick a man and make him ridiculous, he had said to himself. And there had been an acrid consolation in looking forward to the relief of venting oneself on a woman who dared not resent.

"What has happened, confound it?" he muttered when he caught sight of the girl. "Have we set up a house-party?" And then, as he saw more distinctly, "I say! What a figure!"

By this time Betty herself had begun to see more clearly. Surely this was a face she remembered, though the passing of years and ugly living had thickened and blurred somewhat its always heavy features. Suddenly she knew it and the look in the eyes—the look that, as a child, she had unreasoningly hated.

Nigel Anstruthers had returned from his private holiday.

As she took a few quiet steps forward to meet him their eyes rested on each other. After a night or two in town his were slightly bloodshot, and the light in them was not agreeable.

It was he who spoke first, and it is possible that he did not quite intend to use the expletive which broke from him. But he was remembering things also. Here were eyes he, too, had seen before—twelve years ago in the face of an objectionable, long-legged child in New York. And his own hatred of them had been founded, in his own opinion, on the best of reasons. And here they gazed at him from the face of a young beauty; for a beauty she was.

"Damn it!" he exclaimed, "it is Betty!"

"Yes," she answered, with a faint but entirely courteous smile; "it is. I hope you are very well."

She held out her hand. "A delicious hand" was what he said to himself as he took it. And what eyes for a girl to have in her head were those which looked out at him between shadows! Was there a hint of the devil in them? He thought so; he hoped so, since she had descended on the place in this way. But *what* the devil was the meaning of her being on the spot at all? He was, however, far beyond the lack of astuteness which might have permitted him to express this last thought at this particular juncture. He was only betrayed into stupid mistakes, afterward to be regretted, when rage caused him utterly to lose control of his wits. And though he was startled and not exactly pleased, he was not in a rage now. The eyelashes and the figure gave an agreeable fillip to his humor.

"How could one expect such a delightful thing as this?" he said. "It is more than one deserves."

"It is very polite of you to say that," answered Betty.

"May I ask you to excuse my staring at you?" he inquired with what Rosy had called his "awful, agreeable smile." "When I saw you last you were a fierce, eight-year-old American child. I use the word 'fierce' because—if you 'll pardon my saying so—there was a certain ferocity about you."

"I have learned at various educational institutions to conceal it," smiled Betty.

"May I ask when you arrived?"

"A short time after you went abroad."

"Rosalie did not inform me of your arrival."

"She did not know your address. You had forgotten to leave it."

He had made a mistake, and realized it; but she presented to him no air of having observed his slip.

"When I drove through the village," he said next, "I saw that some remarkable changes had taken place on my property. I feel as if you can explain them to me."

"I hope they are changes which meet with your approval."

"Quite, quite," a little curtly; "though I confess they mystify me. I—though I am the son-in-law of an American multimillionaire—could not afford to make such repairs myself."

A certain small spitefulness which was his most frequent undoing made it impossible for him to resist adding the innuendo in his last sentence. And again he saw it was a folly. The impersonal tone of her reply simply left him where he had placed himself.

"We were sorry not to be able to reach you. As it seemed well to begin the work at once, we consulted Messrs. Townlinson & Shephard."

"We?" he repeated. "Am I to have the pleasure," with a slight wryness of the mouth, "of finding Mr. Vanderpoel also at Stornham?"

"No; not yet. As I was on the spot, I saw your solicitors, and asked their advice and approval—for my father. If he had known how necessary the work was, it would have been done before, for Ughtred's sake." There was in her manner the merest gracious impersonality.

"Do I understand that Mr. Vanderpoel employed some one to visit the place and direct the work?"

"It was really not difficult to direct. It was merely a matter of engaging labor and competent foremen."

An odd expression rose in his eyes.

"You suggest a novel idea, upon my word," he said. "Is it possible—you see I know something of America—is it possible I must thank *you* for the working of this magic?"

"You need not thank me," she said rather slowly because it was necessary that she also should think of many things at once; "I could not have helped doing it."

She wished to make all clear to him before he met Rosy. She knew that the unexpectedness of his appearance might deprive Lady Anstruthers of presence of mind.

"I will tell you about it," she said. "We will walk slowly up and down here, if you do not object."

He did not object. He wanted to hear the story as he could not hear it from his nervous little fool of a wife. As he listened, he did not lose consciousness of the eyes and the figure. But for these it is probable that he would have gone blind with fury at certain points which forced themselves upon him. The first was that there had been an absurd and immense expenditure which would simply benefit his son and not himself. He could not sell or borrow money on what had been given. Apparently the place had been reëstablished on a footing such as it had not rested upon during his own generation or his father's. As he loathed life in the country, it was not he who would enjoy its luxury, but his wife and her child. The second point was that these people—this girl—had somehow had the sharpness to put themselves in the right, and to place him in a position at which he could not complain without putting himself in the wrong.

But while he thought these things, he walked by her side, and both listened and talked, smiling the agreeable smile.

"You will pardon my dull bewilderment," he said. "It is not unnatural, is it—in a mere outsider?"

And Betty, with her beautiful impersonality, said:

"We felt it so unfortunate that even

your solicitors did not know your address."

When at length they turned and strolled toward the house a carriage was drawing up before the door, and at the sight of it Betty saw her companion slightly lift his eyebrows. Lady Anstruthers had been out and was returning. The groom got down from the box, and two men-servants appeared upon the steps. Lady Anstruthers descended, laughing a little as she talked to Ughtred, who had been with her. She was dressed in clear, pale gray, and the soft rose lining of her parasol warmed the color of her skin.

Sir Nigel paused a second and put up his glass.

"Is that my wife?" he said. "Really! She quite recalls New York."

The agreeable smile was on his lips as he hastened forward. He always more or less enjoyed coming upon Rosalie suddenly. The obvious result was a pleasing tribute to his power.

Betty, following him, saw what occurred. Ughtred saw him first, and spoke quick and low.

"Mother!" he said.

The tone of his voice was evidently enough. Lady Anstruthers turned with an unmistakable start. The rose lining of her parasol ceased to warm her color. In fact, the parasol itself slipped aside, and she stood with a blank, stiff, white face.

"My dear Rosalie," said Sir Nigel going toward her, "you don't look very glad to see me."

He bent and kissed her quite with the air of a devoted husband. After the conjugal greeting, he turned to Ughtred.

"You look remarkably well," he said.

Betty came forward.

"We met in the park, Rosy," she explained. "We have been talking to each other for half an hour."

The atmosphere which had surrounded her during the last three months had done much for Lady Anstruthers' nerves. She had the power to recover herself. Sir Nigel himself saw this when she spoke.

"I was startled because I was not expecting to see you," she said. "I thought you were still on the Riviera. I hope you had a pleasant journey home."

"I had an extraordinarily pleasant surprise in finding your sister here," he answered. And they went into the house.

In descending the staircase on his way to the drawing-room before dinner, Sir Nigel glanced about him with interested curiosity. If the village had been put in order, something more had been done here. Remembering the worn rugs and the bald-headed tiger, he lifted his brows; but the rich sobriety of color and form left no opening for supercilious comment, which was a neat weapon of which it was annoying to be robbed.

The drawing-room was fresh, brightly charming, and full of flowers. Betty was standing before an open window with her sister.

"You know," he said, approaching them, "I find all this very amazing. I have been looking out of my window at the gardens."

"It is Betty who has done it all," said Rosy.

"I did not suspect you of doing it, my dear Rosalie," he said, smiling. "When I saw Betty standing in the avenue, I knew at once that it was she who had mended the chimney-pots in the village and rehung the gates."

For the present, at least, it was evident that he meant to be sufficiently amiable. At the dinner-table he was conversational, and asked many questions, professing a natural interest in what had been done. He did not know how things would turn out, in Betty's case, and it was a little confusing to find oneself watching her with a sense of excitement. He would have preferred to be cool, and he realized that he could not keep his eyes off her.

"I remember with regret," he said to her later in the evening, "that when you were a child we were enemies."

"I am afraid we were," was Betty's impartial answer.

"I am sure it was my fault," he said. "Pray forget it. Since you have accomplished such wonders, will you not, in the morning, take me about the place and explain to me how it has been done?"

When Betty went to her room, she dismissed her maid as soon as possible and sat for some time alone and waiting. She had had no opportunity to speak to Rosy in private, and she was sure she would

come to her. In the course of half an hour she heard a knock at the door.

Yes, it was Rosy, and her newly-born color had fled and left her looking dragged again. She came forward, and dropped into a low chair near Betty, letting her face fall in her hands.

"I am very sorry, Betty," she half whispered, "but it is no use."

"What is no use?" Betty asked.

"Nothing is any use. All these years have made me such a coward. I suppose I always was a coward, but in the old days there never was anything to be afraid of."

"What are you most afraid of now?"

"I don't know. That is the worst. I am afraid of *him*—just of himself—of the look in his eyes—of what he may be planning quietly. My strength dies away when he comes near me."

"What has he said to you?" she asked.

"He came into my dressing-room and sat and talked. He looked about from one thing to another, and pretended to admire it all, and congratulate me. But though he did not sneer at what he saw, his eyes were sneering at me. He talked about you. He said that you were a very clever woman. I don't know how he manages to imply that a very clever woman is something cunning and debased; but it means that when he says it." She put out a hand and caught one of Betty's.

"Betty, Betty," she implored, "don't make him angry! Don't!"

"I am not going to begin by making him angry," Betty said. "And I do not think he will try to make me angry—at first."

"No, he will not," cried Rosalie. "And—and you remember what I told you when first we talked about him?"

"And do you remember," was Betty's answer, "what I said to you when I first met you in the park? If we were to cable to New York this moment, we could receive an answer in a few hours."

"He would not let us do it," said Rosy. "He would stop us in some way, as he stopped my letters to mother, as he stopped me when I tried to run away. Oh, Betty, I know him, and you do not."

"I shall know him better every day. That is what I must do. I must learn to know him. He said something more to you than you have told me, Rosy. What was it?"

"He waited until Detcham left me," Lady Anstruthers confessed more than half reluctantly. "And then he got up to go away, and stood with his hands resting on the chair-back, and spoke to me in a low, queer voice. He said: 'Don't try to play any tricks on me, my good girl, and don't let your sister try to play any. You would both have reason to regret it.' "

"Ah, if I am a clever woman," Betty said, "he is a clever man. He is beginning to see that his power is slipping away. That speech was what G. Selden would call 'bluff.' "

(To be continued)

SELFISHNESS

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

Author of "Georgie"

"YOU 're always talking about the 'Things that Matter,' with big capitals," said Rosette, flippantly. "What are the 'Things that Matter,' anyhow? Do you mean the right kind of music, and books, and pictures, and *that* sort of thing, or mere virtues?"

"Not virtues, certainly," said I, with haste.

"Oh!" said Rosette, resting her elbow on her knee, and lifting her curtain of black lashes, to my confusion.

"Yet the question of virtues is interesting," I added quickly, to cover my mistake. "And, Rosette, I should like to know,—you always say how utterly unprincipled you are, don't you?—I should like to know what *you* consider the virtues that matter."

"Well—kindness first," she replied promptly, then lapsed into deep thought. I wished, with a sigh, that this might include a deepened kindness to me, but I was afraid I was hardly in the reckoning. "Kindness and tolerance, and a certain form of sincerity and charity—the kind that judgeth not, you know, and always gives a hand to the undeserving and—" She stopped.

"Unselfishness," I suggested. Rosette shook her head rather forcibly.

"I have my doubts about unselfishness," said she. "More often than not it 's selfish to be unselfish."

"Rosette!"

"People do unselfish things generally for purely selfish reasons,—to be liked, or to please themselves,—and it 's almost always bad for the other person. It 's certainly more blessed to give than to receive, and the unselfish person goes on collecting blessings without giving other people a chance. There 's my sister Jane."

"I thought you must be thinking of Jane," I murmured, with ready sympathy.

"Yes," said Rosette, with warm feeling; "Jane 's always getting credit for giving up to me, when really, Jerry, half the things she gives up I don't want. And she has an angelic reputation, though I must say, even if I am her sister, that she 's got most of it through making generous offers to do things she knows she 'll never be allowed to do. When I think of Jane, it makes me rather out of love with unselfishness."

"She 's so dull,"—I excused her in the only possible way,—"she must be *something.*"

"Yes," said Rosette; "that 's all very well. Aunt Maria told her, years ago, that as she never could be beautiful, she might as well try to be good; but it 's very hard on me. For there are times when I want people to think me sweet-natured as well as pretty, and then Jane slips in to guard *her* monopoly."

I laughed.

"If you love people," Rosette went on firmly, "you take a pleasure in doing things for them. *That 's* not unselfishness; but I can't move a finger for Daddy or Mother without Jane being jealous and injured. Unselfishness, indeed!"

"It 's a point to be considered, certainly," said I.

"My eldest sister, Penelope, thought she was unselfish to leave a comfortable home,—there were n't so many bills, then,—to marry her precious Dick, who was a pauper; but she was purely selfish. She 's never been able to do a thing for Jane and me, and every now and then she tries to borrow money from Daddy. He does n't *lend* it to her, of course; but it upsets us all to hear how they never *can* make both ends met."

I was silent, for I had less money even than her cousin Dick, and I wanted to marry Rosette.

"You see, Jerry, life 's a very difficult thing, and even the simplest virtues are complex when you come to look into them, are n't they?"

"I never do," said I, truthfully. "It 's a mistake—like inquiring into motives."

"Well, you beware of unselfishness," said she, with a half-smile. "I have n't noticed any strong leanings in that direction in you yet; but one never—"

"Upon my word," I cried, hurt, "it 's only unselfishness which keeps me from making love to—" her uplifted brows warned me—"from pleading my own cause with you, I mean."

Rosette's smile deepened.

"I 'm glad you point out this feat of self-denial," she said dryly; "I had n't noticed any particular restraint in—"

"Why do I leave Vanderdash to make all the running?" cried I.

"Do you? It 's 'berg,' Jerry, not 'dash.' Write it down."

"Because I 'm unselfish," cried I, hotly. "Because he can afford to keep you in the luxury your sordid little soul loves; because he 's a bloated millionaire; because—"

"Because you can't help it." She flushed a little. "It 's for *me* to decide, after all, you see."

"Oh, Rosette!" I collapsed as usual. She smiled again quite kindly, having made her point.

"Don't you be led away by a false ideal, Jerry. Unselfishness is a snare, you know."

"Rosette!" What did she mean? Could she mean that I was at liberty to meet the man of means on a fair and open field? To forget my heavy handicap? To—oh, no.

"I 'll tell you what a pretty mess can be made of a life's happiness by this precious virtue you admire so much," said she, gravely. "You remember Musette?"

"The little mousey girl with brown eyes?" I asked. "With taking ways, rather? Good little person, was n't she?"

"Yes," said Rosette, doubtfully; "I suppose she *was* good—in a way. She had a passion for reforming young men, and she had such a way with her that five times out of six she succeeded. It used to last, too, quite a long time."

"While they were in love with her?" I suggested unkindly.

Rosette shook her head.

"Don't be flippant, Jerry. She really did quite a lot of good in her quiet little way. She called it purifying and ennobling their lives; and there were two of them she was specially proud of, and fond of, too—young Billy Charteris and the Lancaster boy. They both were head over ears in love for her—would have died for her, in fact, and Musette gradually began to return their affections."

"What, both?" I asked.

"One particularly; but she never told any one which it was, and went on with her prim little talk of ideals and higher things, and, most of *all,* of unselfishness. Musette was great on unselfishness, although I never heard that she practised what she preached much in that way,"—Rosette is n't always kind to her own sex,—"So she talked, talked, talked of unselfishness, self-denial, self-sacrifice, and those blessed boys drank it all in, and put Musette on a pedestal, like a little white saint, and worshiped her. And although they were rivals, they were still great friends. Did I say they were great friends?"

"No. Go on, Rosette."

Rosette laughed compassionately. "The end of it was," said she, "that those precious boys each gave her up for the sake of the other. She had letters from them both one fatal morning, each saying he 'd sailed for Australia or Canada, and that he hoped she 'd be happy with his friend. Poor Musette!"

"Blithering young idiots!" said I, with feeling.

Rosette sighed.

"I think they were rather dears to do it," said she, "though the motive was absurd. And they were her own prize pupils. But it was hard on Musette. I wonder which *was* the one she—"

"What happened when they came back?" I asked.

"They did n't come back. They liked the life too much to want to come back. And Musette's life was completely wrecked. She 's married to a stock-broker now, and has no ideals left. Poor Musette!"

"I 'm not sure," said I, thoughtfully.

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

BY OWEN JOHNSON

WITH PICTURES BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE advent to the American stage of the Russian actress, Mme. Alla Nazimova, is more than the opening of a great career. It is significant both of the evolution of the drama and the development of the art of dramatic interpretation. For nothing is more significant of the last half-century than the evolution of the art of acting in direct response to the evolution of the drama. The classic and romantic schools (which differed in methods rather than ideas) had produced a school of acting often brilliant and grandiose, but operatic, statuesque and artificial, just as the drama itself was an idealization or a sentimentalization of life. When the realistic school arose, it became imperative that new methods should prevail in the dramatic interpretation. The new drama sought the ruthless facts of life. Eleanora Duse headed the revolt that humanized the art and brought the actress from the pedestal on which she had stood, to suffer and rejoice as a woman of the mold of her own audience.

Mme. Nazimova is of the modern revolution, of the revolt of Duse, but a spirit still rebellious and unappeased. She is the natural interpreter, as she is the child, of the intellectual drama that seeks no longer the facts, but the ruthless ideas of life, and voices the rebellion of the individual mind against the ponderous artificial dogmas of society. In this direction lies the new world both for the drama and for the actress. Mme. Nazimova herself has expressed her ideals in saying: "My ambition is not to make my audience laugh or cry; many actresses can do that. I want to feel that when they go away I have made them think."

Mme. Nazimova did not achieve the rank of a great actress in Russia: her career there was too brief. Only twenty-seven, she has been on the stage but seven years, four in Russia, and the last three abroad. Born at Yalta, in the Crimea, in 1879, of well-to-do and cultivated parents, she received an unusual education, showing an early aptitude for a career in music. Graduated with highest honors from the Conservatory at Moscow, where, prophetically, she appeared at her commencement in the title-rôle of Ibsen's *Little Eyolf,* she received the right, by virtue of her gold medal, to pass one year as a student in the Stanislavsky Theater.

This experience undoubtedly had a great influence in shaping her methods. Stanislavsky, probably the greatest stage manager of the present time, had gained inspiration early in life at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris. Under him, Mme. Nazimova became an enthusiast for the bold and the imaginative in stage management. At this time, also, she came under the influence of two actresses, Jane Hading and, later, Eleanora Duse. Hading, from whom she took her first dramatic impulses, she first saw while a student at the Conservatory. In company with a fellow-pupil she went timidly and all in a flutter behind the scenes into the dressing-room of the famous artiste. It was at this first interview that Jane Hading, looking into the eager young face, with its dramatic eyebrows, said to her: "This is the head of an actress."

On leaving Stanislavsky she deliberately refused engagements in Moscow, determined to work out her own ideas in the rigorous schooling of the provinces. For three years, with this single purpose, she rejected repeated offers from Moscow, Kazan and Odessa, continuing to develop her art by producing often five plays a

week, even making her own costumes. She sang in operettas and gave pantomimes and played upward of two hundred parts, from *Trilby* and *L'Aiglon* to the heroines of Shakspere, Schiller, Dumas, Sardou and Ibsen. With this fund of experience in 1903 she went as leading woman to St. Petersburg.

With the outbreak of riots in Moscow, in the year 1904, virtually every theater in Russia was forced to close, and companies of actors sought their fortunes in other countries. Mme. Nazimova joined Paul Orleneff as leading woman and stage-manager, and with a small company went to Berlin, and then to London, presenting "The Chosen People," and meeting with a flattering reception. The next spring they arrived in New York, where their appearance was so profitable that a committee of Russians from the East Side arranged with them to return the next year to a theater of their own.

The venture, owing to divided responsibility, and an ignorance of theatrical exploitation, was doomed from the beginning. In May, 1906, after a year of struggle and often of abject want, the company was sent back to Russia by private subscription. Mme. Nazimova remained, although she could then hardly speak a word of English. The impression she had made was so noteworthy that she had received several offers that opened to her an American career. Such was her daring and confidence that even before the company left she accepted a contract to appear in English seven months later.

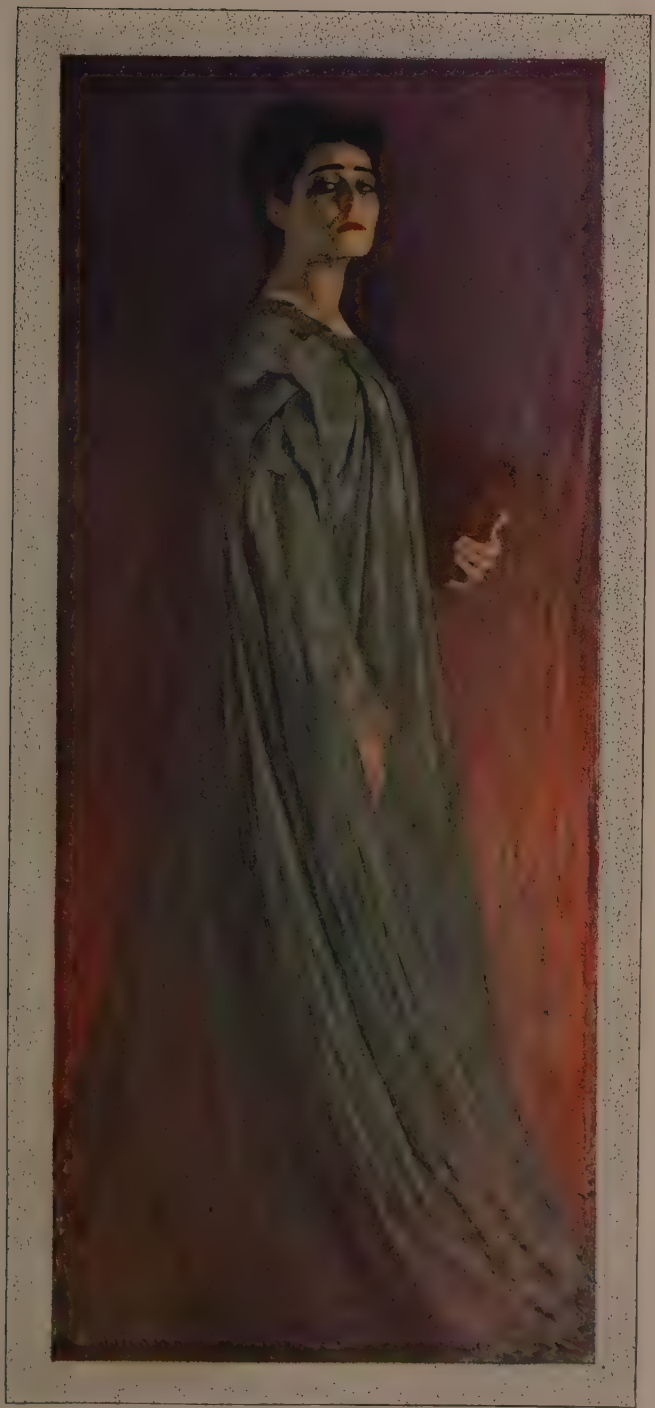
Purely as an intellectual feat, her mastery of the English language is remarkable. Beginning her studies on the 20th of June, 1906, she produced Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" five months later, and, two months after, "A Doll's House." Nor was this simply a feat of the memory, for during this time she had so absorbed the language that not only did she herself conduct all the rehearsals, but at the first production of "A Doll's House" she actually phrased the early rambling speeches in her own words, without a serious error. Furthermore, on her visit to New Haven in February, 1907, having received the unprecedented distinction of an invitation to address a class in literature at Yale University,—an honor never before given to an actress—she discoursed for over an hour on the work of Ibsen, answering questions, as they were propounded to her, with the utmost ease.

Her first appearance as *Hedda Gabler* was made on November 14, at a matinée in the Princess Theater in New York. For the first time, as she stepped to the wings preparatory to her entrance, it swept over her that she was going on the stage to speak a new language. For the first half of the opening act she moved through her rôle in a daze. But gradually her assurance returned, and she finished triumphantly. So marked was her success that "Hedda Gabler," although produced under the unfavorable conditions of matinée performances, ran for nine weeks.

When the time arrived to produce "A Doll's House," Mme. Nazimova became convinced that the performance would be a failure; nor could she be shaken in this belief. The long, chattering speeches of *Nora* in the opening acts were most difficult for her to memorize, and, besides, the spell of *Hedda Gabler* was too much over her. To the alarm of her friends, this depression continued until the very beginning of the performance. But with her first entrance she seized the character and played it with such authority that she produced the impression of a rendering studied out to the minutest detail. Yet it is literally true that most of her effects were improvised. The reception by the press was unique. Without a discordant note, Mme. Nazimova was acclaimed as the new dramatic force in the succession to Duse and Bernhardt. The next day when the evening papers were brought to her in her dressing-room, she said in wonder, with a doubting smile:

"Well, I almost think I must be a great actress, then—for I felt nothing at all."

In her development of the art of impersonation Mme. Nazimova has shown a new standard to her profession. This is in measure due to an unusually changing and diverse personality, and in measure to her exhaustive research for every possible means of differentiation. As the patrician *Hedda,* her face was long and thinly aristocratic, the sweeping lines of the neck were exposed, the beautiful open forehead was revealed by a strangely effective coiffure of the hair, which was drawn back



MADAME ALLA NAZIMOVA AS "HEDDA GABLER"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

and up in a semi-hellenic pyramid. The lips were straight and cruel with a scorn of life, the eyebrows in their thin arches brooded over the eyes that slanted in languid ennui. As the doll-wife *Nora,* she brought her hair down into a guirland of curls over a forehead that was seen only in flashes. The face was full, the eyebrows were ruthlessly shortened, so as no longer to dominate the face, the contour of the eyes was rounded, ready to hold a sudden petulant flood of tears; the nose was tipped saucily in the air, while the lips were full and slightly puckered, ready to tease, to pout, or to beguile, but becoming tragic in the contrast of their childish helplessness when the resolute woman emerges at the end of the play. No wonder that at her entrance as *Nora* the audience was dumfounded and refused to believe that Mme. Nazimova was on the stage. In this transition from *Hedda* to *Nora,* she changed not only in face and in height, but in every movement and gesture. In *Hedda* she had the problem of transforming her own small stature into a figure of commanding and aristocratic height. She did this not only by lengthening the lines by which the eye is accustomed to take its values, but by carefully planning so that each dramatic moment would find her in a position to dominate the scene.

Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA AS "HEDDA GABLER"

In *Nora* she reversed this process. She was always on tiptoe, always looking up at her husband or Dr. Rank, while her movements, instead of being languid and dignified, were quick and birdlike. Even her voice, instead of the slow, measured utterance of *Hedda,* took new tones as she chattered volubly and nervously.

Yet those who have seen her only in these sharply contrasted characters have only a small conception of the extent to which she is able to develop this power of identification. Nowhere have I seen a more authoritative exhibition of this than in her interpretations of "The Sea Gull" and "The Abyss," given in Russian in the spring of 1906. Here she had to differentiate between the personalities of two young girls of the same age, each going to a tragedy, one through an infatuation, the other by the relentless force of poverty, which finally drives her upon the street. In "The Sea Gull" she came tripping on the stage, a timid and frightened child, making awkward half-curtsies, giving her hand with a sudden, bashful movement, each gesture cramped and lacking the freedom of the woman. Her figure was unformed; she seemed afraid of even her own charms, was alarmed at the impulses of life within her, and lived in a world of illusions and vague romance. In "The Abyss" she was an utterly different young girl. Already half a woman, of steady look and determined movement, schooled by worry and responsibility, yet girlish even in the unnatural, saddened mother-instincts with which she served her stricken father, she was still a girl, but one in whom smoldered the steady stoic flame of martyrdom.

Mme. Nazimova is peculiarly a creative actress. She approaches a rôle with the mind of a dramatist, and seizing the theme

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MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA AS "NORA" IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

at once, starts to create as well as to interpret. Her imagination is so alert that it is impossible for her to play twice alike. Yet this process of constant experimentation is not due to outside study so much as it is to the impulse that moves her on her first entrance. In *Hedda Gabler* especially, each performance is colored by the particular mood of that extraordinary character which Mme. Nazimova feels uppermost at the time. Naturally with her everything proceeds from within: her gestures, her "business," her movements, her expressions, never prearranged, but intuitive and spontaneous, are constantly changing, so that her repetition of a rôle has always some new surprise.

Her presentation of *Hedda Gabler* excited discussion and debate, yet nowhere perhaps has the justness of her creative perceptions been more evident. *Hedda*, due to an Anglo-Saxon misconception of a Continental point of view, has been accepted as a woman of cruel and wolfish impulses, venomous and unfeminine. Mme. Nazimova conceives her purely and simply as a woman,—almost any woman,—born an aristocrat and ill-mated, ambitious, and doomed to a repulsive alliance with a man beneath her station whom she had mistakenly hoped would give her position and wealth. In other circumstances *Hedda* would have been a power for beauty and good. Her tragedy is the tragedy of circumstances, always accent-

uated by the theme of rebellious motherhood. When *Hedda* offends *Miss Tesman* about her bonnet, it is the thoughtless impulse of an unnaturally excited woman, provoked by the gaucherie of her husband—a mood which she explains to *Judge Brack* when she says that such impulses seize her all of a sudden, and she does not understand them. Ibsen is often misinterpreted because it is not perceived that those of his characters which exert an evil influence do so because of natural conditions which have forced them to it. For his point of view is that evil is primarily produced by circumstance and not by character. *Krogstad* in "A Doll's House," whatever the actor may make him, is not a villain at all, but a shipwrecked man striving to rehabilitate himself. He has the utmost pity for *Nora*, an understanding of the innocence of her forgery, and a fear that she will be driven to desperate measures. He has no desire to ruin her, but wishes to prevent injustice to himself. The proof is that the tragedy comes not through any intention of vengeance, but that he mistakenly listens to *Mrs. Linden's* advice that the time has come for a complete understanding between *Nora* and her worldly-wise husband.

So keenly does Mme. Nazimova perceive this fundamental conception of humanity that on one occasion it led her

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MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA AS "HEDDA GABLER"

almost to an overturning of the written directions of Ibsen, while perhaps approaching even nearer the spirit of his idea. At one performance of "Hedda Gabler," when *Lovborg* is leaving, to end all, such an immense feeling of pity seized her that she actually started to the sofa to give him the lost manuscript. So intense was this feeling that it was only when, to her horror, she found her hand on the pillow that she managed to control herself, and returned to give him the pistol. It was not simply a bit of acting, but a creative emotion.

Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA AS "NORA" IN FANCY COSTUME

In the supreme possession of the technic of her art, her creation of a part seems to begin with the first performance. Nowhere have I seen this more strikingly exemplified than in the close of the third act of "The Abyss," where *Masha,* driven by poverty, leaves the room to sell herself upon the street. At the first performance she took a slow farewell of the room that had been her home, passing from object to object with affectionate despair, and shrank out into the abyss of the city. It was a farewell full of sentiment and innocent youth that moved her audience, but it did not satisfy Mme. Nazimova. On the second performance (as a direct result of which Mr. Shubert made her his offer of management), when the final irresistible moment arrived, she gave one sob, and then nothing more,—as

though all sorrow had died in her with that cry,—flung on her hat, jabbing the hatpins, it seemed, into her own flesh, fastened her coat about her, and with heavy tread shouldered her way straight out of the room, tense and defiant, knocking the door open with a blow of her body. It was a moment that no one who saw it can ever forget.

The stern artistic conscience which at the age of twenty impelled her to adopt the arduous and unremitting service of the provinces, instead of a brilliant and facile opening in Moscow, is apparent in everything Mme. Nazimova does. At every point she has made her artistic decisions without compromise and without reckoning the future hardship. The personal consideration of her own charm never even presents itself to her deliberation. Curiously enough, her one appearance while studying stage-management at Stanislavsky's was in the rôle of a hag of sixty, in a scene of famine. It was but a moment of frenzy and despair; but so vivid was the characterization of age and starvation that, though the part was only episodic, criticism of the play marked the incident for comment and appreciation.

In the interpretation of *Nora,* she did not hesitate a moment to sacrifice ruthlessly the beautiful lines and sweeping grace which she had shown as *Hedda.* Nor did anything please her more than to learn the effective results of her bourgeois characterization. One person who saw her for the first time as *Nora,* said in amazement: "How extraordinary it is that she can produce such effects! Why, she is an actress who has neither beauty, nor a good figure, nor graceful movements." When this was repeated to Mme. Nazimova she clapped her hands in delight and exclaimed, "Now, that is the finest compliment I have ever received!"

From the unusual richness of her gifts, Mme. Nazimova is still in a period of experimentation. It is a period of transcendent youth and force, sometimes of too much exuberance and too much vitality, for she has such an abundance of means that she can produce her greatest effects in a dozen different ways. It is for this reason a period filled with a thousand brilliant sketches, from which later the final legacies of her art will be drawn. The one note that is steadfast, constantly growing more insistent, dominating and disciplining the rest, is the note of intellectuality. The great moments—the moments significant of her future—are those where suddenly the amazing virtuosity disappears, and the calm, clear intellect seizes the supreme idea and illuminates it with a prophetic vision. Such a moment marked the dawn of a soul in *Nora,* and again that awful humiliation when *Hedda Gabler,* about to kill herself, stands looking down at her husband and *Thea,* and suddenly realizes that this insignificant woman is destined to inspire her husband, as she formerly had inspired *Lovborg.*

Interesting as are the speculations as to the future of a career that has developed amazingly at the age of twenty-seven, the fact of vital consequence to us is the effect such a force will produce on our drama and our stage, which until now, due no doubt to an exhausting period of commercial struggle, have been content to be simply a source of relaxation and diversion to a public in need of a tonic. For here at last, at the dawn of an era of mental hunger, is a force intensely modern and revolutionary, whose coming has given us an intellectual medium capable of speaking to the minds of men.

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

V

JACK GALBRAITH replied to Mr. Mar's letter by return of post. He apologized for not writing more at length, but he was up to his eyes in proof-correcting. He was seeing through the press ("Yes, yes; but all that was singularly irrelevant") book about his experiences ("hum! hum!"), extreme northern Siberia (*"Siberia,* forsooth!"); no white man had ever been in before. ("And to think he *might* have spent that time in Alaska!") He was making a genuine contribution to science; oh, yes, quite so; most travelers too imperfectly equipped. ("He could n't have had my letter when he wrote this.") The implication was, of course, that Galbraith's own equipment left nothing to be desired. He even touched airily upon his claims to be considered geographer as well as navigator, electrician, geologist, philologist, biologist, and the Lord knows what beside. Yes, Jack had a large way of envisaging human endeavor, especially his own. But certainly their letters had crossed. He had covered areas in science never before exploited by a single man. The result Mar should presently see. For Galbraith would leave word that a copy of the great work should be sent to his old friend. It would be two years before he himself could see the thing in book form. What 's this? "Off again, to join an expedition!" He was going to the Arctic, as Mar was recommending. Not precisely to Norton Bay, but ("Then he *had* got the letter!") with the Swedish explorer Nordenskjöld, to see if by good luck they could find the North Pole. And why should n't they come home via Norton Bay? he asked with irresponsible arrogance, adding characteristically: "I 'll mention it to the Swede. Perhaps we 'll crawl over the crown of the world and coast down the shore of Alaska till we come up against your Anvil Rock. If we do, I promise to go and see after the gold mine for you. Thank you for saying I 'm to have my share; but thank you most of all for telling me such a mighty fine story when I was a kid. It had a great deal to do with the shaping of my ambition and the direction of my multifarious studies."

And this was Galbraith's good-by.

THESE events had taken place nearly two years before Bella Wayne began her meteoric career at the Valdivia School for Young Ladies.

If Hildegarde had recovered somewhat from her disappointment at Jack's failure to visit California, her father had not ceased silently to lament, and secretly to contemn Galbraith's wounding flippancy in his choice of a route to Alaska.

When Madeleine Smulsky's family took her away to live in Wyoming, Hildegarde would have been even more desolate but for her espousal of Bella Wayne's cause, and consequent preoccupation with that not altogether satisfactory protégée.

For Miss Bella had "ways" that were distinctly rasping. She was abominably selfish, and her big family of brothers and sisters had spoilt her from the day she could toddle.

She was, besides, the uncomfortable kind of little girl in whose eyes you always saw reflected whatever was amiss with you. You might have on a hat of ravishing beauty, but if your belt had worked up and your skirt had worked down, Bella's glance ignored your highly satisfactory top and fastened on your middle. Not until after she had known Bella Wayne for some months did Hildegarde

begin to divine her own shortcomings in the matter of dress. No gulf of years or respect for high standing in the school deterred Bella from letting Miss Mar know that she could never, never wear with success a checked shirtwaist. Why not? Because. And for the same excellent reason Miss Mar must have her things made plainer. No puffing, no shirring. "*I* can wear fluffery, but you can't. You 're much too like an old goddess, or Boadicea, or some whacking person like that," which was tepid and discreet in comparison with many of her deliverances. She would ask you a highly inconvenient question as soon as wink, and her own frankness was a thing to make you cold down your back. An eye that nothing escaped, the keenest of little noses for a secret, a ruthless finger for any sensitive spot—that was Bella Wayne at twelve. It was the second time that she was being so kindly helped by Miss Hildegarde, and yet more than at the reduction of "those disgusting fractions" Bella looked at her new friend, bent so low over the slate that her sole ornament, a silver locket, swung against the dado of dragons without whose scaly support Bella could never hope to bring her mind down to mathematics for a moment. She reflected that she had never seen Miss Mar without that locket. Was there anything inside it? Her small fingers itched to open it and see. It was suspended round the smooth neck on a narrow velvet ribbon. Bella, supposed to be following the course of reasoning by which it was to be demonstrated that "since 100 pounds of coal cost $0.33 per hundredweight, 385 pounds (which are equal to 3.85 times 100 pounds) will cost 3.85 times $0.33," she was in reality making mental calculation of a quite different character, as she studied the little black velvet bowknot that rested on the milk-white nape of Miss Mar's neck just underneath a flaxen ring of hair. One end of the bow was longer than the other.

"Five times three are fifteen. Five and carry one—see, Bella?"

"Yes." What Bella saw, with that look of luminous intelligence, was that the silver locket was sliding into Miss Mar's lap.

"Eight times three—oh!" But before Hildegarde could close her fingers on the fallen trinket, Bella had snatched it up and carried it away behind the syringas.

"Give me back my locket!" called Hildegarde. "Give it back this minute!"

Bella made off to a remoter fastness. Hildegarde pursued her. But Hildegarde never could catch anybody, and Bella was already the champion runner of the school. "Bella, I never show that to anybody. I won't forgive you if you open it."

"Oh, I *must* see why you say that!"

Bella stopped and tried the fastening. Hildegarde rushed at her, but Bella fled at each approach. At last the big girl stopped breathless, and tried moral suasion. The little girl only laughed, and standing just out of reach, had the effrontery to open the locket and make unseemly comment upon what she found within.

"My gracious! *Is n't* he a sweet? Where does he live? Does he go to church? I 'm sure *I 've* never seen this bee-yew-tiful young man before. Girls, do you want to look at Miss Mar's sweetheart? Come and see this darling duck!" She summoned the laughing group that had been looking on.

But Bella only pretended to show them. Every time anybody came near, she covered the face with her thumb. But Hildegarde, lacking the small satisfaction of knowing that, worn out with the race, and scarlet with indignation, breathless, outraged, pursued the fleet little villain from group to group, and, after the bell rang, from garden to hall. In vain.

When Bella appeared at the breaking up of school that day, and restored the locket, Miss Mar received it in a lofty silence, refusing even to look at a little girl so ill-mannered and ungrateful.

But the next day Bella, much subdued by one of her recurrent attacks of homesickness, red-eyed, a little pinched-looking and woebegone, begged pardon so prettily that Miss Mar's heart was melted.

"And I did n't really show it to the others. Ask anybody. I would n't do *that*. Oh, no!" And then betraying the true ground of this pious self-control, she asked: "Is it your brother?"

"No." Hildegarde bent her head over the slate.

"Who is it?"

"A friend of my father's."

"Do you love him dreadfully?"

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE TWO GIRLS SAT IN FRONT OF THE CONFIDENT YOUNG FACE LOOKING OUT OF THE SILVER LOCKET." (SEE PAGE 234)

"Of *course* not. I never saw him."

"What makes you wear his picture?"

"I only put it in the locket because I had n't anything else the right size. That 's all."

"Then why did you make such a fuss when I—"

"Because I thought it very rude of you to look into somebody else's locket without permission. And it *might* have been something that mattered."

There was that in the unconverted look on the little face which made Hildegarde hot to her ear-tips.

But Bella said not a word, and only smiled with that returning interest in life that so readily revives in the breast of the shrewd observer. And without a "please" or a "will you?" Bella handed the big girl her slate, with its two days' accumulation of fractions and dragons. Hildegarde's sensibilities were once more so outraged that for a moment she hesitated to accept the task so coolly put upon her.

"I believe you 're a little monster," said Miss Mar in her slow way. "I don't see why I should trouble myself about you or your arithmetic."

"I know why," returned Bella, unmoved.

"Why?"

"Because you 're the nicest of all the big girls."

Hildegarde tried to conceal the fact that she was somewhat softened by this tribute. "I 'm not really the nicest," she said, trying to be modest.

"Well, perhaps you 're not the nicest, but you 've got the longest eyelashes. It 's a good thing they are n't as light as your hair, is n't it?"

"Well, I don't know. Five into—"

"Yes, you do; you know you 'd cry your eyes out if your winkers were as nearly white as your hair is. What do you do to make your eyelashes so long?"

"Nothing. Now pay attention. You reduce thirty-three and a third to thirds, and—"

"Did your mother keep them cut when you were a baby?"

"No, silly."

"I believe she did." The next day Miss Bella appeared without eyelashes. Every individual hair snipped close to the lid.

"I mean to have mine just like Miss Mar's," she told the group gathered about Hildegarde's desk. "Hers are so immense they *trail*. I 'm sure they must get awfully in the way sometimes."

"Then I wonder you run such a risk. You 'd better have left yours as they were."

"Oh, if mine grow out as long as *that*, of course I shall braid them and tie them up with blue ribbons."

But it was not always admiration to which she treated her patron.

She was once twitted quite groundlessly with feeling herself obliged to mind Miss Mar.

"Yes," she said, laughing a little wickedly, "I *must*, you see. She 's so massive. Just look at her shoulders. Look at her hips. Even her hair is massive. See what wobs it goes into." This conversation took place in the cloak-room. "Everything about her is so big it scares a little person like me. Look at that hat. You 'd know it must belong to Miss Mar. If it was anybody else's, it would be a parasol. But you can tell it 's a hat because it 's got an elastic instead of a stick. And just look at the size of that elastic. Why, it 's as broad as my garter."

Now and then she would startle Hildegarde's self-possession by an outburst of torrential affection. And so it came about that, in spite of Bella's blithe impertinence, Hildegarde, even in those early days, thought of her with sympathy as a lonely little being who was in reality very grateful for a big girl's friendship. She would follow at Hildegarde's heels like a pet dog, walk with her down to the gate every day after school, and invent one ingenious pretext after another to keep Hildegarde standing there a moment longer. Sometimes when at last she said good-by, there was not regret alone, but tears in Bella's pretty eyes.

"It must have been a little girl at boarding-school that found out Friday was an unlucky day," she announced on one occasion. "It 's the miserablest, blackest day of the week. Yes, it is, Miss Mar. It 's just hellish."

"Why, Bella Wayne! what *awful* language!"

"Well, you have to get hold of awful language when you 're thinking of an awful thing. All to-night and all to-morrow, and all to-morrow night, and all

Sunday, and all Sunday night, to live through before I see you again!" The small face worked with suppressed emotion, the small mind with suppressed arithmetic. Both eventually found outward expression: "Sixty-six hours!" she said, while two tears rolled out of her eyes, "Sixty-six hours till you 're back here again. I don't honestly think I can bear it this time. I shall die. I know I shall. I feel very strange already. Would you care if I died? W-would you come to the funeral?" she choked. "W-what would you wear? You 'd look p-perfectly bee-yew-tiful in black. *Do* wear black! Oh, I *wish* I was dead! It would be so nice to see how you look in black."

Hildegarde was touched to find how wildly delighted the homesick little girl was at the idea of being invited to spend Saturday afternoon at the Mars. A little anxious, too, was Miss Mar, lest the occasion should not come up to such ecstatic expectation. Not that the Mar house was at all the forlorn and dingy place it had been in the days when Mrs. Mar struggled alone with a scant income and three babies. The general impression was that the Mar boys already contributed generously to the family resources. But the fact was that their mother was ingeniously making the very most of what "the Boys" added to the common purse. The amount was as yet quite trifling—"of necessity," she would have added, for they were both young men who looked ahead. But it was really to Hildegarde that the little house owed its air of immaculate freshness and good taste. If she could n't play or sing, she could paint—bookshelves, the floors, even the woodwork. Several years ago she proved that she could paper a room. She managed to cover the old furniture with charming chintz "for a song," and she made curtains out of nothing at all. No one could arrange flowers better or grow them half so well. When she was given money for her clothes, she often spent it on something for the house. Not fully realizing her genius for domestic affairs, she told herself that the reason she did all this was to make the house pretty "for when Jack comes back." He might arrive quite suddenly. He did everything without warning. She might come home from school any day to find him here! Oh, it lent a wonderful zest to life to remember that.

Bella was pleased to like Miss Mar's garden immensely, but even more she liked Miss Mar's room, with its white curtains and dimity-covered toilet-table, and the scant and simple furniture that looked so nice and fresh since Hildegarde had herself enameled it. When the little visitor looked round with that quick-glancing admiration and said: "Oh, it 's much prettier than mine at home!" "What 's yours like?" asked Miss Mar, politely.

"Oh, it 's all blue silk, and I 'm sick of it. What made you think of having everything white?" Bella asked.

"This, I believe," said her hostess, nodding at the white climbing-rose that looked in at the window. "But it 's partly that I like things that wash and that don't fade."

"Well, I simply love your house. I 'd no *idea* it would be like this."

"Why—what did you think it would be like?"

"Oh—a—kind of—no, I shan't say. You 'd misunderstand."

Hildegarde felt it prudent not to insist. If one did, with this young person, one was exposed to the most horrifying results.

"Who are these?" Bella demanded, inspecting the pictures.

"My brothers. That 's Trenn and this is Harry."

"Will they be at tea?"

"No, they 're on a ranch in —— County."

"Why, *we 've* got a ranch in —— County!" She was still looking round, as if expecting to find something that as yet escaped her. "Where 's—where—a—show me your—your ribbons and things."

"I have n't got any. We can't afford ribbons in this family."

"Let me see your collars and ties, then." Hildegarde opened her top drawer. In the course of turning over collars and handkerchiefs and little boxes, the silver locket came to light.

"Why don't you wear it any more?"

"Oh—I don't know."

Bella leaned her head, with its halo of short brown curls, against her friend, and very softly she beguiled her: "Please,

Miss Mar, show me that friend of your father's again."

Hildegarde hesitated a moment, and then she opened the locket. Jack Galbraith's face smiled out upon the big girl and the little girl.

"Did you say you had n't ever seen him?"

"No; he has n't been here for sixteen years. Not since he was a little boy. And he might have been here always, because he was an orphan and his father was my father's greatest friend. But some relations of his that nobody had ever heard of before discovered him when he was nine, and made him come to New York and live with them. But he did n't like it. At least—*I* don't know—mother thinks *they* did n't like it."

"Why does she think that?"

"Because they let him go away to school. And he spent his vacations boating, climbing mountains, and doing all sorts of queer things rather than live with his relations. Then he went to Harvard, and then he went abroad and studied. He 's always studying."

"Gracious! what makes him do that?"

"Oh, he wants to find out about everything. And he 's doing it. He 's written a book with things in it nobody ever heard of before. Father says it 's a work of genius. Mr. Galbraith was coming here two years ago, when he 'd finished the book, only just then—"

"I did n't think," Bella interrupted with a sigh—"I did n't think, from his picture, he was so awful old."

"He is n't. He 's barely twenty-five."

But Bella shook her head. "If a person 's over twenty, he might just as well be a hundred."

"Yes, ordinary people. But it does n't matter *how* old a genius is. Father 's awfully excited about Mr. Galbraith just now, for he 's been away a year and a half on an Arctic expedition, and we 're expecting him back next summer. We may be hearing from him any day after the middle of June. Father and I often talk about it when we 're alone together."

"Why don't you talk about it when there 's anybody there?"

"Oh, mother 's always so down on Mr. Galbraith."

"What 's she down on him for?"

"Oh—just because he wants to discover the North Pole."

"Well, don't you think yourself that 's rather—"

"No, I don't."

"Not to be wasting two whole years in just hunting round for the Pole? What 's the good of the Pole, anyway?"

Hildegarde smiled a smile of superiority.

"My geography," Bella invoked authority that even a big girl must respect—"my geography says—"

"You 're too young to understand. It 's not the Pole. It 's the glory."

"What glory?"

"Nobody 's ever yet got there."

"Why *should* anybody! Lots of nicer places."

"A great many people have tried. A good many have died trying."

"Well, that 's a good reason for not bothering about it any more."

"You 're just like—" but filial respect restrained Miss Mar. "*I* agree with Mr. Galbraith. He thinks there 's nothing in the world half so interesting to do."

"He *must* be silly."

"No, he is n't. He 's splendid." But Hildegarde snapped the locket to, and hid it under her best handkerchiefs.

The following Saturday, when Bella asked again to see the locket, Miss Mar declined to bring it out. Bella begged in vain. She discovered that her big, gentle friend could be immovable.

To Hildegarde's dismay, Bella presently dissolved in tears. "Then may I s-see the work of g-genius?"

"Yes, you may look at his book all you like." She even let Bella take it away with her to tide her over Sunday. But Mr. Galbraith's "Winter Among the Samoyedes" had small success with Miss Wayne. "They make me sick, those people! I can't think how anybody likes hearing about their dirty ways," and she even cast reflections on Jack for wasting his time over such "horrors." However, there was another side to it. "What a relief it 'll be to him to be with *us* after the Samoyedes!"

"With *us*!" Hildegarde smiled inwardly.

Sitting by the rose-framed window one Saturday afternoon, talking as usual about Mr. Galbraith and how soon he

might be expected back from the Pole, Bella suddenly burst out: "I 'm tired to death of saying Miss Mar. I *do* wish you 'd let me call you Hildegarde."

The big girl's breath was taken away. For the gulf between twelve and sixteen is a thing hardly passable in that stronghold of class distinction, a girls' school. It was rare indeed that one of Miss Mar's ripe age stooped to help a little girl over a difficulty in her lessons. It required something of the missionary spirit to take such pity upon homesickness as to give her occasionally the great treat of visiting a big girl on Saturday afternoon; but really to go to the length proposed—

"I sha'n't believe you really love me," the little girl rushed on, "unless you say yes. Oh, do say yes! *Everything* depends on it. I 'll promise always to say Miss Mar before people. But if you 'll let me call you Hildegarde when we 're alone, I 'll *know* you 're my best friend. And then I 'll tell you a secret. I 'll tell you two. Tremendous secrets!"

It was finally arranged.

"Now for the tremendous secrets," said Hildegarde, smiling.

But Bella was portentously grave, even agitated. "Well," she said, bracing herself, "my father 's an Englishman. Don't tell anybody. Cross your heart and hope you may die if ever you tell the girls."

"All right. Cross my heart and hope I may die. But how in the world—"

"It is n't my fault, you see. And *I 'm* an American all right. I 've always wanted to explain to you ever since you were so angelic about my fractions. It 's because my father 's an Englishman I have to eat milk pudding. Over there,"—Bella flicked a small hand across the American continent, and over the Atlantic deep, to indicate an inconsiderable island where the natives persist in strange customs—"Over there they all do it. Of course the minute I 'm of age I shall insist on pie." They discussed the matter in all its bearings.

"Now about the other secret."

"Well—" even the daring Bella caught her breath and paused. "No, not to-day. I 'll keep the tremendousest one for another time. But *do* get out the silver locket, *dear* Hildegarde—and let 's look at it."

Ultimately she prevailed. The next time Bella came she found a delightful surprise. The low table was cleared of everything but bowls of roses, and against the white wall great ferns printed plain their tall and splendid plumes, leaving free a little space in the middle where, on a gilt nail, hung the open locket.

Bella was delighted with the whole scheme. "It only wants one thing to make it perfect. No, I won't tell you what it is. I 'll bring it next Saturday."

"It" proved to be a paper of Chinese joss sticks, and a little bronze perforated holder. "We must each burn one to him every week," she said, setting up her contribution below the dangling locket.

"I don't quite know if we ought," Hildegarde said. "Joss sticks are prayers, you know—at least the Chinese think so."

"Well, of course they 're prayers. That 's why I brought them."

While the two joss sticks sent up into the rose-perfumed air faint spirals of an alien fragrance, the two girls sat in front of the confident young face looking out of the silver locket, and talked endlessly about the owner.

Hildegarde found it subtly intoxicating to have so keen an auditor—a sharer even (to the humble extent possible for extreme youth) in the great pivotal romance of existence.

And then Bella had such wonderful inspirations. It was she who saw the larger fitness in Mr. Mar's habit of going fishing on Saturday afternoons. What was that but an arrangement of the gods that he should be so effectually out of the way that Hildegarde might with safety borrow from his desk the Galbraith letters. Sitting close together on a square of Japanese matting, in front of the rose table, an anxious ear listening for Mrs. Mar's return from the Missionary Meeting, the dark head leaned against the fair, while the two girls read and re-read those precious documents, in an atmosphere charged with incense and a palpitating joy. One day, arrived regretfully at the end of the letter they liked best, Bella bent and kissed the signature. Hildegarde's heart gave a great jump. The daring of that deed was well-nigh impious. Hildegarde, when all by herself, had done the same thing, but that was different.

"Now you know my other secret," said

Bella, very pink—"the tremendousest one of all." When the first shock had died away, Hildegarde was left with a pitiful tenderness before the disarming frankness of such a confession. Poor little Bella! Why, Jack did n't even know of her existence! He never would, till in some rare idle hour of the glorious future, Hildegarde should tell him of a little homesick girl she had befriended once at school.

But Bella could be depended on to break in upon such gracious forecasting of the future with a suddenness that made the picture dance: "Which of us two do you suppose Jack 'll fall in love with?"

Hildegarde, almost paralyzed by the presumption this implied, barely managed to bring out: "You 're much too little to think of—"

"I sha'n't be little always."

"You 'll always be more than twelve years younger than Mr. Galbraith." Hildegarde always said Mr. Galbraith when she wanted to keep the intruder at a distance.

But Bella advanced as bold as brass: *"Anyhow,* I think he 'll fall in love with me."

"Of course a person so modest would be likely to appeal to any gentleman."

"No; it 's not my being modest he 'd mind about. It 's other things."

"What other things?"

"Well—you—of course—you 've got your eyelashes, and you 're in the full bloom of womanhood. But *I 'm* in the first blush of youth. I think he 'll like that best."

It was the second Saturday in June, and school was breaking up next week. Mrs. Mar had finished off the Braut von Messina in the dining-room, and barely begun with the Hindu Mission on the other side of the city. Hildegarde had retired to her room to watch not for Bella's coming (the window did not command the front), but for Mr. Mar's going down the garden with rod and creel. What made him so dilatory to-day? While Hildegarde wondered, Bella came flying in, shut the door with agitated care, faced about with cheeks of crimson, hat over one ear, and the whisper: "Hildegarde, I 've seen him! I 've seen him! Oh, Hildegarde, he 's here!" Wherewith she precipitated herself upon her friend's neck and hugged her breathlessly.

"Who? Who?"

"Why, *he. He* 's here—the only man I ever loved!"

Hildegarde took the dancing dervish by the shoulders. "You don't mean"—

"Yes, yes. I do. He came in just before me. He 's perfectly glorious. Just to look at him makes you feel—makes you think you 've got a windmill shut up inside you. Everything goes whirling round. And when he asked (Bella lowered her pipe to a masculine depth), " 'Is Mr. Mar at home?' it sounded so beautiful I thought for a moment he was talking poetry. Oh, Hildegarde, *Hildegarde!"* Again she sunk her ecstasy to whispering as she followed her friend out into the hall. Together they hung over the bannisters. The visitor was talking more poetry, apparently, in the dining-room. The two girls stayed suspended there an eternity. At last with thumping hearts, upon Bella's suggestion, they went down into the entry. "We 'll pretend to be putting on our overshoes. I 'll have Mrs. Mar's!" whispered Bella, excitedly, ignoring the fact that the continued fine weather and dusty streets lent an air of eccentricity to the proceeding. She stopped after drawing on one big overshoe, and shuffled softly to the dining-room door. She put her eye to the keyhole. No use. Notwithstanding Hildegarde's whispered remonstrance, she glued her ear to the aperture. The door was suddenly opened, and Miss Bella fell sidewise into the arms of an astonished young man, who said: "Hello! what 's this?"

Hildegarde, drowned in sympathetic confusion, helped Bella to regain her equilibrium, while she muttered the explanation, "Overshoes!"

"This is my daughter Hildegarde, Mr. Cheviot," said Mr. Mar, "and this is our little friend Bella Wayne."

"Ch—Cheviot!" stuttered the little friend.

The young man with the laughing eyes said: "Anything wrong with the name?" and having shaken hands with "my daughter Hildegarde" he departed.

"Did you say his name was Cheviot?" Hildegarde asked her father.

"Yes. The new recruit at the bank. Seems to be an intelligent sort of fellow."

With ease and celerity Miss Bella trans-

ferred her affections from a faded photograph, a packet of letters, and a book of travels, to a real live young man with a square jaw that looked as if he meant business, but with a ready laugh, too, as if the business were not without its diverting aspect. Then he had rough brown hair that "fitted" him. Bella would have told you this was a rarity, most people's beginning too far back from the forehead, or growing too much away from the ears, leaving them with a bare and naked look. Or it grew in a peak. Or it did n't grow low enough on the neck and was like a badly made wig that had slipped forward. Or, worse than anything, it forgot to stop and grew down into the collar, like Professor Altberg's, prompting the irreverent Bella to whisper to her neighbor (while the grave instructor was sitting with head bent over a Latin exercise): "How far do you think it goes? Do you suppose he 's hairy *all* down his back?"

However that might be, Cheviot's hair fitted him. Moreover, he had in Bella's estimation a fascinating, if somewhat mocking, air toward little girls, and he helped one little girl gallantly through the dismal Sundays by the simple process of sitting in church where she could watch him. Once in a while, in coming out Bella would catch his eye, and he would laugh and give her a nod. On the rare occasions of his encountering Miss Bella at the Mars', he never failed to stop and mimic her first greeting: "I 'm 'Ch-Cheviot' you know. Now, what 's the matter with that name?" Which was vastly entertaining, not to say "taking."

John Galbraith came back to America that autumn, but he stayed in the East.

Bella did n't much care what he did now, for she was thirteen, and, in spite of the ugliness of their Hindu protégée, Miss Wayne had joined the Busy Bees. That was because Hildegarde had told her that Louis Cheviot went to their dances. Bella saw at once the fitness of her doing the same. The result was that she seldom waltzed less than twice with the new hero, who, it must be admitted, was a better batsman than dancer. But nobody could help "getting through" with Bella for partner, for she danced divinely. Cheviot should have been better pleased to get her for a partner; but it was plain that he was unduly preoccupied about "my daughter Hildegarde." Several of the young men were. Bella told herself, with a consciousness of native worth, that she had never minded in the least before. But this was different. She made up her mind that if "Ch—Cheviot" goaded her much further by this display of misplaced devotion, she would just take the misguided young man aside some day and talk to him "as a friend."

She would tell him about Jack Galbraith.

VI

Bella Wayne's father had been in the royal navy. His health had given way about the same time as his patience on the vexed question of non-promotion. He retired from the service, went with his American wife and family to California on a visit, became enamoured of the climate, bought a place, and settled there. The three youngest of his seven children were born in Tulare County, but for him "home" was still England, however ungrateful. They all went back every second year to visit his father in Staffordshire, and when Bella's two sisters found English husbands, there were three reasons for the recurrent visit to the old country. The eldest son, Tom Wayne, had made a fortune on the New York stock exchange and married a girl belonging to one of the old Knickerbocker families. Tom's country house on Staten Island proved highly convenient as a half-way station between England and California. Mrs. Tom was a very charming person, and a considerable part of Bella's satisfaction in going abroad lay in the chance it presented of being a few days on Staten Island on the way over and back. Nevertheless, as she never failed to tell Hildegarde on her return, there was no place to be compared with California, no friend and no "in-law" who could make up to her for being away from Hildegarde, and, she might have added, from the neighborhood of that obdurate creature with the cold blue eyes and the colder heart, Louis Cheviot. Those who thought about it at all were surprised that the friendship of the two girls was not more interrupted upon Hildegarde's graduating from the school when Bella was less than fifteen. Not

upon community of tasks, but rather upon something essential in the nature of each, had their alliance been founded—kept vital by wants in each that the other could supply, excesses in each that the other helped to modify. They themselves thought their relation had its deeper roots in a conviction of the peculiar sanctity of girls' friendships—a creed to which Hildegarde's fidelity effected Miss Bella's actual adhesion only by degrees and with notable backslidings.

But even in early days Bella felt it was highly distinguished to stand in this relation to one who thought and talked about it as Hildegarde did. Had n't she said in that soft, deliberate way of hers that it was capable of being one of the most beautiful things in all the beautiful world? It was something, she said, no man knew anything about. Why, they presumed to doubt its possibility even! Ah, they should have known Hildegarde Mar and Bella Wayne! Men believed that all girls were, at heart, jealous of all other girls. They thought meanly of the sex. They pointed to David and Jonathan, to Orestes and Pylades, to instances innumerable of men's faithfulness to men. But what bard or legend celebrates woman's friendship as towards woman? Well, you see, all the chroniclers since the beginning of the world have been of the scoffers' sex. That was why women's friendships had never been celebrated, though men said the real reason was—oh, they spoke blasphemies! And they had n't known Hildegarde and Bella. It was Hildegarde's theme, but Bella agreed to every word. Yes, yes; *their* friendship would show the world.

For qualities alien to her own, Hildegarde came to look upon her little friend with an adoring admiration. Bella's wit and Bella's originality, Bella's entire "mode of being," were at once a tonic and delight. Then, too, behind her provoking charm was a finished daintiness, which with her became elevated into a special quality, distinctive, all-pervading—a certain strangeness of fragility, a physical fineness like the peculiar fineness of a flower, a something suggesting evanescence, and having the subtle pathos of the thing that may not, cannot bide.

It would have been hard to say which was of most use to the other in making clearer the riddle of life, or more radiant the beauty of the world, or more wonder-waking the mystery of a young girl's heart. They read and walked and talked and worked together, paying their vaunted friendship a finer tribute than words, however honestly uttered; for they grew in each other's company.

The younger, too, was cured of certain of her more inadmissible "ways," while the elder learned from Butterfly Bella many a thing besides the art of making the most of her beauty.

Not that Hildegarde despised this last. She had none of the comfort of knowing it was part of her largeness of nature that she should take more easily to beautifying her home than to making the best of herself. Indeed, to the end of time, she required guidance in matters of dress. And who was so well qualified as Miss Bella to give advice? She went further. With her own ingenious little hands she made the most becoming of shirtwaists, trimmed heavenly hats, and firmly forbade fripperies.

"No, no; they 're not for the massive." She applauded her friend for not wearing trinkets. She did n't like to see her even with her maternal grandmother's emerald brooch. "No, I don't like you in frills of any sort. They 're too insignificant for you. You ought to wear ropes of pearls, or a tiara of diamonds, or, better still, something barbaric. What 's *one* little ladylike emerald set in diamond chips? Why, it can't even be seen—on you. Of course the emerald 's a pretty little stone, and the old setting 's nice. It would shine out on me; but—well, it 's simply *lost*, you know, on your vast neck."

Hildegarde deplored her size. She carried it even with a sense of heroism, just as she bore with her lack of elegant accomplishments. It was pretty terrible to have to put up with being such a great lump, especially with the ethereal Bella always by to point the advantage of the opposite. Still, there was no blinking the facts. "You 're right, I believe: frills of any sort *are* rather wasted on me," Hildegarde would say meekly. "I must have felt that when I hardly ever wore them, though I liked them. It takes you, Bella, to explain things."

Nothing was ever allowed to come in the way of their spending their Saturday

afternoons together, and if, as time went on, less was heard about Jack from Hildegarde, it was only because so very much more was heard about Cheviot from Bella.

It was a difficult moment when two girls with such lofty ideas of friendship met for the first time after Cheviot had said to Hildegarde at a dance: "When are you going to begin to care for me?"

She had been so taken by surprise that she had only smiled and said, "I don't know." But she thought hardly less of Bella at the moment, than she thought of Jack. So the next time that Bella remarked by the way: "Is n't he perfectly fascinating?" Hildegarde had hesitated, and she, yes, she was actually getting red. Bella stared. "Why are *you* coming to—to—"

"No—*oh,* no! Only—"

"Only what?"

"It 's dreadfully hard, but I have n't forgotten our compact. So I suppose I 've got to tell you what—what he said to me last night."

Bella received the information with a half-hysterical pretence of carrying it off gaily. "Well, what 's there new in that? As if every soul in Valdivia has n't known for perfect ages that he cares about you frightfully. I don't mind *you.* Because you 're Hildegarde; and any man who did n't love you must—well, there must be something pretty wrong about him. I shall give him a whole year—may be even two—to go on like that, and then when I 'm sixteen, or seventeen at the latest, I won't have it any longer."

Hildegarde, greatly relieved, laughed and kissed her. "Oh, you nice, funny child!"

"Only promise me again, cross your heart and hope you may die, if you ever keep anything from me about Louis Cheviot."

Hildegarde complied, and life went on as before, only that Hildegarde showed herself less ready to fall in with Bella's ecstasies. An instinct to forestall a possible jealousy made her cavil from time to time. "Don't you think his shoulders are too broad for his height?"

"No, I don't; and look how splendidly he carries them. You have to see him beside a huge man like Mr. Mar before you realize—"

"Yes, yes; *that 's* true." Hildegarde hastened to heal the wound.

"And, anyhow, I don't think it 's kind of you to run Louis down. I am always very nice about Jack."

The end of it was that Cheviot came more and more to the Mar house, and seemed so diverted when he found the lively Bella there that Hildegarde gave herself up without reserve to the three-cornered friendship.

He took the girls boating, and organized parties to the Tule Lands, and was altogether a most valuable ally in the agreeable pursuit of being a young lady in her first season.

Still, when Bella praised him absolutely without moderation, "Y-yes," Hildegarde would respond, "He *is* nice; only—"

"Only what?" Miss Bella would instantly be on the defensive.

"Well, you know, I prefer big men."

"Of course you do. It 's being so massive yourself. But he 's exactly the right size for me."

"Oh, yes. And he 's quite the nicest of all the Valdivia boys."

"Well, that 's going pretty far," said Bella, with an edge in her voice.

Then the other, with that recurrent though only half conscious need to show that, after all, she, Hildegarde, was n't dazzled,—not being in Bella's state, *she* could see blemishes,—the older girl would add: "And yet, somehow, for all his niceness, and making us always have a good time when he 's there, to my thinking there 's something terribly unromantic about Louis Cheviot."

"Now you only say that," retorted Miss Bella, with sparkling eyes, "because he 's in a bank."

"No—no,"—vaguely,—"but I don't believe he 's got any soul."

"Just because he is n't hunting the North Pole!"

"No. That is n't the reason. I assure you it is n't."

"Then it *can* only be because he likes to laugh at everything."

"He *is* pretty frivolous," said Hildegarde, "and he ridicules friendship. But no, it 's not that, either. It 's because he 's kind of chilling—to *me.*"

"Chilling to you?" Bella beamed. "Oh, do tell me about that."

"Sometimes he 's positively rude."

"To *you?*" Bella could have danced.

"To anybody."

"Oh, but *when* was he positively rude to you? How black-hearted of you, Hildegarde, not to tell me that before! You might have known I 'd simply *love* hearing about that."

Hildegarde laughed.

"Why, I have n't seen you since Thursday."

"Was it at your birthday party?"

"Yes, at the birthday party."

"Well, well, how did he do it? What did he say?"

"It was after we 'd all been reading the poem that came with Eddie Coxe's present. Louis made fun of it."

"That was only being rude to Eddie." Bella's face fell.

"Wait till you hear. I defended it, of course, and said, 'It is n't as easy as it looks to make birthday odes.' 'It certainly does n't *look* difficult—to make that kind,' he said. 'Then, why,' I said, just to stand up for Eddie—'why have you never written a poem about my airy tread?' And Louis said: 'Well, there may be another reason; but no girl who stands five foot ten in her stockings and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds need ask it.' "

"*That* 's the kind of thing."

It was an incident Miss Bella loved to recall. No man could be really in love with a girl he had said *that* to.

But some months later Hildegarde was obliged, according to the code, to report that Cheviot had been "going on" again.

Bella insisted on having all the "horrid details."

"It was last night at the taffy pulling. You know how we 'd all been laughing at his stories of Miss Monk meeting the Carters' black cow—"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, I was laughing so I could n't stop, and it was so warm in that room the candy was melting. You remember he said—"

"Oh, yes," said Bella, with feeling: "I remember. He said you must come and pull with him."

"Out in the porch, where the candy and I would cool off."

"And you went."

"And he made more jokes on the way out. I begged him not to talk any more, for I'd get into a silly mood and everything he said made me laugh. 'I know, I know,' he said; 'I labor under the fatal disadvantage of the funny man; but I could make you serious, you know.' And then—then—he had the impertinence—to kiss me."

"Oh, Hildegarde!"

"Yes. It was dreadfully grotesque, too. Our hands were stuck together by that great yellow rope of taffy, and I could only stammer and get redder. But I did say I was not going to forgive him. Nobody had ever been so rude to me before. Then he got awfully serious, and said—all kinds of things—"

"*What* kind?"

"And at last he asked me what was wrong with Ch—Cheviot—your old joke, you know."

Bella clenched her hands. Sacrilege! to present *her* joke to another girl! She had always imagined that would be just how he would propose to her. He would say, "Bella, my beautiful, what 's the matter with Ch-Cheviot?" Then she said sharply: "Well, go on."

"If I did n't like him enough, he said, what sort of man *was* I going to like? And I thought it only fair to give him some idea, so I tried to soften it by laughing a little,—I 'd forgiven him by then, you know, for he 'd said *such* things,—"

"What things?"

"Oh, sorry kind of things; and he looked so—so—well, I 'd forgiven him. But I told him plainly that if it ever is a question of the sort of man I am to care for, it won't be some one who is just nice and makes one have a good time. It will be some great, gloomy creature who makes me cry—and lifts me to the stars. I was laughing, but I meant it; and I said: 'I 'd worship *that* kind of man.' "

"What did he say then?"

"Well, he looked sort of down, I thought; so I said, 'You would n't let me worship you, even if I could.' 'I 'd let you love me,' he said."

"Oh—h! What else?"

"We went in after that."

"And he was just as funny as ever," said Bella, clutching at frail comfort.

"Oh, quite," agreed Hildegarde.

It was small consolation to Miss Bella

that Cheviot was singular in his obduracy. Before she was eighteen she was uncommonly well accustomed to seeing the stoutest masculine defences go down before her. The two Mar boys had long been her devoted slaves. And Bella had flirted with both of them impartially, taking what she felt was only a becoming share in the interest all Valdivia felt in those go-a-head young men whenever they came home for a visit. They were pointed to as models. Look how they "got on." They did it visibly; while you looked they seemed to have to restrain themselves from rising out of sight. They kept Miss Bella supplied with candy and flowers, and they corresponded with her when she went abroad. Secretly dreading the fascinations of the Britisher, they asked scoffingly how the effete nations were getting on. Bella 's view of all this was that, provided the young men were "nice," a girl could hardly have too many of them contending for her favor. It was what they were there for. Each time she came home, she brought the Mar boys a scarf-pin apiece, and pleased them still more by invariably demanding a cent in return. "I can't *give* you a thing with a point. Something dreadful would happen! you must buy them." That looked, they felt, as if she were "taking it seriously." But which was she taking?

The year that Bella was eighteen, after a summer in England, she arrived at Staten Island just in time to celebrate her birthday. She was full of joy at getting back.

The conscious approval that she bestowed on the greater splendor of the American autumn had been generously extended to the profusion of fine fruit that greeted one here at breakfast, to the individual bathrooms, even to the spacious-drawered, behooked, and shelved clothes-closets so agreeably numerous in the American house. The same satisfaction with which she had noted these things, consciously revisited her, as she trod the wide, shallow steps of the staircase, that in its descent halted leisurely upon two broad landings, having each a large, unglazed window opening upon the hall below. The observant young eyes paid a flitting tribute to the beautiful woodwork of the balusters, and the great tall doors of the rooms she passed, deciding as she went: "There 's nothing nicer than a new American house, unless it 's an old (and a very old) English one. Even then, to *live* in, give me the American."

Like so many of the first generation born in "the States," this child of an Old World father was more American in tastes and spirit than any Daughter of the Revolution. But partly as a matter of physical inheritance, partly perhaps because of her frequent visits to England, she bore about her still a good deal of the peculiar stamp of a certain type of English girl. As she came trailing slowly down the wide staircase of Tom Wayne's country house on Staten Island, the practised eye would have little difficulty in detecting a difference between the figure on the stair and the typical "American Beauty," a something less sumptuous and more distinguished. Her head was held not quite so high, and yet in her carriage there was something indefinably more aloof. The longer waist, not quite so ruthlessly stayed and belted, gave an effect of greater ease; the longer neck, the shoulders a little more sloping, the eyes eager, and yet with more vision in them—something in the whole, gracious as the aspect was, that was a little reluctant and more than a little elusive.

The Paquin gown that Bella had brought back and wore to-night for the first time was long and straight and plainer than prescribed by the New York fashion of the moment—a gauze, discreetly iridescent, showing, over a white satin petticoat, shifting lights of pink and pearl and silver, a gown that shimmered as the wearer walked and clothed her in glancing light and soft-hued shadows.

Bella knew that she was very early, and she came down slowly, drawing a long glove up her slim, bare arm. When she reached the square window on the lower landing, she stopped, laid the other glove on the sill, and proceeded to button the one she had on. A slight noise in the hall below made her lean her arms on the broad, polished sill of the opening, and look down.

A man stood by a table facing her, but with eyes bent upon the books he was turning over—a man rather over medium height, sunburnt, with a lean, clean-shaven face, fair hair, and strikingly good mouth and chin. That was all she had

time to take in before he raised his eyes.

"Oh!" ejaculated Bella, involuntarily, and then, after meeting a moment longer the wide, unwinking upward look: "How do you do?" she said.

"How do you do?" echoed the sunburnt man, and he did not bow or move, but just stood looking at the picture up there on the wall.

Miss Bella was not as a rule easily embarrassed, but she was aware now of feeling a little at a loss.

"I don't know exactly why I am in such a hurry to say how do you do, that I can't wait till I come down. But I do know you, don't I?"

"Of course you know me," he answered; but that time he smiled, and Bella said to herself, "How *could* I have forgotten anybody so—so—"

She picked up her glove with the intention of running down. "But I expect I look rather nice here in the window," she reflected, and instead of going down instantly she said, "It 's some time since I was here before."

"Yes, it 's a long time," he answered. His tone pleased her.

"And I run about the world such a lot, I can't be expected to remember everybody's name just all at once, can I?"

"Oh, the name does n't matter."

"Does that mean you are n't quite sure of mine?"

"I have n't the faintest notion of it."

"Then how do you know—what made you say, 'of course I knew you'?"

"Because I was sure you did."

"Why should I remember you any more than you should remember me? Are you somebody very special?"

"*Very* special."

"Who?"

"Oh, you 'll hear."

"How shall I hear?"

"I 'll tell you myself."

"Well, go on."

"I can't now."

"Why not?"

"You—you 're too far off."

"When I come down, you 'll tell me?"

"*Will* you? Will you ever come down?" He was smiling.

"Why should n't I?" she said, bewildered.

"I never saw it tried before."

"Never saw me try to come downstairs!"

"Never yet."

Had he been here that time she sprained her ankle? "Do you imagine I 'm lame?"

"On the contrary, I 'm ready to believe you have wings. Please fly down."

"What a very odd person you are! I can't think how I came to forget—" He made no answer. Just stood there, leaning against the heavy table, half smiling, and never turning away his eyes.

She caught up her glove and ran down several steps, but just before she reached the open place where the stair turned abruptly, and the solid wall gave way to a procession of slender pillars, she stopped, overcome by a sudden rush of shyness. Behind that last yard of sheltering wall she waited breathless, while you might count seven, and then turned on a noiseless foot and fled up-stairs, bending low as she passed the square windows, so that not even the top of her brown head should be visible to that very odd man waiting for her down there in the hall.

She reappeared ten minutes later with the first batch of guests, and while they were speaking to their hostess, the sunburnt man made his way to Bella, and held out his hand.

"It took you a long time," he said. "How did you manage it?"

"Manage what?"

"Getting down. You 're the cleverest picture I ever saw on any wall. How long do they give you?"

"Out of the frame?" she said, catching up his fancy with a laugh. "Oh, only long enough to find out what you 've done to make you the special person you say you are."

"It 's not what I *have* done, but what I shall do."

"Well, I 'm very much disappointed. I thought you must be distinguished, and now I see you 're only conceited."

He smiled; he was rather wonderful when he smiled.

"Of course I know perfectly well we 've met before," Bella went on; "but I don't quite remember who you are."

"I 'll tell you some day."

"Some day? How absurd. Why not now?"

"Because the surprise might be too great."

She opened her eyes yet wider, and laughed as a girl will in recognition of a point she sees as yet only with the eye of faith. "Did n't you promise you 'd tell me if I came down?"

"But you have n't come down. You are still far out of reach."

"It 's ridiculous of you not to tell me your name."

"My name would n't mean anything to you—not yet. You would n't know it."

"What!" she drew back.

"But we have met," he reassured her hurriedly.

"I was sure of that; but where was it?"

"I can't quite remember, either. It may have been when you were Queen in Babylon and I was a Christian slave."

She drew nearer, with lighted face. "Oh, do you believe in all those delightful things?"

"I believe—" he began on a different and lower note, and then he stopped suddenly. Bella's upturned face silently begged him to go on with his profession of faith.

But just then, Bella's brother, having passed a boring guest on to his wife, came between the two, who stood so oblivious of the rest of the company. The apparition of Tom Wayne brought Bella back to the everyday world, and to a half-frightened self-criticism, in view of the long flight she had taken from it in the last few seconds.

Her brother laid an affectionate hand on the shoulder of the sunburnt man, and said laughingly to Bella: "You must be careful with this person. He 's the most desperate flirt."

Bella winced inwardly. But she disguised the little hurt with smiling mockery. "Really! I should *never* have thought it!"

"Oh, yes, goes off with first one heart and then another. And he goes so far! That 's the worst of him."

"Where does he go?"

"Lord knows! Let 's see; what God-forgotten place was the last book about?"

"Oh, you write books? Then you *are* distinguished."

"You are n't telling me you did n't know who it was?" exclaimed her brother.

"Well, I thought I did; and I 've been behaving as if I did."

There was a general movement to the dining-room, but Tom paused long enough to say, with mock formality: "Miss Wayne, Mr. John Galbraith."

"Oh!" ejaculated the girl, growing pink with excitement. "Are you Hildegarde's Jack?"

The sunburnt man looked mystified a moment, and then, with sudden daring: "Is your name Hildegarde?" he said.

This was on the twenty-fourth of September. Six days later she began a letter to her friend.

Oh, Hildegarde, Hildegarde. You 're quite right: he 's the most wonderful person in the world, and I hope you don't mind, but we are engaged to be married—Jack Galbraith and I! It turns out that he 's an old friend of Marion's family, and after she married my brother, when Jack came to see them last winter, Tom liked him awfully,—of course everybody does that,—and since then all three have been great friends.

And one of the first things he asked when he heard Tom came from near Valdivia, was all about you—I mean your father. He says such beautiful things about your father, and how kind he was when Jack was a poor forlorn little boy. But, oh, Hildegarde, he 's the most glorious person now you ever saw in your life. The old, faded photograph is n't a bit like him. I am sending you a new one, and that is n't like him, either. But I am going to get a silver frame for it, and I shall be dreadfully hurt if you don't put it on the altar-table, with the old locket and the roses —if you 're really glad of our happiness, you 'll even burn a joss now and then for our sake. I 'm miserable when I think how little good any photograph of such a person is. You can't imagine what it 's like when he smiles. All the whole earth smiles, too. I adore him when he smiles, and when he does n't. I adore him every minute, except when he talks about Franz Josef Land—or something disgusting like that. But then he does n't do it much; never except when Mr. Borisoff is here. Mr. Borisoff is a man I can't stop to tell you about; only I don't like him, and I shall let Jack know some day that I don't think he is a good influence.

But I began to say that you must n't think Jack is the least solemn, as his letters used to sound and as the pictures make out. In fact, he began our acquaintance by flirting quite desperately, but he says it was n't flirting at all. He meant all those things. He says they were a profession of faith upon a miraculous revelation (that 's me. I 'm the mi-

raculous revelation!), and it only sounded flirtatious because I did n't realize as he did that we had been waiting for one another.

He 's waited a good deal longer than I have, poor Jack! He 's more than twelve years older than I am. Do you remember how you used to throw that in my face? But it does n't matter the least in the world. Besides, you 'd never think he was so old. He 's such a darling. And he talks like a poet and a painter and an archangel all rolled into one. I am so wildly happy I can't write a proper letter, only I do want you to know that your mother is mistaken, as we always thought. Jack is a saint—simply a saint. When my father behaved quite horridly and said he could n't have me marrying a man who went away for two or three years on long scientific expeditions, Jack said he would n't do it any more, though I think it cost him something to say that. He was quite silent for hours afterward, and did n't even notice I 'd done my hair differently. And that horrid Mr. Borisoff was in such a rage. He did n't say anything, but oh, he looked! But now he 's gone away, thank goodness! and I shall try to make Jack not ever see him again. Then another thing, just to show you what a perfect angel Jack is. My mother said I was delicate, and too young, and things like that; and she got father to agree that I was only eighteen and was the weakling of the family, and they made up their wicked old minds that I must n't be married right away, as Jack and I had arranged. And what do you think? Jack said he would wait for me! A whole year! I cried when they settled that, but was n't he a seraph? Fathers and mothers are very selfish. I shall not treat my daughters like that.

How Jack and I will ever get through a year of waiting is more than either of us know. I am not coming home till the first week in December, and Jack 's coming to us for Christmas. And then you 'll see him! I hope you are pleased that I 'm going to marry the man we 've talked so much about. It seems like another bond, does n't it? How is Louis Cheviot? I can forgive him now for always liking you best. I can't imagine how I ever looked at him. Oh, Hildegarde, Jack is a perfect—well I never heard the word that was beautiful enough to describe him.

Good-by! I hear him now out in the garden. Jack is the most perfect whistler.

Your loving and devoted

Bella.

NOTE—After the author's proofs of this part of "Come and Find Me" were returned to THE CENTURY Miss Robins sent an urgent request for a foot-note which should explain that when the novel was written she was in ignorance of the fact that any one of the name of Borisoff was identified with life in the Far North. Her mistake has been emphasized by the recent exhibition in London of arctic pictures by M. Borisoff, who is an arctic explorer, as well as a distinguished painter.—THE EDITOR.

(To be continued)

"I FAIN WOULD HAVE MY PLACE IN PARADISE"

BY SUSAN MARR SPALDING

I FAIN would have my place in Paradise,
With all the broken, blighted things of earth—
The flowers by north winds strangled at their birth;
The unwelcome, unloved children, early wise
In sorrow's lore; the tender faith that dies
Poisoned by deadly doubt; the bitter dearth
Of hearts who waste their dear love's priceless worth
For shallow souls to squander and despise.
Surely, the fairest spot in Heaven is this,
Where blighted buds may bloom; where little feet
May run to gain at last the mother's kiss;
Where holy trust a holy truth may meet;
And, oh, my heart, where love its own shall greet,
And wear, eternal, sure, its crown of bliss!

THE RETURN OF MR. WILLS

BY MARY AUSTIN

Author of "Isidro," etc.

MRS. WILLS had lived seventeen years with Mr. Wills, and when he left her for three, those three were so much the best of her married life that she wished he had never come back. The only real trouble with Mr. Wills was that he should never have moved West. Back East, I suppose, they breed such men because they need them, but they ought really to keep them there.

I am quite certain that when Mr. Wills was courting Mrs. Wills he parted his hair in the middle and the breast pocket of his best suit had a bright silk lining which Mr. Wills pulled up to simulate a silk handkerchief. Mrs. Wills had a certain draggled prettiness and a way of tossing her head, that came back to her after Mr. Wills left, which made one think she might have been the prettiest girl of her town. They were happy enough at first when Mr. Wills was a grocery clerk, assistant Sunday school superintendent, and they owned a cabinet organ and four little Willses. It might have been that Mr. Wills thought he could go right on being the same sort of man in the West—he was clerk at the Bed Rock Emporium and had brought the organ and the children—or it might have been he thought himself at bottom a very different sort of man, and meant to be it if he got a chance.

There is a sort of man bred up in close communities, who is like a cask, to whom the church, public opinion, the social note, are hoops to hold him in serviceable shape. Without these there are a good many ways of going to pieces. Mr. Wills's way was lost mines.

Being clerk at the Emporium, where miners and prospectors bought their supplies, he heard a lot of talk about mines, and was too new to it to understand that the man who has the most time to stop and talk about it has the least to do with mining. And of all he heard, the most fascinating to Mr. Wills, who was troubled with an imagination, was of the lost mines, incredibly rich ledges, touched, and not found again. To go out into the unmapped hills on the mere chance of coming across something was, on the face of it, a risky business; but to look for a mine once located, sampled, and proved, definitely situated in a particular mountain range or a certain cañon, had a smack of plausibility. Besides that, an ordinary prospect might or might not prove workable, but the lost mines were always amazingly rich.

Of all the ways in the West in which a man may go to pieces this is the most insidious. Out there beyond the towns the long wilderness lies brooding, imperturbable; she puts out to adventurous minds glittering fragments of fortune or romance, like the lures men use to catch antelopes. *Clip!* then she has them. If Mr. Wills had gambled or drank, his wife could have gone to the minister about it, his friends could have done something. There was a church in Maverick of twenty-seven members, and the Willses had brought letters to it; but except for the effect it had on Mrs. Wills it would not be worth mentioning. Though he might never have found it out in the East, Mr. Wills belonged to the church not because of what it meant to him, but for what it meant to other people. Back East it had meant social standing, repute, moral impeccability. To other people in Maverick it meant a weakness which was excused in you so long as you did not talk about it. Mr. Wills did not because

there was so much else to talk about in connection with lost mines.

He began by grub-staking Pedro Ruiz to look for the lost ledge of Fisherman's Peak, and that was not so bad, for it had not been lost more than thirty years, the peak was not a hundred miles from Maverick, and, besides, I have a piece of the ore myself. Then he was bitten by the myth of the "Gunsight," of which there was never any thing more tangible than a dime's worth of virgin silver, picked up by a Jayhawker, hammered into a sight for a gun; and you had to take the gun on faith at that, for it and the man who owned it had quite disappeared. Afterward it was the Duke o' Wild Rose, which was never a mine at all, but merely an arrow-mark on a map left by a penniless lodger, found dead in a San Francisco hotel. Grub-staking is expensive even to a clerk at the Bed Rock Emporium, getting discounts on the grub, and grub-staked prospectors are about as dependable as the dreams they chase, often pure fakes, lying up at seldom visited waterholes while the stake lasts, and returning with wilder tales and more alluring clues.

It was a late conviction that led Mr. Wills, when he put the last remnant of his means into the search for the White Cement Mines, to resign his clerkship and go in charge of the expedition himself. There is no doubt whatever that there is a deposit of cement on Bald Mountain, with lumps of gold sticking out of it like plums in a pudding. It lies at the bottom of a small gulch near the middle fork of Owens's River, and is overlaid by pumice. There is a camp-kit buried somewhere near, and two skeletons. There was also an Indian in that vicinity who was thought to be able to point out the exact location, if he would. It was quite the sort of thing to appeal to the imagination of Mr. Wills, and he spent two years proving that he could not find it. After that he drifted out toward the Lee district to look for Lost Cabin mine, because a man who had immediate need of twenty dollars had, for that amount, offered Wills some exact and unpublished information as to its location. By that time Wills's movements had ceased to interest anybody in Maverick. He could be got to believe anything about any sort of a prospect, provided it was lost.

The only visible mark left by all this was on Mrs. Wills. Everybody in a mining town except the minister and professional gamblers, who wear frock-coats, dresses pretty much alike, and Wills very soon got to wear on his face the guileless, trustful fixity of the confirmed prospector. It seemed as if the desert had overshot him and struck at Mrs. Wills, and Richard Wills, Esther Wills, Benjy Wills, and the youngest Wills, who was called Mugsey. Desertness attacked the door-yard and the house; even the cabinet organ had a weathered look. During the time of the White Cement obsession the Wills family looked to be in need of a grub-stake themselves. Mrs. Wills's eyes were like the eyes of trail-weary cattle. Her hands grew to have that pitiful way of catching the front of her dress of the woman not so much a slattern as hopeless. It was when her husband went out after Lost Cabin, that she fell into the habit of sitting down to a cheap novel, with the dishes unwashed, a sort of drugging of despair common among women of the camps.

All this time Mr. Wills was drifting about from camp to camp of the desert borders, working when it could not be avoided, but mostly on long, fruitless trudges among the unmindful ranges. I do not know if the man was honest with himself, or if he knew by this time that the clue of a lost mine was the baldest of excuses merely to be out and away from everything that savored of definiteness and responsibility. The fact was, the desert had got him. All the hoops were off the cask. The mind of Mr. Wills faded out at the edges like the desert horizon, which melts in mists and mirages, and finally he went on an expedition from which he did not come back.

He had been gone nearly a year when Mrs. Wills gave up expecting him. She had grown so used to the bedraggled crawl of life that she might never have taken any notice of the disappearance of Mr. Wills had not the Emporium refused to make any more charges in his name. There had been a great many dry waterholes on the desert that year and more than the usual complement of sun-dried corpses. In a general way this accounted

for Mr. Wills, though there was nothing of sufficient definiteness to justify Mrs. Wills in putting on a widow's dress, and, anyway, she could not have afforded it.

Mrs. Wills and the children went to work, and work was about the only thing in Maverick of which there was more than enough. It was a matter of a very few months when Mrs. Wills made the remarkable discovery that after the family bills were paid at the end of the month there was a little over—a very little. Mrs. Wills had lived so long with the tradition that a husband is a natural provider that it took some months longer to realize that she not only did not need Mr. Wills, but got on better without him. This was about the time she was able to have the sitting-room repapered and to put up lace curtains. And the next spring the children planted roses in the front yard. All up and down the wash of Salt Creek there were lean coyote mothers and wild folk of every sort that could have taught her that nature never makes the mistake of neglecting to make the child-bearer competent to provide. But Mrs. Wills had not been studying life in the lairs. She had most of her notions of it from the church and her parents, and, under the new sense of independence and power, she had an ache of forlornness and neglect. As a matter of fact, she filled out, grew stronger, had a spring in her walk. She was not pining for Mr. Wills; the desert had him, though for whatever conceivable use, it was more than Mrs. Wills could put him to. Let the desert keep what it had got.

It was in the third summer that she regained a certain air that made one think she must have been pretty when Mr. Wills married her. And no woman in a mining town can so much as hint at prettiness without its being found out. Mrs. Wills had a good many prejudices left over from the time when Mr. Wills had been assistant superintendent of the Sunday school, and would not hear of divorce. Yet, as the slovenliness of despair fell away from her, as she held up her head and began to have company to tea, it is certain somebody would have broached it to her before the summer was over; but by that time Mr. Wills came back.

It happened that Benjy Wills, who was fourteen and driving the Bed Rock delivery-wagon, had a runaway accident in which he had behaved very handsomely and got a fractured skull. News of it went by way of the local paper to Tonopah and from there drifted south to the Funeral Mountains and the particular prospect that Mr. Wills was working on a grub-stake. He had come to that. Perhaps as much because he had found there was nothing in it as from paternal anxiety, he came home the evening of the day the doctor had declared the boy out of danger.

It was my turn to sit up that night, I remember, and Mrs. Meyer, who had the turn before, was telling me about the medicines. A neighbor woman, who had come in by the back door with a bowl of custard, and the doctor, standing in the sitting-room with Mrs. Wills, were present, when Mr. Wills came in through the black block of the doorway with his hand before his face to ward off the light—and perhaps some shamefacedness: who knows?

I saw Mrs. Wills quiver, and her hand went up to her bosom as if some one had struck her. I have seen horses start and check like that as they came over the pass and the hot blast of the desert took them fairly. It was the stroke of desolation. I remember turning quickly, at the doctor's curt signal, to shut the door between the sitting-room and Benjy.

"Don't let the boy see you to-night, Wills," said the doctor, with no hint of a greeting; "he 's not to be excited." With that he got himself off as quickly as possible, and the neighbor woman and I went out and sat on the back steps a long time, and tried to talk about everything but Mr. Wills. When I went in at last he was sitting in the Morris chair, which had come with soap wrappers, explaining to Mrs. Meyer about the rich prospect he had left to come to his darling boy. But he did not get so much as a glimpse of his darling boy while I was in charge.

Mr. Wills settled on his family like a blight. For a man who has prospected lost mines to so great an extent is positively not good for anything else. It was not only as though the desert had sucked the life out of him and cast him back, but as though it would have Mrs. Wills in his room. As the weeks went on, one

could see a sort of dinginess creeping up from her dress to her hair and her face, and it spread to the house and the doorway. Mr. Wills had enjoyed the improved condition of his home, though he missed the point of it; his wife's cooking tasted good to him after miner's fare, and he was proud of his boys. He did n't want any more of the desert, not he. "There 's no place like home," said Mr. Wills, or something to that effect.

But he had brought the desert with him on his back. If it had been at any other time than when her mind was torn with anxiety for Benjy, Mrs. Wills might have made a fight against it. But the only practical way to separate the family from the blight was to divorce Mr. Wills, and the church to which Mrs. Wills belonged admitted divorce only in the event of there being another woman.

Mrs. Wills rose to the pitch of threatening, I believe, about the time Mr. Wills insisted on his right to control the earnings of his sons. But the minister called; the church put out its hand upon her poor staggered soul, which sunk back. The minister himself was newly from the East, and did not understand that the desert is to be dealt with as a woman and a wanton. He was thinking of it as a place on the map. Therefore he was not of the slightest use to Mrs. Wills, which did not prevent him from commanding her behavior. And the power of the Wilderness lay like a wasting sickness on the home.

About that time Mrs. Wills took to novel-reading again; the eldest son drifted off up Tonopah way, and Benjy began to keep back a part of the wages he brought home. Mr. Wills is beginning to collect misinformation about the exact locality where Peg-leg Smith is supposed to have found the sunburned nuggets. He does not mention the matter often, being, as he says, done with mines, but whenever Peg-leg comes up in talk, I can see Mrs. Wills chirk up a little, her gaze wandering to the inscrutable grim spaces, not with the hate you might suppose, but with something like hope in her eye—as if she had guessed what I am certain of, that in time its insatiable spirit will reach out and take Mr. Wills again.

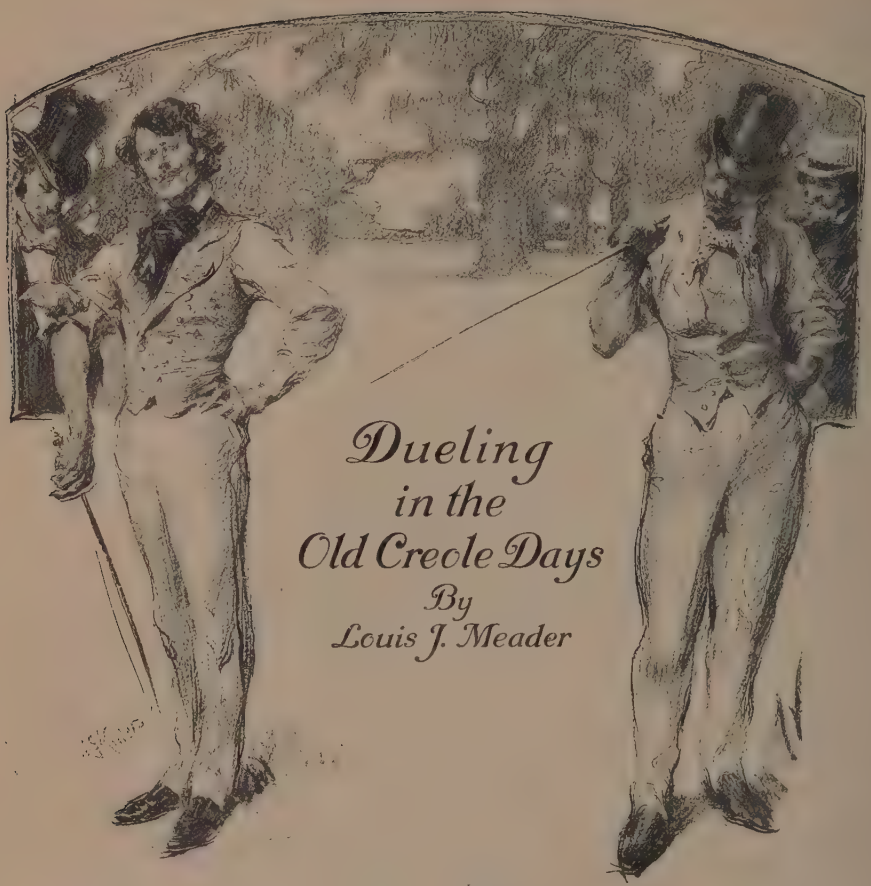
And this time, if I know Mrs. Wills, he will not come back.

DAWN

BY ALLAN MUNIER

HEART of my heart, in the purpling dusk of the morning,
Long ere were heard
Far forest flutings, ere ever the wildest, unawakened
Wood-wings were bestirred,
I at east windows watched wistful for warning of light,
Haggard and worn through stern striving with grief all the night.

Somewhere in bountiful meadows is bursting the clover;
Swallows fly over;
Swift is the scurry of timid small feet through the grasses—
Grasses that cover
All that soothed dark, that lit dawn with Hope's dreamings come true,
All that made springtime and summer significant—you!



Dueling in the Old Creole Days

By Louis J. Meader

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

JUST where and when the first *affaire d'honneur* took place is not known, and obviously cannot ever be known. Homer makes frequent reference to single combat, and the story of David and Goliath is only added biblical testimony that duels were known to the early Hebrews and other ancient Asiatics, as they were known to the Arabs at the time of Mohammed. It remained, however, for the barbarians who overran the Roman Empire to apply the first touch of poetry to what had previously been mere brutal conflicts, for they conceived the idea that a wager of battle was an appeal to the decision of the gods and that success was a proof of right.

In this unique theory undoubtedly existed the germ from which subsequently sprang the "code duello," and certain it is that the even more ancient idea of blood atonement also played a part in the establishment of a system that served to throw a magnetic glamour about the heroes of the Middle Ages and to link itself inseparably with the romance of those chivalrous times. The day of dueling, however, has long passed; the gallant knight, riding afar, full armored and alone, in quest of blood to spill for the redressing of wrong, has retired behind the shadowy veil of history, and his shirt-sleeved counterpart of a later period has likewise disappeared beyond the horizon of the past.

Absurd buffoonery has supplanted the real combat, the significant *à la mort* has vanished from the modern cartel, and

but for an occasional, if not isolated, exception, the *affaires* of our generation savor much of the comic opera and seem to suggest clogs rather than buskins.

When dueling was an actual factor in the social order of this country it had many worthy and notable exponents, including no less distinguished personages than Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, DeWitt Clinton, Stephen Decatur, and others of the same type; but nowhere on this continent was it so much an established institution as in that peculiarly romantic old city of New Orleans. It was woven into the very fabric of the life of the community, and many a crumbling tombstone in the antiquated Creole cemeteries bears grim and silent witness to the fact, though to understand the situation more clearly one should breathe, so to speak, the atmosphere of the period.

New Orleans, while somewhat cosmopolitan even at that time, was essentially a Creole city and under the full influence of traditions that governed that high-strung and chivalrous people. The descendants of the early possessors of the soil—many of whom were of noble birth—gradually metamorphosed into a characteristic race, a distinctive type, constituting a condition unparalleled in the history of this country. What with education in common, intermarriage, the habit of command acquired from the ownership of slaves, and the refining tendency of well-employed leisure, a form of aristocracy was established. To this Louisiana owes much of its romance and many of its most brilliant intellects.

Partly by birth, but largely by manners, breeding, education, and tradition, it was a kind of nobility, and life in the "Crescent City" was a poem of luxury and ease.

New Orleans was not only a great seaport, but, owing to its river facilities, not then antagonized by the railroads, controlled the entire trade of the Southwest with virtually no competition. Money was obtained without the demoralizing effect of continuous labor; time was left to employee as well as to employer for mental and ethical culture; and imagination was not by the very nature of things excluded from the active world.

The women, reared at home under the jealous guardianship of a mother, and educated for the most part in convents, and invariably treated with the most deferential gallantry by the men, had naturally acquired manners and tastes of great refinement. Society was of courtly brilliancy, merchants and professional men were incidentally poets and wits, and many were accomplished musicians.

Over all this there reigned an almost feudal dignity and a supreme sense of honor, maintained by a strict and unflinching public opinion. The etiquette of the day demanded that bankrupts commit suicide and that fallen women disappear forever; society then permitted no compromise with honor.

Under such conditions, the punctilio among men was carried almost to the point of exaggeration, and the least breach of politeness or the slightest insinuation of unfair dealing, even a bit of awkwardness, was deemed sufficient cause for a challenge. The acceptance, however, did not necessarily mean that a duel would inevitably result; the seconds, two selected by each principal, met and discussed the case dispassionately, sometimes the assistance of a common friend was obtained, and not infrequently an honorable and amicable adjustment was effected.

A blow in retaliation for an insult was not only strictly forbidden, but sufficed to debar the striker from the privilege of a duel. A gentleman who could so far forget himself as to strike another in resentment was ignominiously denied a meeting, and some whose self-possession deserted them at the critical moment have been known to submit to great humiliations in order to obtain from their adversaries a cross of swords or an exchange of shots.

Even an insult was not permitted to go beyond a certain decorum of form, and experienced friends, well versed in the code and its precedents, settled beforehand every point of nicety, so that when gentlemen met on the field, they did so in full equality.

Many a bloody combat had its provocation at ball or opera, where the cause of the difficulty passed unobserved; but the offender was certain to receive a challenge the following morning, and before sundown, perhaps, a neat *coup droit* at

Drawn by Harry Fenn, based on a photograph and an old print

"THE OAKS"—THE FAMOUS NEW ORLEANS DUELING GROUND AS IT APPEARED IN FORMER DAYS

"The Oaks," one of the most famous dueling-grounds in the world.

This picturesque though melancholy spot now forms one of the show-places of the Creole city, and they must be more than callous who are not susceptible to the poetic influence of that magnificent grove of forest giants, preserved to this day in all its primeval grandeur—Nature's monument to a dead and well-nigh forgotten past.

What is now Lower City Park was formerly a portion of a wooded plantation belonging to Louis Allard, a scholarly gentleman and a poet. The original tract was extensive, but the portion that now constitutes the park proper, and which includes The Oaks, passed out of his hands through foreclosure sale, and was purchased by John McDonogh, the eccentric millionaire miser and philanthropist who endowed almost the entire public school system of New Orleans.

At McDonogh's death the land was left jointly to the cities of Baltimore (his birthplace) and New Orleans, the latter acquiring full possession at the partition sale.

During the latter portion of his life, Allard, whose inclinations were more literary than commercial, grew wholly indifferent to business, and, becoming crippled in health and fortune, was permitted by special agreement to continue his occupation of the place after the sale. There, under his beloved oaks and among his favorite authors, he spent his declining years, although he did not long survive the sale of his estate, and, in accordance with his dying request, was buried under the stately trees, where a weather-worn tomb still marks his resting-place.

Just a stone's throw from Allard's grave, rearing their patriarchal heads in solemn grandeur, stands the particular grove of trees known the world over as The Oaks, and under the protecting boughs of which ebbed the crimson life-tide of many a brave and noble fellow.

The "Chênes d'Allard," as they were familiarly known, did not become a rendezvous for duelists until the year 1834; prior to this the favorite field was on the old Fortin property (now the Fair Grounds), where the regular winter race-meet takes place. As a matter of fact, New Orleans being then but thinly settled in the outlying regions, there were a number of convenient places where duels were regularly fought without interference. Indeed, there existed a law against the practice, but so strongly was it entrenched in the customs of the people that the statute served only to add a mysterious glamour to the other fascinations of the deadly game, and, so far as effectiveness went, might as well never have been enacted.

Under such conditions it is not surprising that New Orleans became a Mecca for *maîtres d'armes*, most of whom had no personal standing beyond their skill with weapons, and hence lived in a sort of whirl of wine, blood, and profligacy, dividing their time between fencing-rooms and their favorite cafés. The names of many of these swaggering fellows are now forgotten; but there were some of them who regarded their calling as an honored profession, and by their skill in arms, manly characters, and lovable traits, won for themselves not only the respect of the community, but a certain amount of social recognition. Prominent among this class was E. Baudoin, a Parisian, who in his day was exceedingly popular. Emile Cazère also had an aristocratic clientèle; and Gilbert Rosière was probably the favorite of all the fencing masters who ever appeared in New Orleans. There was also a mulatto, Basile Croquère, who was so excellent a swordsman that, notwithstanding the indelible color line, many of the most conservative Creole gentlemen did not hesitate to attend his salle d'armes or even to cross swords with him in private.

Others whose fame rested chiefly upon their having killed or been killed in some celebrated duel were Marcel Dauphin, who disposed of his adversary in a combat with shotguns; Bonneval, who was killed by Reynard, also a professional swordsman; L'Alouette, who killed the fencing-master Shubra; and Thimécourt, who, in a broadsword encounter, cut his opponent, Poulaga, to pieces.

The maître who left the best, and certainly the most vivid, record, however, was Rosière, and many of the old inhabitants of the Crescent City still mention with feeling the name of that gay, wholesouled, though irascible fencing-master who answered Beauregard's call and fol-

Drawn by Harry Fenn from photographs

1. Café Rouge. 2. Salle St. Philippe. 3. Old dueling-pistols. 4. Old building in the French quarter where rival fencing-masters gave public exhibitions of their skill. 5. Old Orleans Fencing Club. 6. Victor's Restaurant. 7. Old café near "The Oaks," where the fortunate duelist partook of his "coffee for one." It is known to-day as "Café Renaissance des Chênes Verts," and is one of the points of interest about New Orleans.

lowed the Orleans Guards to Shiloh. A native of Bordeaux, he went to New Orleans when young, with the avowed intention of winning fame and fortune at the bar; but being of reckless disposition, he fell in with the devil-may-care set and, deserting the Code Napoléon for the *code d'honneur,* became a fencing-master, and incidentally the leader in all the escapades and adventures of the "golden youths" of that time. During the Mexican war, he made a fortune teaching officers the art of fencing, although he squandered it as lightly as it was made. He was brave and generous to a fault, and, paradoxical though it may seem, this hero of seven duels in one week was every one's friend, and, in many respects, was as kind and gentle as a woman. He loved battle and would fight men to the death, but would never harm a defenseless thing, and was particularly fond of little children and dumb pets. A passionate lover of good music and delicately sensitive to its melting impressions, his massive shoulders and superb head could be seen almost nightly at the opera, towering conspicuously above the others about him.

Once when deeply touched by the pathos of a well-sung cantilena, he was moved to tears, which brought a laugh from an unfeeling coxcomb in the opposite chair. Instantly Rosière's tenderness turned to anger. "I may weep," said he, "but I also fight." The next day the impudent fellow was taught by sad experience that one does not always grow fat by laughing.

Never a day passed without one or more encounters at The Oaks or other dueling-grounds about the city, and the spirit of the age is expressively summed up in Don César de Bazan's terse words: "Quand je tiens un bon duel je ne le lâche pas." ("When I have a chance to fight I do not let it slip.")

In the spring of 1840 a grand *assaut d'armes* between professional swordsmen took place at the old Salle St. Philippe, which was crowded to its utmost capacity, though only graduated experts were permitted to take part. On this occasion a diploma was as necessary as in the practice of medicine. Pépé Lulla, a valorous young chap skilled in the use of several weapons and afterward famous for a large number of successful duels, was refused the privilege of a bout because he had no papers to show. Some time after that he challenged a French professor named Bernard, who had insisted upon his producing a diploma, and with a master stroke of broadsword opened the old fencer's flank in two places. This same assaut d'armes was the cause of Thimécourt, formerly a cavalry captain, and Poulaga, an Italian professor, fighting a memorable duel. The latter, a veritable Hercules in strength and stature, was there holding his own with a broadsword and bidding defiance to all-comers until opposed and defeated by Thimécourt. This was too much for the Italian's pride, and he remarked with a sneer that his adversary was a fair beginner. "Qu'à cela ne tienne," ("Never mind"), retorted the soldier; "let us adjourn to the field," and without further parley they repaired to The Oaks, where the depreciating Italian was hacked to death at his own game—broadswords. Thimécourt became one of the most noted professors of fence of that period, and upon another occasion had some slight difference with a well-known contemporary named Monthiach, who was rather fleshy and one of the best-natured fellows imaginable, but always ready for a duel, especially with a professor.

Wherever there is skill there is jealousy; but the old maîtres d'armes were particularly and aggressively jealous of one another, and as the point at issue in this instance was a "coup," and they disagreed completely, the "logical" way of coming to an understanding was to fight it out; that is, applying the system of logic that prevailed in such matters in those days.

Well, they fought with broadswords, because the disagreement was about that weapon, and the duel was short and decisive. At the first pass Monthiach made a terribly vicious cut at his adversary, evidently intending to decapitate him at one blow, and though the coup was admirably conceived and executed, Thimécourt, who had his own idea, did not parry, but dodged. His hat was cut completely in two, Monthiach's blade just grazing his scalp; at the same time he passed under the other's sword and reached his chest with a splendid *coup de pointe.* They had taken no surgeon with them, and the seconds interfered; the gash was a frightful one, and the blood

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

DUEL ON HORSEBACK BETWEEN A CREOLE AND A RETIRED FRENCH CAVALRY OFFICER

flowed freely from it, yet Monthiach insisted upon proceeding with the fight. The seconds, however, would not permit it, and, to the horror of the bystanders, the wounded duelist drew from his pocket a wad of tow, which he calmly stuffed into the cut to staunch the blood, and walked home in a frenzy, cursing the seconds who had stopped the fight. He declared that his was a beautiful coup, and that he would certainly have whacked off Thimécourt's head had he been given a chance to renew it.

Another affaire that is characteristic of the manners and customs of the period was between M. Pedesclaux and M. Augustin, the former a tall, muscular, athletic young fellow, a favorite in society, and quick-tempered and skilled in the use of arms, and the other a rather slender young lawyer, a great student and devoted to his profession, but also fond of the military.

Both were members of a crack artillery company, and Augustin, who had recently been made a lieutenant, was rather proud of his glittering uniform and trailing artillery saber. Parade had just been dismissed when Pedesclaux came up to his friend and, in a spirit of semi-ridicule, gave the swaggering weapon a knock with his foot, at the same time saying: "What could you do with that thing?" Quick as a flash came the reply: "Follow me to The Oaks, and I will show you." Not another word was said; each selected two friends to act as seconds, and proceeded to the scene of combat.

Augustin was a mere youth, with little experience in such matters, while his antagonist was in the prime of manhood and an accomplished swordsman; but the battle had scarce begun when the latter received a cut on his sword-arm that rendered him helpless, and, as the seconds interfered, the incident closed with a rollicking dinner at Victor's.

A while after this, Pedesclaux had a serious quarrel with a retired French cavalry officer who also enjoyed a reputation as a duelist; the cartel was passed with due dignity, and the Frenchman, having the choice of weapons, selected broadswords on horseback.

It was a vicious but handsome combat: both were mounted on blooded stallions and stripped bare to the waist, and as they rode up to each other, nerved for the battle, their muscular development and bearing were positively classic. The Frenchman was a little the heavier of the two and gave evidence of remarkable strength and endurance; Pedesclaux, although lighter in weight, was admirably proportioned, and his youthful suppleness seemed more than to counterbalance the other's brawn.

With a clash of steel that drew sparks from the blades, the two antagonists crossed, and passed each other unhurt. In another moment both horses had been wheeled about by their expert riders, who faced each other again. A terrible head blow from the old cavalryman would have cleft the other to the shoulder-blade if a quick movement had not warded off the death-stroke; then with lightning rapidity, before his adversary could recover his guard, which had been disturbed by the momentum of the blow, the young Creole, by a rapid half-circle, regained his, and with a well-directed lunge drove his blade through the body of the French officer, who reeled in his saddle and fell to the ground, dying shortly after.

Another famous duel on horseback was fought with cavalry sabers by Alexander Cuvillier and Lieutenant Schomberg, U. S. A., on D'Aquin green, a little above what was then the village of Carrollton, but which is now a portion of the city proper. After the second pass, Cuvillier made a vicious cut at his adversary, which, falling short or otherwise being miscalculated, severed the jugular vein of Schomberg's horse, which died on the spot. This put a stop to the duel, and some time afterward Cuvillier died. His brother Adolphe, who had charge of the succession, received a letter from Schomberg recalling the duel and stating that the horse killed in the fight belonged to his colonel, and that he had been required to make indemnity to the extent of five hundred dollars, further hinting that it would be proper for Mr. Cuvillier to pay at least half.

Adolphe replied that as testamentary executor of his brother's estate he had charge of all his affairs, including this quarrel, and that he would cheerfully send a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, and would even be willing to

pay full price for another horse if the lieutenant would agree to renew the fight with him. He never received an answer.

M. Augustin, to whom previous reference has been made, and who afterward became a district judge and general of the Louisiana Legion, was the victor in several other encounters in which the temper of the period caused him to be engaged. One in particular is noteworthy on account of the part it played in an extraordinary freak of fortune. Alexander Grailhe was the offending party, though the insult (or rather provocation, for gentlemen seldom insulted) would in this day be of scant concern. But some cause of action was present, and each was sure that a deadly meeting would certainly follow. They rode together in a carriage with ladies, who, after the duel, commented on their mutual affability during the entire trip, which only serves to show how delicately adjusted was the code of etiquette—especially in the presence of ladies.

They fought at The Oaks, and as soon as the weapons had been crossed and the impressive "Allez, Messieurs," pronounced, Grailhe, who was high-strung and hot-blooded—doubly so under the stress of what he regarded as a grievous provocation—lost his temper and furiously charged his antagonist. Augustin, on the contrary, was cool, collected, and agile, parrying each savage thrust, until by a *temps d'arrêt* (sudden pause), judiciously interpolated into a vicious lunge of Grailhe's, he pierced him through the chest. Grailhe, with one of his lungs perforated, remained for a long time hovering between life and death, and when at last he did come out of his room, he was bowed like an octogenarian.

It was now only a question of time for the wounded man, as an internal abscess had formed where it could not be reached, —surgery then was not what it is now,— and the doctors despaired of saving him. Some time after he had been up and about, a quarrel with Col. Mandeville de Marigny resulted in his challenging that distinguished citizen. This duel was also fought at The Oaks, but as Grailhe was too weak to do himself justice with a sword, the weapons chosen were pistols at fifteen paces, each to have two shots, advance five paces, and fire at will. At the first shot, fired simultaneously, the unfortunate man fell forward, pierced by his adversary's bullet, which had entered the exact place of his former and yet unhealed wound. Marigny, with pistol in hand and as placid as a marble statue, advanced to the utmost limit marked out, when Grailhe, who was suffering greatly, exclaimed: "Fire again; you have another shot."

With grave dignity Marigny raised his pistol above his head and fired into the air, saying with frigid politeness: "I never strike a fallen foe."

More dead than alive, the stricken duelist was carried home by his friends and consigned to the care of his physician; but instead of sinking rapidly, as was expected, he really began to mend, and by the following morning was much improved. The ball had penetrated to the abscess which had threatened his life, and made an exit for its poisonous accumulations. Some time afterward he walked out of his room as erect as ever, and soon regained his health and stately bearing.

Another case that illustrates the determination with which a desire for satisfaction was pursued when once the breach was made, is that of Frank Yates and Joe Chandler. This duel took place in 1859 and was arranged for The Oaks; but the police authorities interfered at that point, and the principals and seconds retired to another spot near Bayou St. John. Here again they were confronted by officers of the law, and by this time it was getting late, heavy clouds were gathering overhead, and an occasional falling drop suggested a strong probability of rain.

What with this condition of affairs, the melancholy song of katydids, and the croaking of frogs in a neighboring swamp, the situation was far from pleasant. Matters were urgent, however, so the party betook themselves to their carriages and drove to a place just on the outskirts of the city. Darkness had now settled down, and a fine drizzling rain added to the gloom of the surroundings and the dismal appearance of things generally; but there, under the flickering light of an old-fashioned street lamp, pistols were loaded, handed to the principals, who were placed at short range, and the command was given to fire.

After an ineffectual exchange of shots,

Chandler's seconds made an effort to settle the matter peaceably, but were repulsed by the others, and the affair was allowed to proceed. At the third shot Yates reeled backward and fell, dying a few days later.

New Orleans has always been a music-loving city and is specially fond of the opera, which it maintains through a long season annually. It is part of the Creole nature to be extreme in all things, and their taste in this particular respect amounted almost to a passion. Out of a mere discussion over the relative merits of different singers has grown many a fatal combat, and it would require vastly more space than the narrow limits of this article to chronicle even a small part of the duels that were the product of hostility engendered by the opera. A case or two in point, however, will suffice.

During the season of 1857–58, an exceedingly bitter feeling existed between two stars of the French Opera troupe, Mlle. Bourgeois, a contralto, and Mme. Colson, a light soprano. The enmity was occasioned by the latter's having replaced as "chanteuse légère" a young woman of great beauty and excellent voice, who was unpopular with the public, though a very dear friend of the contralto, who resented the substitution.

On the occasion of her benefit night, for which she had selected Massé's opera of "Galatée," the title-rôle of which properly belonged to Mme. Colson, Mlle. Bourgeois went outside her company and asked the deposed "chanteuse," who was still in the city giving music lessons, to sing the part. When this became known, it caused considerable discussion and no little feeling among opera patrons, many of whom felt outraged at what they regarded as an open insult to Mme. Colson, and declared they would not allow Mlle. Bourgeois's friend to sing. She, on the other hand, had her following, who were equally pronounced in their views, and publicly avowed that all those who hissed would regret it. In those days such a threat was sufficient to produce a legion of hissers.

One evening, a short while before the performance in question was to take place, a number of gentlemen were lounging about and practising with foils at one of the salles d'armes; Gaston de Coppens and Emile Bozonier, two of the most popular young fellows in the city, were with the others, and the conversation naturally drifted to the all-absorbing topic of the day. Some one asked Bozonier if he did not intend lending his lusty voice to the proposed hissing; but the issue was of no particular concern to him, and as he was interested in something else at the time, he answered, in a sort of preoccupied fashion, that he thought any man who went to the theater for the sake of hissing a woman was a blackguard and should have his face slapped.

"Do you know," retorted De Coppens, his face growing pale with anger, "that I have proclaimed myself one of those who will hiss that woman down?"

"I do not," replied the other, in the same deliberate tone; " but I nevertheless mean what I said."

"Would you slap a man's face if he hissed on that occasion?"

"If he were close enough to me, I most assuredly would," answered Bozonier, now becoming aroused and interested.

"Well," said De Coppens, "you will have your hands full," and there the matter rested until Mlle. Bourgeois's benefit night.

The old opera-house was packed to its limit, and to even a casual observer it was evident that a feeling of suppressed excitement pervaded the entire auditorium; every one seemed to realize that beneath the gay and glittering surface there burned a smoldering and dangerous fire.

This state of feverish agitation continued until that part where the curtain covering the statue is drawn aside, and *Galatée* begins to live and move; then, as though by common accord, there arose such a din as was probably never before heard in such a place and the like of which, let us hope, will never be heard again.

Applause from one faction, hisses and jeers from the other, each trying to drown out the other, combined to create a bedlam that could be heard far into the street. There, amid the growing tumult, calm and unmoved, the one self-possessed creature in that vast throng, stood the innocent cause of it all, undaunted and without faltering, singing her numbers through to the very end.

Little, indeed, did anybody hear of

Massé's music that evening. Most of the ladies retired after the first clashing outburst, and more than one quarrel begun on that eventful night was concluded next day on the field of honor. That, however, is digressing.

De Coppens had kept his word, and though separated from Bozonier by a dense crowd, their eyes met and a look of defiance passed between them. A few days later they met by chance on the street, and with a sneering smile the former said: "Well, Monsieur, what became of those slaps?"

For a reply he received a stinging smack that sent him spinning, and but for his splendid mastery of himself would have precipitated matters then and there. A challenge followed quickly, and Bozonier, being skilled in the use of neither rapier nor pistol, chose cavalry sabers.

They met at The Oaks, and scant ceremony characterized the opening of the encounter. The first pass showed clearly the fierce fires of animosity that burned within the hearts of both, and the seconds' instructions that the fight was to last until one or the other should be completely disabled seemed wholly superfluous.

Bozonier made a rush at De Coppens and feinted, then, taking advantage of his adversary's effort to parry, quickly passed over his sword and made a swinging stroke at him that would certainly have brought a sudden termination to the struggle had not De Coppens, by a rapid movement, warded off in part the effect of the blow. As it was, the point of the saber slashed De Coppens' cheek and sank deep enough into his chest to fell him to the ground. It was a terrible gash, and for a moment rendered him completely at the mercy of his foe, whose generous nature prevented his following up the advantage.

A momentary pause, and he sprang to his feet like a wounded tiger, reaching Bozonier's sword-arm with a vicious lunge and rendering him almost helpless. Then the battle went the other way; for, with the muscles above the elbow severed, Bozonier could scarcely grasp his weapon, and before the seconds were able to appreciate the danger of the overwhelming handicap, Bozonier fell, bleeding from half a dozen terrible wounds. Both, however, recovered, owing to their splendid constitutions, and fought with equal valor in the Civil War. De Coppens became colonel of a Louisiana regiment and was killed in the battle of Seven Pines.

A month or two after the duel just referred to, a violent criticism from the pen of Emile Hiriart, a vitriolic writer, appeared in one of the local papers; the same day he received challenges from two gentlemen who had taken exception to his article, and with characteristic spirit he accepted both.

The first was settled without serious results, through action on the part of the seconds, but the other was quite a different affair. This one was with E. Locquet, and the fact that an underlying hatred existed between the two accounted no doubt for the deadly purpose displayed in the choice of weapons—double-barreled shotguns loaded with buckshot, at forty paces. The Creoles were all huntsmen, and in their hands this was indeed a frightful weapon. Seconds rarely permitted its use except in cases of the gravest provocation, as it was no uncommon occurrence for both principals to be killed in such an encounter.

There was necessarily an air of solemnity about the preliminaries of any duel in those days, but on this occasion it was almost funereal as the ground was measured off and the antagonists were placed in their respective positions.

As was customary in such combats, the seconds tossed for the word of command, and Hiriart's friends won it. As both were excellent shots and men of iron nerve, this was regarded as a considerable advantage. The word was given: "Fire, one, two, three," and Hiriart fired as soon as the first word left the speaker's mouth, with Locquet only a fraction of a second behind. Both were struck; the latter, turning completely round and leaping into the air, fell flat upon his face without uttering a sound; his adversary wheeled about, and dropping his gun with the cry, "It is all over," fell apparently lifeless upon the grass.

Locquet was dead, but the offending critic's life was saved by his quick shot, which, it appears, did not give the other time to raise his weapon to the proper level, and, being discharged at an angle, the load merely struck the ground and

glanced upward, stunning, but not seriously injuring, Hiriart.

Anything like a complete record of the duels of that period would be a library in itself, since, for a couple of generations dueling was a daily occurrence in New Orleans, and those who lived in the vicinity of The Oaks declared that for years there was almost a continual procession of pilgrims to that bloody shrine.

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

BY ALEXANDER BLAIR THAW

As long as the forest shall live,
The streams shall flow onward, still singing
Sweet songs of the woodland, and bringing
The bright, living waters that give
New life to all mortals who thirst.
But the races of men shall be cursed.

Yea, the hour of destruction shall come
To the children of men in that day
When the forest shall pass away;
When the low woodland voices are dumb;
And death's devastation and dearth
Shall be spread o'er the face of the earth.

Avenging the death of the wood,
The turbulent streams shall outpour
Their vials of wrath, and no more
Shall their banks hold back the high flood,
Which shall rush o'er the harvests of men;
As swiftly receding again.

Lo! after the flood shall be dearth,
And the rain no longer shall fall
On the parching fields; and a pall,
As of ashes, shall cover the earth;
And dust-clouds shall darken the sky;
And the deep water wells shall be dry.

And the rivers shall sink in the ground,
And every man cover his mouth
From the thickening dust, in that drouth;
Fierce famine shall come; and no sound
Shall be borne on the desolate air
But a murmur of death and despair.

THE AMERICAN WAY

BY JAMES W. STEELE

THERE was a man who had a piece of ground in the valley of the Rio Grande not far from where the miserable adobe hamlet that is called Paraje sits in its bed of sand.

He was one of those who was there simply because he was. The men of the frontier, wherever they were found in those old days, were not in any given locality because it was the best place, or, indeed, for any reliable human reason; and no particular reason long endured even when there was one. For all men were constitutional nomads to the third or fourth occupancy of all the country west of the Missouri. Some were hunters, others miners, and once in a long time one settled permanently to till the soil, being so much a farmer by heredity that he could not let the business alone.

If this man Sandy was a farmer by choice, he might better have settled elsewhere, say a thousand miles or so to the east and north of him. For at about that time they were tumbling ties from flat-cars west of Fort Harker, in what a short time previously had been named "Bleeding Kansas," and the christening of it had actually been with blood. Settlers were moving into the valleys of the trans-Missouri streams. In all the vast grassy region there, from which the buffaloes had not yet entirely vanished and over which the lean Apache still wandered and marauded, a new life was spreading. The homestead law was having its results; and the most momentous, as we see it now, that ever followed the enactment of a civil statute.

If this man who was called Sandy had any other name, he never signed it, or mentioned it, or considered it essential to a description of his personality. He was said to be a Missourian, was a man of thirty-eight or forty, and knew as much as he ever would know. Regularly or irregularly he had been one of Sibley's men when that Confederate general invaded New Mexico in 1862. The long-range parting skirmish of that conquest was fought at Paraje, and the Confederates, abandoning all or nearly all, dragged themselves and their guns thence southward across the ninety waterless miles of the *Jornada del Muerto* (the Journey of the Dead) to El Paso and the shelter of the southwest corner of Texas.

Sandy abandoned his cause and stayed behind. He bore his name visibly upon him wherever he met his countrymen, who had bestowed it upon him, for he was that—sandy. Freckled, red-headed, blue-eyed, long of limb, and gaunt of frame, he strode about among the Mexicans with whom he had forgathered,—with them, but not of them,—speaking their language and following their ways, but not their ideas or thoughts.

He had a fancy for mules and leathern harness, and owned a wagon that had spoked wheels and iron tires. At one time, indeed, this now ancient vehicle had been furnished with a pale blue body and red wheels, and had borne upon its side the monogram "U. S." General Sibley had got it that day he chased the Union soldiers back into their garrison at Fort Craig, following the renowned battle of Val Verde. He had abandoned it again, starved mules and all, and thenceforth it was Sandy's. And scorning the crooked tree-crotch of the Mexican farmers, he had somehow come by the ownership of a plow with an iron mold-board, and of an American hoe.

Yet Sandy was not eccentric, nor did he depart far from the usual manner of his race as they are in other regions whither they have wandered. He was not a man who cared for laws, for he

knew none, and there was in those days no court to hold jurisdiction over the valley of the mosquito-haunted stream, the waters of which were never regarded as good for anything more than the watering of a strip of soil on each side. There were priests, and perhaps occasionally one of them may have garnered souls even in Paraje. But priests are chiefly for women. So Sandy thought, without differing materially from the common masculine idea in regions where priests are very commonly a chief factor in the management of all the small affairs of life.

Sandy had a pleasure—or it might be called an occupation—that placed him beyond the common necessities of what his countrymen usually know as religion and law. He was a hunter as well as a farmer. Hunters are a law unto themselves wherever they wander, because they wander alone. The three-legged tame doe, the victim of the glancing bullet that had killed its mother, that came without hesitation into the soldiers' camp, and whipped all the military dogs there by jumping on their backs with little, sharp, black hoofs, was Sandy's pet. Hunting is a pastime, often a passion, in which a man takes unto himself again the primary ideas of the human race. Alone in the untrodden fastnesses of the mountains that border the Rio Grande on the west this man spent more than half his days. Possessed of the guiding instinct that the born white hunter shares with Indians and animals, he came and went as he pleased, and no man followed him or noted his going or his return.

It was said of him that he had more than one lodge in the mountain wilderness, and that he lived like a hermit amid rocks and pines and unknown falling waters. He himself, philosophically prosaic, sometimes explained that he did not like the mutton of a land of goats, and that jerked venison was necessary to civilized life. He said also that while he was the only man who owned cows in all the country, his Mexican neighbors would not even milk them while he was absent, and so they had gone half-wild in the hills, and he must needs look after them. He might have gone further into the matter had it been in him to go into anything for the convincing of others. He was making the best of a land that is the land of the ass and the goat by an inherited Spanish preference that trails downward through the ages. That also may be a reason why New Mexico has remained a Territory for more than fifty years.

But the interest in the story of Sandy clusters as usual about a single fact. There came a woman into the case.

Her name was Inez, and she was the village belle. The family part of her cognomen is not divulged in this story because it had been forgotten by the present writer's informant. It may have been Sanchez or Garcia, or any one of the Smiths and Browns of the Spanish lineage. As Inez she was known up and down the valley for many miles as a kind of general coquette whose good name was untarnished, and of whom it was wondered if some time she would take up with a common goat-herding Mexican because she would know no better.

The man who told the writer the story of Sandy's romance, sitting before the open fire in the back room of the sutler's store at Fort Selden, spoke of the girl as having been something rather extraordinary as the daughters of Spain who have forgotten their country go. She was seventeen or thereabouts, which is rather old among New Mexican girls. She was well accustomed to lovers before she happened to engage seriously the attention of this big Americano. Her usual personal garniture was not elegant, albeit sufficiently attractive. A white cotton chemise that was always slipping down over one shoulder or the other, a petticoat, the indispensable *rebosa* for the head, and Mexican-made moccasins, completed her usual attire. There were shoes with high heels and white cotton hosiery when she could get them. But her hair hung far down her back in two thick braids, and her figure was comely. Had there been roses, it is safe to say that there would always have been one fastened over her small, brown left ear. Big, yellow filigree gold rings were in her ears, the same that Mexican goldsmiths have known how to make, without even the tools a Yankee locksmith finds necessary in his business, since the times of Cortez. Plump, petite, vivacious, coquettish, supremely ignorant, yet knowing as much as anybody, the girl was described by those

who had known her well, and big, crude, honest-hearted Sandy was the latest, and last, prey to fall to her prowess as a *conquistadora.*

Yet he was of the class known at sight by all the wise as, in the vernacular, one of those who are "not to be fooled with."

My friend beside the fire was of the opinion that Sandy's infatuation was due, in the first place, to the circumstance of the eggs. He said the story was an old one. Inez was prominent in the poultry business. When a caravan of soldiers and mules and wagons on their way to the lower country passed there and stopped,—and Paraje means a stopping-place,—she appeared upon the scene to sell eggs. These she carried, in incredible numbers for so small a person, inside the fullness of her chemise above the waistband of her other garment, whence she took them by twos, and drove sharp bargains with men to whom the hen was a prehistoric bird and to whom the taste of eggs with bacon was ambrosial.

Her piping voice was heard in the dreary little sandy street as she hastened to her market at the edge of the camp, saying to her companions: *"Vaya! No me tocas mientras estoy lleno de blanquillos."* Even the serious Sandy must have smiled at the artlessness of a brown and active damsel running along the street and shouting: "Go 'long! Don't touch me now while I am full of eggs." It is a weakness of human nature that it is useless to talk of reforming that all soldiers and Americans, these being her most gullible customers, wanted the eggs of Inez, and would stand there and buy them at any price so long as she could find a remaining one to chase around to the front from behind, and extract deftly from the upper hem of her garment.

Now, in this far region the man Sandy was a man of substance amid almost general penury. He owned mules and harnesses and a wagon, and had land and guns and revolvers, and with these last he could shoot off the head of one of Inez's chickens any time she asked him to. So she married him. They called it that, at least, and when the priest came around, he ratified the union. If he had not, it was entirely in good faith, and binding as a custom in a region that was without any law or even a plethora of faith. So Sandy came to the village and lived among her kind and kindred, who looked upon him withal as a great convenience in an uncertain world, and an honor to the family, besides.

And he accepted all the facts of the case with the stolid soberness of his kind. Inez was the best-treated peasant girl that ever had been known. She had shoes now, and a "tunica," which is a dress made with body and sleeves and skirt, and a silken *rebosa* with crimson stripes and fringes. She became the distinguished owner of a side-saddle and an ambling pony. These were to Inez days of pride. When her sisters of the region coated their faces thick with cascarilla, and donned the calico gown with a train that was *de rigueur,* and wound the striped *rebosa* about their heads, to go to the *baile,* they often rode three on one donkey, while Inez rode ahead on her pony. In the measures of the cachuca and the bolero her high-heeled shoes were without rival on the dusty floor. Her airs were the grandest and her laugh was the gayest in all the remote and silent country where these stranded members of a civilization older than the Alhambra had lived alone so long. Where contented and remediless poverty had been the rule for time immemorial she alone was rich, and her man was no thick-set and low-browed peon. Hers was a tall man, and slim, who knew things and had wherewith to do. It was true that he said little and did not attend *bailes* or the church, yet the padre when he came talked more with him than with any others, and from him received what was probably the only cash contribution that cheered his ministry.

Yet Sandy was Mexicanized to the extent that he seemed to have forgotten his own kindred. He did not seek the rare Americans of the North who sometimes passed that way. Yet he declined also to sit on a sheep-skin in front of the little *tienda* and play monte and other simple games through the long summer afternoons. He was always doing something, which was against the unwritten law. He would take a horse and go away, to be gone indefinitely, and when he returned his beast would be loaded with peltries, and there would soon afterward creep into circulation in the village little

pinches of gold-dust carefully dribbled out of the open ends of quills, and little nuggets would be used in the purchase of merchandise.

The house where Inez lived was the biggest and best in the town, and stood on the outskirts beside the trail to the hills. It actually had windows with small glass panes, and the roof did not leak when it rained. The mistress of this mansion was the most envied of her sex, and for a long time now had ceased to sell eggs or to stand in her doorway and shout to her female neighbors a quarter of a mile away. She had, moreover, a chair on which one might rock back and forth, and an actual bed on which she slept. Young peach-trees grew in her back yard beside the *acequia,* which ran all the time. Other women milked her goats, and did her washing under the cottonwood by the river. The façade of her mansion was so gorgeously festooned with red peppers that one could see it afar, and know that it was the home of luxury. It may be added that innumerable relatives did not come and live with her, according to custom, solely because she and they were afraid of the opinions of Sandy upon that subject.

There came to the town one day a man from the lower country. He had a hundred buttons on his trousers-seams and jacket, a hat covered with silver bullion, small boots, long fingers, and a mustache that was twisted at the ends. He lingered at the *tienda*, which was also a country store, a hotel, and every necessary thing else, and proceeded to install a monte lay-out on a sheep-skin at the corner of the rickety porch, and to bet his considerable pile against the piles of the inhabitants as fast as they came. Gambling, in the Spanish mind, is no offense against morals, religion, or law, and so this *caballero* from afar was not frowned upon.

And when his game had become very dull because of the prevailing impecuniosity, he still lingered. It seemed likely that he was going to become a permanent resident, and was so accepted; and yet his sole inducement to remain grew really out of the fact that he had seen Madam Inez as she passed by.

He made her acquaintance, perhaps easily. He was near her at odd times on the outskirts, and all the women knew it and discussed it, and all the men waited for the reappearance of her husband on the scene from out of the mountain world whither he had for some time been gone.

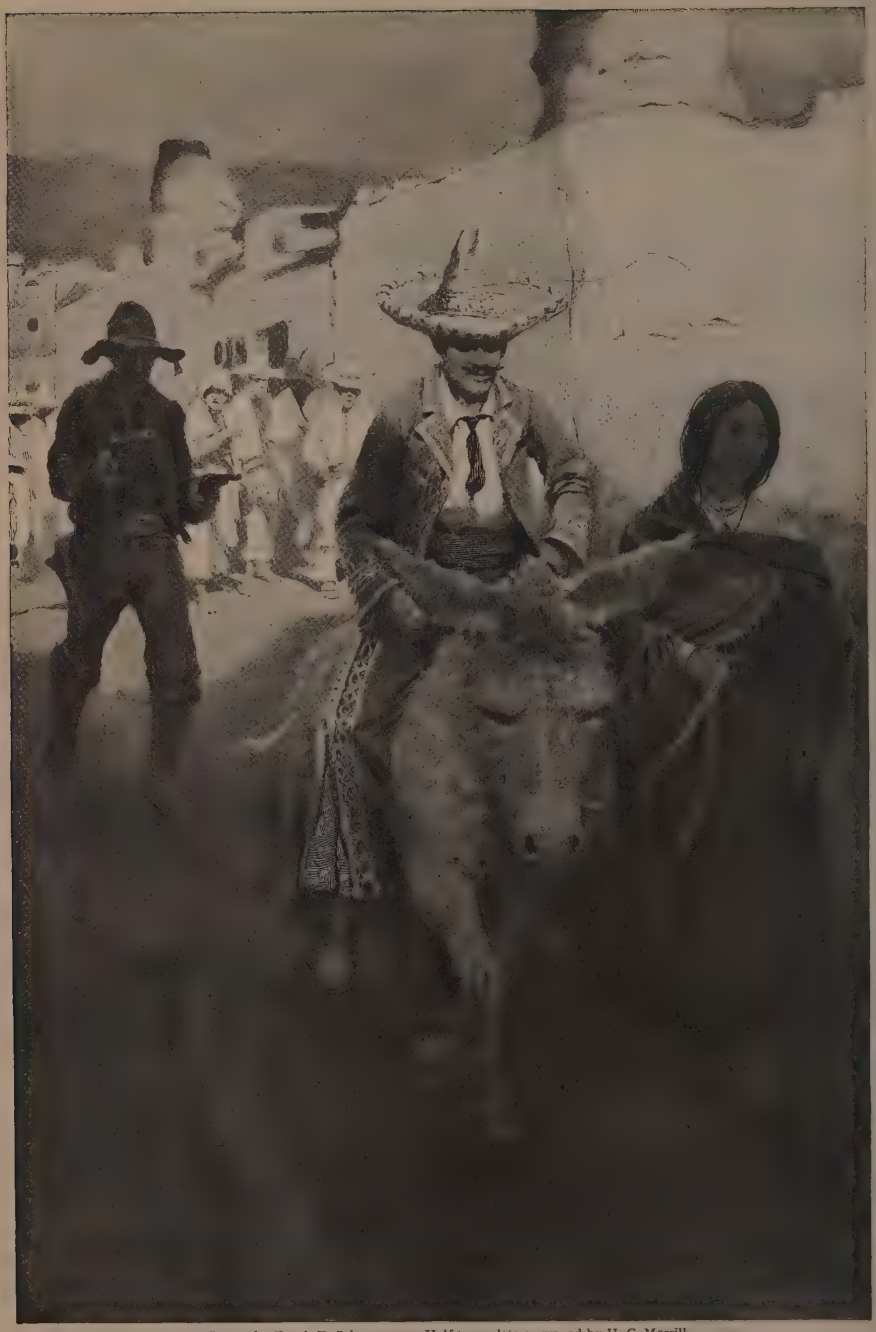
And when he came, they made bold—the boldest of them—to convey to him hints of what they thought might be the situation. It is true that they touched the matter very lightly; only one old woman, the beldame of the town and a privileged character, making bold to tell him what appearance indicated to her mind. "I am sure a woman of your experience ought to know, mother," he had said as he walked away.

And then he went away again, or seemed to do so. Nobody could guess why. Sandy was notoriously the most silent man in all that chattering country.

And one evening the gentleman from El Paso was actually there on Sandy's premises, talking with Madam Inez first from the road, then from the door, then from inside the door and at last from within, and with the door, so it was mysteriously whispered, actually closed. It was said that he was meantime telling her how it was he knew her man was never coming back, and other things thereunto pertaining.

Notwithstanding all allegations to the contrary, there is no country where feminine indiscretions are more quickly noticed than they are in this far region. It is, however, the letter of the law that kills; for it is a pious community that turns the face of the lithographed Virgin to the wall when any unusual gaiety seems imminent, since the saints are reputed to be almost unreasonably particular. Counting the ikons out, there is the usual feminine suspicion of everything that the other woman does. Sandy's wife had been watched always because of envy of her beauty and wealth. For two weeks or more she had now been a subject of comment and speculation at the water-hole under the tree where the clothes were washed. Everybody was looking for something to happen.

It was late in the summer afternoon when up the straggling village street came the man Sandy, a sudden apparition out of the surrounding wilderness. He walked where all could see him, and



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WE TWO WILL TAKE THIS MAN AWAY"

drove before him a donkey, and this animal he caused to stop in the road before his own house, while all the women gathered in little groups afar off, and wondered one to the other what new thing it was that should give them something to talk about in the dull days to come. When Sandy flung open the door and stood on his own threshold, one long, old-fashioned Colt was pointing directly at his wife's uninvited visitor, while another was held in his left hand, as though he meant to use that, too, if any emergency should arise. It may be added that Sandy had the reputation of being able to shoot in two different directions at the same time.

"Get up," they heard him say, "and come with me." And they knew he had it in his heart to kill them both if they refused, and the two men came out, the gambler first, with his hands held high above his head. He tried to smile and linger, and was thereupon led by the collar of his embroidered jacket to the sorry beast that stood waiting, and almost literally hoisted to his place upon its back. A man will do a thing like this for his life, hoping that something may meantime occur for his relief. The prisoner made but a sorry figure as he sat sheepishly there upon his hairy cushion, the tips of his boots almost touching the ground, and some of the bystanders laughed. But a man twice as big as he was holding the donkey's neck-rope and was looking sorrowfully at the gathering crowd of villagers that, by this time, included all of them that could walk, or toddle, or be carried in arms.

Then the man Sandy proceeded to do the only dramatic thing of his whole life. He did not know it was dramatic, or even the meaning of the word. Also, as he stood there looking sadly at the community, he proceeded to make his only public address. "Go you now," he said to a group of the oldest women, "and bring hither my wife, the Doña Inez."

"To kill her?" they shrieked in high falsetto. *"Por Dios!* No! No!"

By this time even the village dogs were there. Sandy turned again a lugubrious visage toward his fellow-citizens. "No," he said; "not to kill her. I would that she should tell me, and tell you all, whether she has done anything justly to cause all this chatter I have heard something of. I want to know whether she has anything unusual to confess to the padre when he comes. I want to know first if there is anything the penance for which would be the wearing of a gown made of soldier's gunny-sacks for a year, and the carrying of a lighted candle with her wherever she shall go."

Then they went to bring the Doña Inez, and meantime the big Americano looked his prisoner up and down as he sat upon the burro, and silently waited.

At last she came, not slowly and with reluctance, but rushing at a run, and with disheveled hair, far out into the sandy road.

"I have done nothing—nothing!" she cried to the company assembled. "I have been alone and lonely, and very sorrowful. I have much that I do not want, and lack the one thing—the man who is mine, and who lives away from me in the mountains among his wild beasts. This other man—he has followed me. I wanted him not. I think he is bad, bad. Ah, will you not believe me?" She turned to her husband with open palms and appealing eyes. "Will you not believe me rather than those who have told you tales? I have nothing to tell the padre when he comes. Is there any one here who has the holy cross? Give me a cross that I may swear it."

The same ancient beldame, from whose life had long departed all the loves of this world, came forward and took from her neck a small cross and handed it to the girl. There were doubtless many of the emblems of salvation in that company, for they were all followers of the ancient faith; but the old woman was the nearest and one of the most interested. The girl took it, and thereon, with crossed hands and upturned eyes, kneeling in the sand, she swore her innocence. There was an intense silence. No man or woman of the Spanish blood will do as this woman did and know it to be a lie. Even the stolid Sandy, standing there beside his donkey and his prisoner, looked straight at her while she spoke, and nodded his head as if convinced.

Then he beckoned to her, and she came with bowed head and streaming eyes. "Take you the rope," he said, "and I will come behind." Then he again addressed

his neighbors. "I believe the girl," he said, "and we two will take this man away. Look upon him, all of you, as we go down the street. For I also have a vow. If, after we have set him on his way, I ever see him again, I will kill him where he stands. Go forward, Señora. *Array, Burrico!* Git up!"

All down the squalid street the little procession passed. All the inhabitants looked and wondered, and the elders, men for the most part, finding themselves on the narrow line that lies between tragedy and comedy, smiled knowing smiles behind their hands as they turned away. They did not know, and they had never in all their experience known, a case like this. To kill the man, yes; but to humiliate him in public, to put him on a bare-backed donkey, and escort him out of town, that was new and very ridiculous. *"Adios!"* they said as the procession disappeared behind the flank of a little hill.

They came back, the two together, hand in hand, walking up the village street in the gray of the dawn. Miles away, it was said, there had been a brief but impressive ceremony on the bank of the Rio Grande, and the man from El Paso had taken to the yellow stream, not looking back, and had waded as far as he could, and the rest perhaps he swam—if he could swim. And certainly he never came back. "These Americans of the North are queer people. One must be careful what one does with what they think belongs to them. This man, now, him that I tell you of; he believed what she said. Yet she was young and very handsome. Yes. What I have said is true. The Americans of the North, your people, Señor, are very strange. It is not everybody who can understand the American way."

THE WHITE VEIN

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE

IT wavers in the earth, a crooked mark,
Ever a clue of whiteness in the dark.
Through it the shy, pale gold has set its stain.
And men have fought to keep it in their sight,
And, toiling many years by day and night,
Have followed the white vein.

They stoop in darkness by the shuddering drills,
They storm their passage through the iron hills;
Only the subtle gold shall be their gain.
Ah, there are many seekers that are lost;
But barren is the life that has not crossed
The promise of the vein.

He who has found it deep will hold it hard,
Though step by step the way is always barred;
Only the pure, pale gold shall be his gain.
Yet he shall force his hope and crush his fears,
And through dark hours and unmeaning years
Shall follow the white vein.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE CONVENT OF THE BLUE NUNS, FIESOLE

A HAVEN OF REST

THE HOME OF THE BLUE NUNS AT FIESOLE

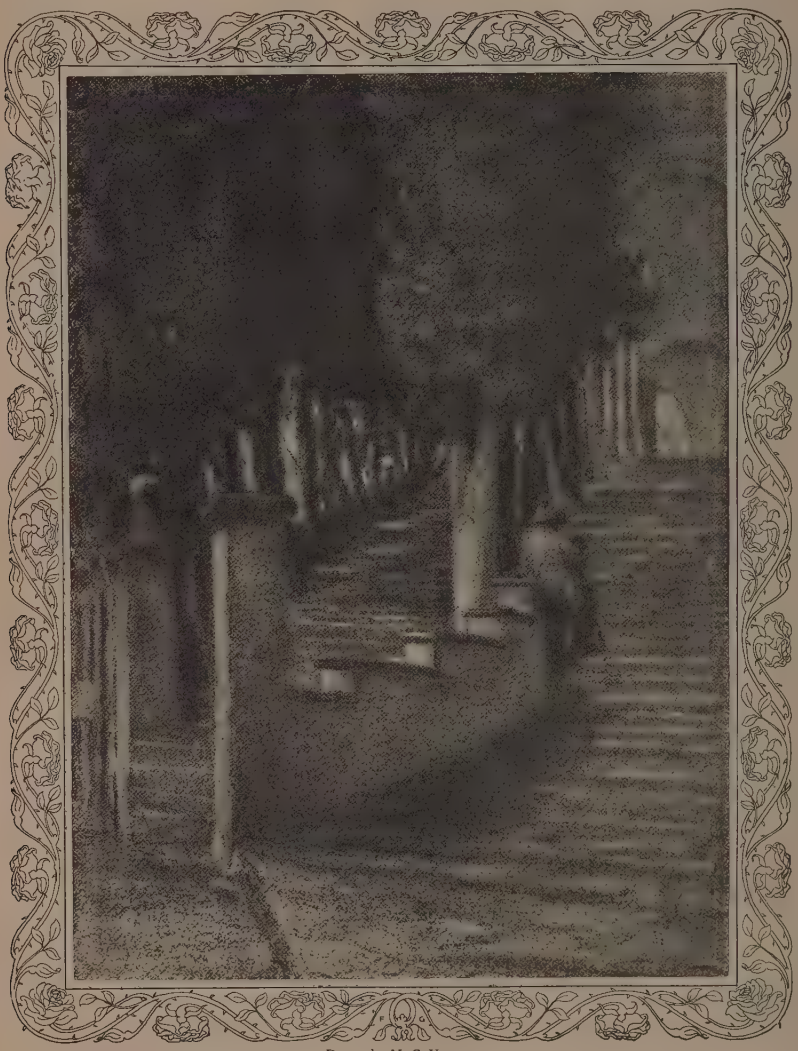
BY HELEN ZIMMERN

THE most conspicuous object in a northern view of Florence is the flanking, twin-peaked hill, in the hollow of which nestles the erstwhile Etruscan city of Fiesole, that Fiesole whose very name is music, evoking sweet memories of sunshine and art. The whole fertile slope is dotted with dwellings: stately, historic villas; ancient, fortified manors; modern houses, replete with comfort and luxury, enfolded in rich mantles of verdure. Yet, lovely though they be, the fairest spot of all is the old convent of San Girolamo. Standing against a background of feathery, gray-green olives, just below the summit of the hill where once soared the Etruscan citadel and now stands a Franciscan monastery, it dominates the whole wide, smiling valley of the Arno.

Surely, nowhere on earth could a fairer prospect be offered than that which is spread before its windows. Behind rises ever-picturesque Fiesole, flanked on its eastern side by the honeycombed quarries of Monte Ceceri, the so-called "Mother

of Florence," whence all the stone to build her has been extracted, as well as the cypress-embedded ex-convent of Doccia, said to have been built by Michel-

Dante, that formerly harbored many snares set for little birds, a sport still beloved by the Tuscans. In the "Paradiso," the poet compares this height to



Drawn by M. C. Vyvyan

THE STEPS INSIDE THE GATEWAY OF THE CONVENT

angelo and now the holiday home of an American banker. On the west, cut off by the bed of the Mugnone, stands yet another edifice-crowned hill, from the midst of which rises an ancient turret. This is the Bird Tower, spoken of by

the Roman Monte Mario, whence the Eternal City is first seen from one side. Likewise, the traveler, nearing Florence by the old Bologna road, first sees hence the domes and towers of Florence. Here, too, breaks sharply into view Monte Mo-

rello, the highest Apennine of the district, which serves as a barometer in which every Florentine trusts implicitly. Farther off rise the fantastic, distant peaks of the glittering Carrara Mountains, while on the opposite side runs a noble range, to one mountain of which clings Vallombrosa, its dark forest of firs forming a conspicuous point.

This range divides the Florentine valley from the fertile districts of Monte Falterona, whence spring the Arno and the Tiber. In the middle distance, gently perched on a lower eminence, is seen the white, tower-crowned village of Settignano, where Michelangelo learned to chisel marble, and nearer yet the villa that once was Walter Savage Landor's, that harbors Boccaccio's "Valley of Ladies" in its grounds, through which trickle those poet-sung streamlets, the Affrico and the Mensola. Below, in the Arno-watered basin, lies Florence, with her clustering towers and her one supreme dome and her historic memories, while across, closing the view on the other side, are yet other heights and ridges. On one of these stands San Miniato, that Byzantine mosaic-inlaid basilica; another supports fair Bellosguardo, immortalized in the song of the Brownings, and the home of many a painter and poet before and since.

Indeed, if it did not sound absurd, I should be tempted to call this a cultivated view, in which man, by his intellect and his handiwork, has improved upon nature and emphasized to the full her innate capacities.

From the steep, winding road which was the only approach to Fiesole before electric trams were thought of, close to the spot where an inscription marks the fact that here several early Christians were martyred, an arched gateway gives access to a wide flight of shallow steps which mount between a double row of stately cypress-trees to the triple-arcaded atrium of a little chapel. Just beyond is a modest door. Your ring is responded to by a sweet, serene-faced nun, who answers your inquiry in English, and who, if she has learned that you have a right to enter (some friend to visit or sister to see), cheerfully admits you. As she closes the door behind you, she seems to exclude by that act the outer world, with all its sordid cares and worries.

Your first step brings you into a little square, arcaded cloister, shrub- and creeper-shaded, and rose-screened, in the midst of which stands a porticoed stone well-head that bears on one side the inscription "Cosimus Medices" and on the other "Flore Dux II." Thus at once you are transported back in time, and the breath of present tranquillity and long-dead repose envelop you. And over all spreads a subtle atmosphere of love, of peace on earth, of good will to men, that visibly emanates from the kindly sisters who are your guides, hosts, or, as the case may be, your nurses.

From this beautiful little courtyard several doors give access to the conventual buildings, as well as to the tiny, dainty chapel and to corridors and cheerful rooms flooded with sunlight and air. For this monastic abode has become adapted to modern use, having been converted into a convalescent home by an order of English nursing sisters who have had the good luck to pitch upon this favored spot. No ascetic bareness marks the apartments of the invalids, nor do the medieval standards of luxury prevail in any of the arrangements. So skilfully and with such good taste has the blending of old and new been accomplished, such loving care for all that is precious in the old, such tactful concessions to the needs of modern life, that there is no sense of clashing, as is so often the case. Instead, an impression of perfect harmony has resulted.

Harmony, indeed, is the dominant note that greets those who cross the threshold of San Girolamo to-day—harmony in nature; in the lovely gardens, in which every advantage offered by the matchless site has been utilized; harmony in art, in the noble simplicity of the building, and its quiet, sober decoration; harmony, above all, among the human occupants, the cheerful, unselfish devotion of the sisters seeming to spread to all those living within their influence.

The building itself dates from a happy period in Italian architecture, when noble proportions, spaciousness, and light were best understood, only requiring the home-like touch to render it eminently "livable." The windows of the rooms face

A CYPRESS-LINED AVENUE

south, and all open on the entrancing view over Florence.

Outer doors, at different levels, in accordance with the steeply rising slope of the ground, lead to the beautiful terraced gardens — Italian gardens in the truest sense of the word, where in cozy nooks, sheltered by old walls and under the shade of ilex and cypress, acacia and Judas tree, every variety of easy-chair and couch invites the invalid to enjoy the pure, delicious air. For those well enough to take more extensive strolls, the olive groves which stretch up to the Etruscan wall under the summit of the hill offer new points of view and shady walks under the climbing tendrils of the vines, which fling themselves, Italian fashion, from tree to tree.

In these delightful surroundings the traveler in search of health, or who has been unlucky enough to fall ill en route, finds a haven of rest. Fleeing from the hired service grudgingly given in crowded hotels, she (or he, for the sisters make no distinction of sex) feels herself at once the object of a loving care which has no thought of selfish interest behind it. The cultivated ladies who manage the establishment are as ready to perform services which many an upper servant would disdain as menial, as to put their highly skilled nursing at the disposal of their patients.

"The Little Company of Mary" is the name of the sisterhood that has these claims on the gratitude of travelers, but though this is their correct designation, it has been

CENTRAL COURTYARD AND WELL-HEAD.

A PART OF THE CONVENT GARDEN

shortened in common parlance to that of "The Blue Nuns," in allusion to the color of their veil. They are no ancient order. The "little company" was founded only thirty years ago, and Mother Mary, their foundress, is still alive, and lives in Rome. Their birthplace was Nottingham, where their early years were protected by Bishop Bagshawe.

And here it may be well to mention that the order varies in some particularities in its rule from other existing nursing communities. One of these is the relaxation of the prohibition, usual in most older orders, of a sister traveling alone. This restriction, necessary at a time when women's position was very different, is felt to be an unnecessary hindrance today. A Blue Sister can pack her bag and set off in answer to a sick call without being obliged to wait till another sister is at liberty to bear her company.

That the order supplies a want is obvious by the fact that it has already nursing-homes, hospitals, and asylums under the care of the sisters in England, Ireland, and the colonies. In Australia they have two hospitals, a blind asylum, and a mad-house. They have, also, a house at Chicago, and one at Malta. The hospital of St. John's, Limerick, Ireland, is under their care, and in the East End of London they own a home for fallen girls and a home where only the very poorest of the poor are nursed. In all their good works the sisters are animated by the most truly catholic spirit, for no differences of station, of nationality, or of religion are allowed to stand in the way of their wide charity. It suffices to be sick, bodily or mentally, thus to need their care, and this is ungrudgingly offered. The rich, of course, must pay, but their money is only held in temporary trust, for it is passed on as quickly as possible, and poured into the lap of the poor.

All this is done in no proselytizing spirit. The sisters are forbidden by their rule to engage in religious discussion with their patients; they are directed to keep their religion in their hearts, and not

upon their lips; and scrupulously they observe this rule. It is also against their rule to permit a photograph or drawing of a member of the order to be made for publication.

It is difficult to believe that this thriving spiritual progeny should have sprung from the zeal of one frail little woman. Mother Mary is one of the tiniest of her sex, and so slight and thin that any person of ordinary strength could pick her up and carry her like a baby. And this is not unnecessary, for she has been a chronic invalid for years. She can take no solid food, and has to be carried from her bed to her sofa whenever she is well enough to get up at all. Yet such is the victory of mind over matter, that from her couch of suffering she directs an army of hundreds scattered over the world. From dawn to dusk she writes, reads, dictates, and grants interviews to all who desire to see her on business, whether relating to the order or to their own private affairs. Few women in the plenitude of health and strength get through more in a day than does this fragile invalid.

To return to the site which shelters so much good will and active charity, San Girolamo has gone through many vicissitudes since the building of that fragment of old Etruscan wall which forms part of the boundary of the orchard.

In the early ages of Christianity a little chapel dedicated to St. Jerome (in Italian, San Girolamo) stood here, and later, about 1360, a certain Carlo dei Conti Guidi, who desired to retire from the world, built himself a hermitage beside this chapel. In time he was joined by others, who adopted the same mode of life.

Thus was formed the brotherhood of San Girolamo, whose tiny, rudely built cells may still be seen in the hillside under the foundations of the newer buildings. The object of the brotherhood was to pray for the healing of the great schism between the Eastern and the Western church.

For many years they lived their quiet lives: when their founder died, they preserved his head in the little chapel, whence it was later removed to one of the shrines in the church of the SS. Annunziata, in Florence, where it can be seen to this day.

About 1450, Cosimo de' Medici built himself a villa close to the hermitage, a villa that still stands, and is occupied by an English lady; and with the munificence characteristic of his family, he rebuilt the convent in much better style. He also granted the brothers a pension, so that the poor hermits of San Girolamo became a powerful order under the name of Girolamites. Riches, however, do not seem to increase zeal and fervor. By 1668, the brethren had so far declined from their first spirit that the order was adjudged unnecessary, and was suppressed. The conventual buildings passed into lay hands, becoming the property of the Ricasoli family, a member of which, in 1871, left it as a gift to the Society of Jesus, which turned it into the private residence of the general of the order, until, at the end of the nineteenth century, he returned to live in Rome, and the property was then acquired by the Little Company of Mary as a home of rest for their invalids.

It is a home where everything invites to repose, to contemplation, to cultivated study, to peaceful thought, to gentle dreaming, and to poetic visions.

May it not be more than a mere idle legend, that which in winter is still whispered in Fiesole over crackling olive-wood fires or in summer beside the straw-plaiting loom? The fable has it that this rose-wreathed height was once the favorite earthly abode of Atlas, the sky-bearer, and that he chose it as the resting-place for the body of his dearest child. And when he had laid her to rest in eternal slumber, he asked a boon of great Jove. And the boon he craved was for others, not for himself, and perchance this is why it was granted. For Atlas prayed that all future dwellers on this spot might ever find rest for their souls, recreation for their minds, and joy for their hearts.

THE GIFT OF SONG

WITH PRACTICAL ADVICE ON VOICE CULTURE

BY NELLIE MELBA

DURING the years immediately preceding my first and, for me, my most memorable visit to Europe, the late Marquis of Normanby was Governor of Victoria. At that time I was regarded in Melbourne as a very good amateur pianist, much in request for private parties, at which I always played, and on very rare occasions also sang. At one of these functions, given at Government House, I gave some songs between the pianoforte selections, and the Marchioness of Normanby, in thanking me, said, "Child, some day you will give up the piano for singing, and then you will become famous."

That was the simple comment that set me seriously thinking of a career as a singer. I had always felt that I would become a professional in music—pianist, organist, violinist, perhaps, but something in music, at any rate; but from that moment I knew in an irresistible way that I was to be a singer.

That remark of the Marchioness made me understand, and determined me to grasp "the skirts of happy chance." I courted every semblance of opportunity, and I see now, as then, how fateful a factor opportunity must be with all who aim at a public career. Even the born singer may waste divine gifts for want of opportunity, and the possessor of highly developed vocal talent may entirely sink into obscurity without it.

Among students of similar talent and health she who succeeds is the one with alert mind, who is ever on the *qui vive* for her chance. The girl who fails is generally lacking in mental and physical energy—too prone to believe that opportunity on ready-foot trips unsought even to the laggard's door. The born or inspired singer always sings, although in isolated cases want of opportunity may limit the sphere of those rarely endowed people.

While it is true that the present time offers extraordinary scope for art by reason of a widespread knowledge on all subjects, I think the increased chances of success which the growing popularity of music offers have been largely discounted by the numbers of performers and professors who, without proper qualifications, have set themselves up as apostles of music, and unfairly and recklessly overcrowded a profession which should be exceptionally difficult to enter.

No doubt many aspirants—I speak solely of women—are encouraged and flattered by the fact that in the profession of music women fare better than in any other walk of life, and the monetary reward of great singers and teachers may be said to have reached a stage of almost extravagant appreciation.

In my opinion, the great singers of our day would not be so few if there were more competent teachers, and a more complete realization of the greatness of the task. It is not that lovely voices are rarer than formerly, or talent more sparingly given of God. The piano or violin student will devote ten years to the technic of his instrument, while the vocalist or the teacher too often regards research at an end after studying a year or two, or even a few months only.

Just here, however, I should like to make it plain that the student who cannot give a promising account of herself after eighteen months' thorough study is, to my mind, never likely to do really great things. I do not mean for a moment that she should then be a full-fledged singer, but that she should be able

From a photograph by M. Shadwell Clerke. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Nellie Melba

to give clear indications as to future possibilities.

The real study actually begins after one has come before the public, and it is to subsequent development that the most earnest attention should be paid. Year after year the artiste will make striking progress if music be really in her soul, and from life and its varied experiences she will learn interpretative nuances which no other teacher can bestow. Let me say, too, that in this life-long study the singer must not be too rigidly bound by the tenets of technic. She must think and feel for herself, and to a great extent be guided by her individuality.

In too many cases the vocal student has only the merest smattering of knowledge about the marvelous and delicate mechanism that produces the singing voice. Languages and travel, too, are neglected for one reason or another, chiefly through the spirit of haste, the desire to reach ends by short cuts such as were unknown to the old Italian masters, who taught on physiological principles that were, on the whole, marvelously accurate; although in many respects we have greatly progressed since their day.

In every country with which I am familiar, and they are many, I have been struck by the voices maimed or entirely ruined by ignorant tuition. Of course it is not possible for me to hear more than a few of the students who seek my opinion on their voices, for I frequently have thirty or forty such applications in a single day; but almost without exception I find those I can hear following methods which are causing positive injury to the delicate vocal cords.

In all learned and mechanical professions certain technical tests are insisted on before a person is accepted as an authority; but in music it is not so. Any charlatan, whose only qualifications may be confidence and casual observation, may set up as a teacher, and persistently trick the public, which is only too easily deceived. I speak strongly on this subject, having in mind the cruel vocal havoc to which I have just referred. Just as the engineer must know the structure and parts of his engine, or the architect the nature and relative values of material as well as the principles of design, so must the would-be singer understand the easily injured structure and delicate functions of voice mechanism.

A knowledge of the structure of the larynx, and the general muscular mechanism of voice-production, unequaled in delicacy anywhere in the human body save perhaps in eye and ear, will be a revelation, a very helpful revelation, to the student. And unless the structure of the larynx be understood, the "attack," or application of the air blast to the vocal strands, cannot be perfect.

If the student seeks the best, she must get a complete understanding of the methods of the old Italian masters, as sculptors turn to the Greek for what is soundest and noblest in the plastic art. Together with this recommendation, I join my condemnation of the tremolo and "white" voice so dear to many Italian singers.

I cannot too forcibly insist that the mere possession of a lovely voice is only the basis of vocal art. Nature occasionally startles one by the prodigality of her gifts, but no student has any right to expect to sing by inspiration, any more than an athlete may expect to win a race because he is naturally fleet of foot.

Methods of breathing, "attack," and the use of the registers, must all be perfectly understood by the successful singer, who should likewise be complete master of all details relating to the structure and use of those parts above the voice box, and be convinced of the necessity of a perfectly controlled chest expansion in the production of tone.

For perfect singing, correct breathing, strange as it may sound, is even more essential than a beautiful voice. No matter how exquisite the vocal organ may be, its beauty cannot be adequately demonstrated without proper breath control. Here is one of the old Italian secrets which many singers of to-day wholly lack, because they are unwilling to give the necessary time for the full development of breathing power and control. Phrasing, tone, resonance, expression, all depend upon respiration; and in my opinion musical students, even when too young to be allowed the free use of the voice, should be thoroughly taught the principles of breathing.

Indeed, the science of taking breath is a study peculiarly suited to the years of

childhood and adolescence; for apart from other considerations, there are few things so conducive to good health as good breathing. And, owing to the greater elasticity of the human frame in the time of youth, the chest is then more easily developed and expanded.

Any exercises that give strength to the diaphragm are of special value, since this is the principal muscle of inspiration. Expiration, however, is not so easily controlled as inspiration, and on that score calls for the most careful practice. Faulty or hurried breathing always interferes with the true vibration of the vocal strands, and all circumstances that tend toward either should be scrupulously avoided; more especially at the time of a singer's first entrance on the stage or concert platform, which is always a moment of nervousness and doubt.

It is an excellent practice for a nervous singer to take a few deep breaths on entering, and the inexperienced should avoid numbers with exacting opening bars.

Few people, by the way, realize how much even the most famous of singers is at the mercy of the audience, and how a wave of indifference or apathy borne from the serried thousands of a theater or concert-hall can often take all the color out of the loveliest voice, and all the necessary abandon out of an interpretation. I have known some of the greatest singers of our day—and myself, too—to fall incredibly below their normal standard for no other reason than that of irresponsiveness on the part of their audience. In this respect I confess I am myself extremely sensitive. I can almost always give my best when I feel that the heart of the audience bids me excel.

Even a good general knowledge of music does not imply knowledge of scientific voice production. Correct vocalization is only possible on strict physiological principles. I insist upon this, because it is rational and logical. In this way faults are better recognized and explained; the student may the more surely guide her own development or effectively restore an injured voice, and generally advance her physical welfare, which is a vital point.

Therefore those who do not believe in attainment through patient and intelligent labor would do well to abandon an art career, for that way lies disappointment. "Hasten slowly" applies supremely in the highest voice culture; but, unhappily, this is not the note of our age.

According to my idea, the student of singing can best learn this subtle and complex art in those centers where music has been longest established and most generally practised; where it is, in a word, part of the daily life of the people rather than the recreation or luxury of the few. For this reason I consistently recommend study in Italy, France, and Germany, and particularly for American, Canadian, English, and Australian students. I put my own country last, in the spirit of courtesy; but as a producer of voices it really ought to come first in consideration.

As I have said, I am opposed to every girl with a little knowledge of music embracing the art as a profession merely because she considers it more "genteel" than other avenues to earning a livelihood. A girl should have some real qualification before she looks forward to becoming a professional singer. Kindly and necessarily biased compliments from relatives and friends on the singing of a few ballads in the home-circle or at an amateur concert should not be sufficient to thrust her upon the patience of the musical public. High and unprejudiced authority should be sought for her guidance, preferably from a singer who knows the conditions and atmosphere of the world's greatest musical centers.

In this regard a person who has had only local experience cannot possibly be a good judge of what is needed for the career of a great singer. An invaluable factor in musical success is the study of foreign languages. These are always most successfully acquired in the countries where they are the native tongue.

Thus, residence in the established centers of music in the Old World, and intimacy with their language and traditions, give the student a surety and authority in her work that cannot possibly be gained in any other way. Of course, robust physical health is of paramount importance. Without it a great vocal career is absolutely barred.

I admit that there is much in a singer's life conducive to this physical robustness;

as, for example, the vigorous use of the breathing apparatus. But this may be more than counteracted by late hours, much traveling by night, concentrated efforts, and disappointment resulting from the caprice of public taste or other causes. Plenty of fresh air, plain food, a reasonable amount of exercise, and eight or nine hours' sleep, are all necessary to the young singer, whose larynx is quick to reflect the general physical condition.

At the same time, common sense and individual temperament should be the best of all health rules. I myself always suffer in a steam-heated apartment; I consider the general overheating in America a menace, and never allow the temperature of my rooms to rise above 60 degrees; while at the same time the whole range of my apartments is continually freshened with pure air.

The singer should aim at becoming a hardy plant rather than a hot-house flower. I know that a girl with a voice receives a painful revelation of the delicacy of her vocal organs when she passes from a superheated room to the low temperature of a winter's day outside. But I consider dry feet far more important than the muffling up of the throat on raw, slushy days.

A singer's diet should include plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. I myself take for breakfast only a cup of tea and a little toast. At luncheon I have a cutlet or a little chicken, some stewed fruit, with a light salad, but no rich food. My chief meal is, of course, dinner, which I take rather late at night, generally at 7:45, unless I am singing, when I take a light—very light—meal about five in the afternoon.

A question often asked me is, How early should a girl begin the more serious business of voice culture? Never before she is seventeen. Even a limited study before that age will interfere with the development of the vocal organs, and perhaps do them serious injury. Among my daily letters are many from girls of fifteen and sixteen asking for a hearing; but I always tell them they are too young, however promising. As to the age limit the other way, I feel it would be impossible to give any good general advice.

I would point out, in this connection, that some artists of world-wide repute are singing as well to-day as they did twenty years ago, while others have broken down in a few short years, or have become hopelessly defective in their vocal results. It is all a question of correct or incorrect methods.

In my opinion, the greatest living teacher of singing is Madame Mathilde Marchesi of Paris. I think her a marvel of scientific method, and when she goes from us, we shall have lost a personality impossible to replace. The spirit of her method—derived in turn from old Manuel Garcia, and directly through him from the long line of Italian masters—may be crudely summarized as follows: "Change to the middle notes on F. Begin the head-notes on F sharp, and once on the head-notes, always sing pianissimo." While with her, I took only three short lessons every week; but I worked eight hours a day studying theory, tradition, and technic—the old Italian technic that tells a pupil how to *"filar il tuono"*—to spin a tone as subtly and delicately as a spider spins its almost impalpable web of silk.

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plexed in council, they sent for the composer, and told him their troubles. "Qu'elle chante en chinois, si elle veut," cried Delibes, pounding the table with angry fist, "mais qu'elle chante mon opéra!" ("She may sing in Chinese, if she likes, so long as she sings my opera.") But I was really backward in French, and on that account set to work and studied no less than six hours a day under a thoroughly competent Brussels teacher, Mlle. Tordeus.

At the same time, I should warn the student to be careful not to overdo her work, in her enthusiasm for all the musical advantages she sees about her. I think music should be thoroughly *known* before it is sung. It is a serious tax on the voice to sit down at the piano and try to sing an aria with which the singer is not familiar. Half an hour's practice is enough, unless the student has exceptional physique; in that case I should say half an hour every morning and afternoon.

I have met scores of students abroad whose mistaken diligence impels them to practise for hours at a stretch. Such an error may do irretrievable harm to a voice. It is well to realize that the entire vocal mechanism is an exquisitely delicate instrument, capable of being played upon by its owner in a way almost impersonal, so that ignorance may mean fatal injury. For this reason no enthusiasm should induce practice to the extent of tiring the voice.

As to how long this foreign study should last, this of course depends upon the mental capacity of the student. Young singers of many nations cite to me my own case; for after nine months' study in Paris, I came out as a full-fledged prima donna at the Brussels Opera House. But I may say at once that mine was an exceptional case, for I was born with a natural trill and an absolute control of breath, so that as a child of seven I was as far advanced naturally as some mature students are after years of patient study.

In connection with the natural trill, my fellow-pupils at college in East Melbourne, Australia, used to gather round me and say curiously, "Nellie, make that funny noise in your throat." It amused them. But to assume that the *bel canto* of perfect technic is to be acquired after nine months' foreign study would be unwise. On the other hand, as I have already stated, if a girl cannot give good account of herself after eighteen months' serious study, I think she is not destined to illuminate vocal art.

Still, any ordinary term spent in vocal study cannot be regarded as wasted, for no system of physical exercise is so beneficial to a woman as that involved in the higher branches of vocal culture. At least the disappointed one carries back with her a pleasing and expressive voice for ordinary conversation. Here is a matter to which little attention is paid, yet how much pleasure does a beautiful speaking voice convey! It is surely a valuable asset all through life.

As to extraneous aids to vocal study, there is none so beneficial as the constant hearing of great singers in the rôles which have secured them fame. Indeed, no matter what branch of music a girl selects for her special study, I should strongly urge her to hear all the fine music possible, whether opera, orchestra, concert, or oratorio. She can learn something valuable from all. Let me emphasize this point, for in this way the student will see theory put into practice. It is as if a young painter should visit the marvelous Tribuna of the Uffizi Palace in Florence, where the supreme examples of the great masters are hung; or the young sculptor should study Michelangelo in the vast galleries of the Vatican. Thus no opportunity of hearing accepted interpreters should be lost.

The student who goes to Europe, of course, has exceptional opportunities all the year round; but the American or English girl can hear in New York or London during the musical season a combination of singers, conductors, and instrumentalists that is the best of the entire musical world.

Speaking for myself, I never hear a great work superbly interpreted without being greatly inspired and benefited by it. The other day I heard "Parsifal" for the first time. It moved and agitated me to an extent so profound that I cannot put it into words, and for several days afterward I felt as though I were in a trance, so completely was I absorbed

by the spirit which that great work awakened in me.

I realized again how enormous is the debt we owe Wagner, supreme master of music, and I realized also that I had gained a new and clearer insight into music than had ever been mine before. I felt *nearer* to everything that is beautiful.

In addition, she should read everything authoritative on music and musicians, at the same time *not* confining herself to musical subjects. For a wide and wise reading of everything that broadens the mind and gives one a truer knowledge of art and nature is of supreme importance. Nothing so helps the interpretative sense as a fine and cultivated imagination, and an appreciation of nature's beauties, great paintings, statuary, and the best literature, gives one an artistic grasp not possible to the student who is merely well informed on musical matters.

While I am a strong advocate of foreign study, I think it a pity that so many American and British students elect to swell permanently the overcrowded ranks of the musical profession on the continent of Europe instead of returning to the less crowded centers of their home lands, and giving their compatriots the benefit of their experience and example. It is given to few of us to attain world prominence, and those to whom such fame is manifestly impossible should not fear to try for the best their own country offers, which may be a great and dignified meed.

Adequate study in Europe requires a good deal of money. For most young girls a chaperon or companion is essential; although there are a number of places where a solitary young student may find the comfort and the protection of a home. Where this is possible, the expenses are naturally much less.

The leading professors on the Continent charge from six to ten dollars a lesson, with a certain reduction for an extended term. Three lessons a week are usual. As to the expenses of living, even on the most moderate scale they cannot be reasonably estimated at less than $25 a week for board, dress allowance, concert and opera tickets, and general expenses. This, with lessons extending over eighteen months or more, runs into a considerable sum.

To the student with wealth as well as voice the way would appear smooth; yet I would offer a word of warning. First, the flattery of friends and possibly unscrupulous advisers is dangerous. Besides, the fact of affluence tends to diminish the sense of responsibility. Money, it must be borne in mind, cannot buy purity of tone, temperament, or correct breathing. These entail hard work, even with natural gifts. One cannot buy brains with money, or even the ability to appreciate the brains of others, and the loveliest voice that ever charmed the world must be guided and used through the intellect; otherwise it must fall far short of the highest standard.

The point is that a wealthy student may become slack, and forget how wide must be the culture of a great singer. A complete study of piano, counterpoint, and harmony are as necessary as grammar to the spoken language; and all that is best in this big, busy world must be seized upon and brought into service, for divine Music is an exigent goddess.

The poor student with an exceptional voice is unfortunately placed, and advice to her must be of a negative kind. She may fall into the mistake of thinking that if she can get into choir or chorus she will be advancing to some extent. But while a well-trained voice may be used in a chorus without serious harm, the girl who knows nothing about placing her voice, and is prodigal in the use of it, may find chorus work most injurious.

Many ambitious young women save money with the aim of attending a musical college. This is an education I never advocate, for I believe in individual training. No student can attain the best results in a class where personal supervision is a matter of perfunctory duty. Certainly good singers have come from musical colleges, but they have had temperament and personality such as rise above the system. And to work at any trade or profession while cultivating the voice is a questionable arrangement, for the student takes vitality from the voice and places it in another direction.

I doubt if one could with correctness summarily assign characteristics to the

vocal students of the different nations; and, besides, one likes to think of music as cosmopolitan; universal in its inspiration and influence. The Italian girl is perhaps the readiest to help her song by facial expression; the French girl the first to master the poetic message, and the German the most thorough in all-round pursuit of musical knowledge. Many American and British students are too easily satisfied, and often, on securing a certain measure of success at their first public appearance, refrain from further study at the very time that their work should be regarded as beginning in real earnest.

As to the voices of the different nations with which I am familiar, it is a difficult and thankless task to summarize them within the inadequate limit of a few lines. I should say, however, that the voices of Italy are the most natural. They are the voices of the sun; just as in my native land, Australia, the Italy of the Southern Hemisphere, the voices seem to glint and vibrate as if with liquid sunlight. There is in these Southern voices a resonance rarely found in voices of the North.

As to Germany, I should say that the singing voices are more the result of science than of nature; less buoyant, less responsive, yet superb in their own way. The great singers of France, to my mind, could be more accurately described as great *diseurs;* so exquisitely are they practised in the art of diction. No singers so effectively show the beauty or importance of the words sung.

The cosmopolitan conditions of America seem to me to have so far militated against the development of any particular voice or school that could be accurately labeled "American," while the English voices are particularly adapted for concert and oratorio singing.

Owing to the characteristic reserve of the English people, they are, as a rule, slow to commit themselves to that temperamental abandon which is essential to operatic interpretation. I am, however, glad to be able to say without any reserve that I consider the English choruses the finest in the world. I refer more specially to the great choirs heard at the English musical festivals. What volume and beauty of tone, what precision and light and shade, are embodied in their work! Personally, if I can be said to dislike any form of music, it is oratorio; but when I hear an English chorus at a festival in Birmingham, Leeds, Bristol, or Worcester, I am almost persuaded to become an oratorio enthusiast.

This paper would not be complete without some reference to personal appearance as an asset in a singer's career. There is much suggestion, expression even, in the turn of a curl. The woman who knows how to "make up" effectively is more of an artist than the one who does not. The whole thing makes for artistic completeness.

I have known handsome women appear unattractive on the stage or platform merely because they relied entirely on their natural physical gifts without considering how these were affected by the space, and structural and lighting conditions, of the building in which they sang. There are cases where good looks are the main reason for the exploitation of a singer; but such favor is bound to be short-lived, and no artistic reputation can be long maintained on so false a basis.

As to securing an introduction to the public, I have little to say beyond the fact that ability will surely find its way. In my own path great obstacles were placed, but I do not think anything in this world could have hindered me from becoming a singer. I have sung to an audience of two, and such was my girlish enthusiasm that I have even acted as my own bill-poster, with a pot of paste procured from a hotel kitchen. The occasion was a charity concert at an Australian seaside resort for the purpose of repairing a neglected country cemetery. Later I had to abandon proposed concerts because there was not enough support to pay for the lighting of the hall. Yet I persevered, and my chance came. It is well to aim at the highest, yet in my heart of hearts I believe that every really great singer is born rather than made.

No teacher living can impart temperament and an infallible ear for music. A perfect chest, larynx, and resonance chambers, are also gifts of God; and so, too, are the musical intuition, the ravishing voice, the industry, the ambition,

and the perfect physical health, which are all attributes of vocalists who have become really great.

But below that heavenly gifted circle there are many niches which should be filled not by casual observers, but by qualified musicians, to whom hard and patient work has brought attainments second only to those fortunate creatures who have sprung into the musical arena, like Minerva, fully equipped.

THE BLACK FLEET OF GIBRALTAR[1]

BY MARGARET DOANE GARDINER

BLACK looms the shadow of the rock above,
Grim sentinel and warder of gray stone.
And mystic Andalusian mountains, far,
In tender mauve against the orange west,
Watch us and watch, uncaring, till we sink.
Anchored forever,—sea-lords once and free,—
Fouled by the creeping weeds that work unseen,
Lashed by the mocking winds that erst we bound,
Dread we the coming of the Southern night.
Stars that we tamed to guide our prows of old
Laugh in their sky of purple tapestry—
Ay, laugh: we are condemned of man to die!

Ah, that we might have died in open seas!
I that was once the *Java,* Indiaman,
With timbers of red teak to stand their stress,
And silken cargo for the Western nations;
I that was once the *Vanderbilt,* and steamed
With smoking funnels, careless of the wind,
From shore to shore to bind the world together;
I that was once *Volodya* of the North,
And ground the heaving ice beneath my bows.
Why opened not our sides to welcome in
The green, translucent waves that we had loved,
Before we were condemned of man to die—
To lose the flag that marked us on the seas,
To lose the rigging where the winds had sung,
To lose the very look and name of ship,
And join the squadrons of the silent fleet?

Black lie our nameless hulls upon the bay;
Our blackened masts stand naked to the sky;
Black gleam the waters where we sink at last—
We and our cargo of the nation's coal—
Under the shadow of the lion rock.

[1] A vessel is condemned as unseaworthy; her sails are sold, her spars, her rigging; and when all that can be moved is gone, England may buy the dismantled hulk and moor her in some naval coaling-station. There, black from stem to stern, with a great white number painted on her side, she floats until her timbers rot to pieces.

NINETY-ONE

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

Author of "In the Morning Glow," "Miss Primrose," "Katrina," etc.

"MY dear Aunt Sarah," I said, entering her room, "how well you are looking!"

"Who is it?" she inquired leaning forward in her chair. "John? Why, no," she exclaimed, clasping her hands like a delighted child; "bless me, if it is n't Charles!"

"Yes," I assured her, kissing the cheek she offered me, and seating myself so near that I could hold her hands; "it 's Charles, come to wish his Great-aunt Sarah many happy returns of her ninety-first birthday."

"Oh, many thanks for remembering such an old—*encumbrance,*" she said, with a gracious emphasis, due partly to the difficulty with which she spoke, breathlessly, in a little, high, piping shred of a voice, once lovely, as I remembered it, and partly to her anxiety to be perfectly comprehended, even to the faintest shadow of pleasantries and droll allusions, which were still dear to my Great-aunt Sarah at ninety-one. The emphatic word in her eager, tremulous little sentences was still more surely indicated by a smile and an inclination of her lace-enveloped head; and, if you were near enough, by a gentle and confidential pressure of her hand, as well.

"And how are you, my dear Charles? Still hungry? You shall have some seed-cake. You used to like seed-cake, Charles."

"And do yet," I replied, bringing her the plate from the tea-table.

"Do you know," she said, with an anxious puckering of her brows lest her mind might wander before she finished—she spoke always as if she were remembering something which she might forget—"Do you know, Charles, I—I suppose I have eaten *thousands* of seed-cakes, in my time."

"Ninety-one years of seed-cakes!" I murmured. "Ninety-one years, Aunt Sarah! How ever did you do it?"

"What are you saying, Charles?"

"I say, what is the secret of your eternal youth, Aunt Sarah?"

"Well, you see," she replied, "for one thing, my dear, I have never—*smoked.*"

She tipped back her head but laughter was a serious matter for my dear Aunt Sarah at ninety-one; vocally, at least, it was but the echo of what had once been silvery; it was more light than sound, an illumination rather than a peal of bells.

"And a moderate drinker," I suggested.

"Always, Charles," she assured me, shaking like a leaf in our little gale; "always, from the very first."

She lay back resting, regarding me thoughtfully with eyes that were still very blue and steadfast for ninety-one. It was her pride that she wore no glasses except for reading. Like her hands, her face was not sadly wrinkled: it was of a lily's whiteness, and it was like a lily in its frailty, and in the satin softness of the cheeks. Marking its sweetness, I wondered less at her lovely conquest of Father Time, and wondered more that, whatever blandishments forced the old fellow to lean so leisurely upon his scythe, they had never been lavished on younger and mortal suitors, for my Great-aunt Sarah had been born an Armstrong, and an Armstrong she would die.

"You are your father's boy," she told me, patting my hand. "You have his hair, and you have his eyes. Your father was a very noble and charming gentleman, though I 'm sorry to say he was

a little—just a little *flirtatious,* my dear."

"Oh!" I protested, though I suspected that my Great-aunt Sarah was not so shocked as she appeared. There was that in her eyes which belied her words, and she added with a most insinuating air:

"Now, *you,* dear Charles—of course—are *never* flirtatious."

"Oh, no, dear Aunt. Never."

But she shook her head, and mimicked me.

"Oh, no, dear Aunt. *Never!*"

"Really, my dear Aunt," I assured her, earnestly—but leaning forward, she interposed in a confiding tone:

"We are quite secluded. Now don't be afraid, my child. Tell me—tell me the *last* one's name. Do."

"Oh, my!" I replied. "Why, my dear Aunt, I—"

"Fie, Charles!" she declared. "Why, I 'm old enough to be your—*mother!*" And she sank back delightedly among her pillows; but instantly was up again, patting my hand and whispering: "Your cheeks, my dear, are far, *far* franker than your words. Can it be possible—that her name is—*Crimson,* my love? Or *Scarlet?*"

At this sally my great-aunt laughed till I grew alarmed for her and brought her smelling-salts. Still she persisted.

"Well, her name," I confessed, "is Polly."

"*Is* Polly!" Aunt Sarah repeated. "Mercy me! is it possible that the—last one, dear Charles—still *exists?*"

"I am not a Bluebeard," I protested.

"Well, it 's more than I hoped for," she replied. "I was under the impression that there must have been a—a *tiff,* my dear; or—or that this must be an—an *interim,* you understand, between the last one and the one-to-be."

"But why?" I inquired.

"To what else," she replied slyly, "dared I attribute the—honor of this rare visit—to your old aunty?"

"Why," I explained, and as gallantly as possible in the face of the year that had intervened since my previous call, "I came—why, because I wanted to, Aunt Sarah."

"But you were going to tell me—how you fell in love—the *last* time, dear."

"Oh," I replied, "it was very simple."

"Shocking, did you say, Charles?"

"No, I said *simple,* Aunty."

"Impossible!" she declared. "Love, my child, is *never* simple. Oh, I 'm sure—I 'm sure it must have been a—a most *complex* affair! You see I—I know a great deal about such things, my dear—and they are almost always *very* complex, and *mysterious*—to those concerned."

And my Great-aunt Sarah nodded very sagely, and went on patting my hand and talking.

"You see, Charles, I 've known many such—affairs—oh, a *great* many, my dear, in the course of my lifetime; for a good many people can fall in love—and fall out again—in ninety-one years."

I agreed heartily.

"And the remarkable thing about all these affairs," my aunt continued, "was this, Charles—that each—and every one of them, my dear,—was the most—the most complex, and—and mysterious—and unique—and *holy,* my dear—that ever happened!" She smiled demurely. "Though I confess, dear Charles, that they appeared very—*similar,* to me. Oh, yes," she went on when she had recovered a little, "I know all about it, my child. Young love—may be very beautiful, my dear—in spite of the Major."

"And what does he say?" I inquired.

"Poor dear!" she replied. "He does n't say anything—any more."

"Dead, is he, Aunt Sarah?"

"Oh, quite, my dear. Dead these twenty years and more."

"What *did* he say, then?"

"Oh, he—he said that young love—now you must n't mind what a poor, dear, dead major said, my dear—he said it was *sappy.* But you have n't told me about your little—your little Chloë. Come!"

"Polly, you mean, Aunt. But it 's such a long story," I protested.

"Ah, I told you! I told you it was complex, my dear. Still—even a—even a *synopsis* would be very welcome."

"Aunt Sarah," I said, "I believe you are codding me."

"Eh—what, my dear?"

"Teasing me, Aunt."

"Oh, my child," she protested, "not for the world! You see, I *know.* Love is too serious a matter—oh, *far* too serious—to jest with—unless—unless one

has really been very much in earnest about it—at some time or other."

"I 'm afraid, Aunt, I don't comprehend you."

"Have patience," she replied. "You 'll know in time, Charles. Wait till you 're ninety-one."

"I shall never be ninety-one, Aunt Sarah."

"And why not, my dear?"

"Because," I explained, "I am not so temperate as my beloved aunt."

"But the good," she replied, "die young, they say. I fear—oh, I fear I have been very wicked, Charles—to have lived so long."

"You!" I cried.

"It would seem so," was her rueful answer; but she brightened instantly. "Not half—oh, not half so wicked, my dear—as I might have been!"

My great-aunt said this with the drollest air that could be imagined, and cast down her eyes.

"Indeed!" I said. "And how was that, Aunty?"

"Fie!" she replied. "Do you think I 'd be telling, at *my* age?—to *your* age, my dear? If you were ninety-one, now—"

"You think," I said, "that I would be more discreet at ninety-one?"

"Fiddlesticks!" was her answer. "Not at all, my dear Charles. What does a man know—what does a man *ever* know—about discretion? Oh, it 's a purely feminine trait, I assure you. But you see, child, at ninety-one—at ninety-one you would be old enough to know the—the *comedy* of life, my dear. Young folks *think* they know it,—dear, dear, yes!—and they think that old age is busy with the—the *tragedy* of life, my dear; but you take my—"

She was now quite breathless, and painfully anxious lest she lose the thread.

"Oh, my child," she went on, smiling and nodding at me, "a person of ninety-one, my dear, may laugh at what a—at what a younger must not even—smile at—dear, no!—must not even *think* of smiling at!"

She sank back, laughing, among her pillows.

"I confess, Aunt, I never thought of old age seeing the comedy of life," I said.

"Of course not," she replied. "What can *you* be expected to know of old age, my child? But you have n't—you have n't told me of your—Amaryllis."

"Polly you mean, Aunt."

"Oh, it 's quite the same thing," she assured me. "Polly—or Amaryllis—or Mary Ann—the name does n't matter. Is she dark or fair? Not that *that* matters, either."

"It does to me," I protested.

"Oh, yes, to you," replied my aunt. "To me, it 's nothing. Blonde or brunette, the story 's the same, Charles. I know it already."

"Indeed!" I remarked. "Has Sis been tattling?"

"Oh, not a word," she assured me. "Not a syllable have I heard from a living soul," and leaning forward, she suddenly placed her cold hand upon my own. "The *dead* have told me," she whispered, and fell back laughing in her chair.

"My, you startled me!" I cried. "Aunt Sarah, I believe you 're in league with the—"

"Sh!" she whispered. "I have met the gentleman. He 's *very* polite."

"I believe, Aunt Sarah, you 're gifted with second sight."

"Oh, not at all, my dear. I loathe conjury."

"But," I protested, "you say the dead—"

"It 's only a—it 's only a way of speaking, my dear Charles. One knows—oh!—almost everything *worth* knowing, my child—at ninety-one. One knows life, I mean—and love—dear, yes! Why, even *your* love-story, my dear, secret, and strange, and—wonderful though it is—is not past the finding out—at ninety-one—if one searches—here."

And with the prettiest gesture of pride and shyness, my dear Aunt Sarah laid her white hand upon her heart, and fell back smiling. We were both silent. Her eyes were upon me, but I rather fancied that it was not I she saw there, holding her hand.

"Early love," she said at last, leaning forward again, "is not cherished as it—as it used to be. Ah, no! Why, when I was a girl, such things were taken very seriously, dear Charles—believe me. And it was not in the least uncommon to re-

main constant to a young—attachment, my dear—to the exclusion of all later opportunities. You remember the—touching romance of Washington Irving, whose sweetheart—died in the very flower of her youth. Well, there were women, too, my dear Charles—who could not forget."

She smiled scornfully.

"But all that," she declared, "is altered now. You speak of love—you moderns, my dear Charles—quite—oh, quite *scientifically*. Oh, dear, yes! Nowadays it 's much like *botany,* my child. Bless you, it 's all been analyzed—and classified—and labeled—and *pigeonholed,* my dear Charles—till what was once called love, even though it did come early—when I was a girl—and a very neat, pretty, old-fashioned flower we thought it, too—and worth the pressing, *some* of us believed—is now—" she paused for breath—"is now—how do you call it? Only a *phase,* my dear! Ay, that 's the word—that 's what you moderns call it—a *phase,* dear Charles. That is to say, something whose arrival—and especially whose *departure,* my dear—are quite—" my aunt pursed up her lips—"oh, quite too utterly—natural, my child—to take any notice of."

"Ah, no," I protested, thinking of Polly. "Some of us nowadays will be true till death."

She only smiled at me. I know that I was red.

"At any rate," I remarked, in defense of the moderns, "the Major did n't think much of early love, you remember."

"Ah, yes," she replied; "but the dear Major was a—a later arrival upon the scene." My aunt confessed this with what I imagined was the faintest shadow of a flush on her pale cheeks. "The Major was more of your—your modern school, dear Charles. He was not of my girlhood at all, although—although I was still very young to be sure. Not more than forty, dear Charles, when I met the Major—forty-five at the most."

"So young, my dear Aunt!"

"Oh, yes. And the Major was fifty if he was a day—and a most *persistent* man. Dear, dear! Yet, after all, to do him justice, one must admit—now that one thinks of it—that it may have been—that it was, in fact—well—rather to the Major's interest, dear Charles—to pooh-pooh—early attachments."

"I don't doubt that," I replied, beginning to suspect that I was beginning to understand.

"At least I—I inferred as much," said my Great-aunt Sarah, smiling suggestively.

"But early love," I remarked, and as carelessly as possible, "proved too much for the Major, after all."

My aunt did not hear me, so I ventured again, and distinctly enough.

"Early love," I repeated, "was too much for the Major."

"Oh, a *very* cool summer," she replied gravely.

"But the *spring* was warm, Aunt," I remarked slyly.

"Oh, yes," she assented, "it was a beautiful spring. The lilacs—those by the window—were overpowering. I had Maggie cut them. They went so to my poor—head."

I shook my own at her.

"That good old-fashioned, eternal spring, you mean, dear Aunty?"

"Ah, yes," she replied, her face as innocent as a lamb's; "you may well call it old-fashioned, my dear, though the lilacs never went to my head before."

We were both silent.

"Let me see, Charles," she began presently, "you are—how old, my dear?"

"Twenty-three," I said.

She repeated it vaguely.

"Twenty-three — twenty-three — why, when I was twenty-three—"

"Can you remember it?" I asked, for her mind was elsewhere.

"What are you saying, Charles?"

"Can you remember when you were twenty-three, Aunt Sarah?"

She may have heard me.

"Dear, dear," she said, "you never saw any one laugh so heartily."

"At what, dear Aunt?"

"Why—surely—you must know *Pickwick,* my dear!"

"To be sure, Aunty; but who was it laughed at it?"

"Oh, did n't I tell you? Mr. Merrivale. Mr. Merrivale, of course. I remember his bringing us the book. It was just out, you know—oh, the very latest thing, my dear—and we read it aloud together. Think of it, my dear Charles:

we were the *only* persons in Lyme—who had read *Pickwick!*"

Never had I seen my dear Aunt Sarah in finer feather. She sat quite stiffly in her chair, pride in every feature, quavering in every accent of her voice, tremulous in the very laces about her head—pride sixty-eight years old, if I figure rightly, yet as fresh as ever.

"*There* was distinction for you, my dear," she said. "You did n't know it, did you? You did n't know that your Great-aunt Sarah—is one of Mr. Pickwick's—*oldest* friends."

She inclined her head.

"And who," I asked, when I had exhausted surprise and admiration, "was this Mr. Merrivale, dear Aunt?"

"A very noble young man, my dear—the one who presented us to Mr. Pickwick. He was of Hartford—of the Hartford of Mrs. Sigourney, you must know—and came sometimes to Lyme to visit us. He was tall and distinguished-looking—oh, a great beau, my dear Charles. *All* the young ladies were quite—quite *flustered,* my love—over Mr. Merrivale."

"And which one captured him?" I asked.

"Ah, that is a very difficult question, my dear—as to which one really and—truly captured him. He *married* Janey Black."

"Well, then," I said, "I don't see—"

"It 's a long story," my aunt interposed, "oh, far too long for an old lady out of breath—to tell. But the short of it is, that while he *married* Janey Black—of Norwich, he was—*in love,* my dear, with a girl of Lyme."

"So it was a marriage of convenience," I suggested.

"Well, it proved to be a marriage of—*in*convenience, my dear—though Janey was glad enough to have him, at first—oh, yes—you may be sure of that. But to tell the truth, he was *engaged*—secretly, you understand—to that girl in Lyme."

"The villain!" I said.

But my aunt laughed.

"You don't understand, my dear. He was engaged—oh, yes—but he was in a *dreadful* pet, you know—over—over something she had done to him. So he eloped with Janey."

"The fool!" said I.

"Tut!" said my aunt. "Strong language, my dear Charles. Janey was a belle."

"But," I protested—

"Ah, yes, I know, Charles; but, you see—you see this other little minx was—a shade too much of a—practical joker, my dear."

"And what did she do, Aunt Sarah?" I ventured to ask. Aunt Sarah laughed.

"It was very silly of her, of course—though I would n't give *that*—for a girl who could, and would n't—be silly, I mean—in a proper manner—at a proper time."

"She played some joke on him, you say, Aunt Sarah?"

"At a party, my dear—oh, a *great* occasion. The half of Connecticut was there. Well—between the dances, you are to understand—this little hussy—"

Here my aunt choked in a fit of merriment.

"The little baggage," she resumed, "inveigled poor Edgar—that 's Mr. Merrivale, you know—into a window—a *dark* window, my dear! Ah, yes!—and there—well—when he came out to dance with Janey (Janey, you know, was quite daft over poor Edgar—oh, yes,—and the minx knew it)—well, when he came out and danced with Janey, every one tittered—for there—there in his hair, my dear—which young men wore longer in those days—oh, not at all like this barbarous, prize-fighting fashion you moderns have—there, stuck fast in his curls, my dear, was a George-the-Fourth rose!"

My aunt's face was ominous.

"Now, a George-the-Fourth rose," she explained gravely, "meant *taken,* my dear, when I was a girl,—and every one saw it, and tittered—and Janey Black saw it in the midst of the dancing—saw it in a mirror, my dear—and *she* knew—what every one knew—that only *one* girl there wore George-the-Fourth roses."

"That Lyme girl," I said.

"Of course," said my aunt, "that naughty little snip of Lyme—and dearly she paid for it. He was *terribly* angry—oh, he could n't *bear* to be laughed at, poor dear—and that *very* same night—from that *very* same party—he eloped with Janey!"

My aunt shook with delight.

"But," said I, "think of the consequences! Think of that foolish, runaway

Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"WERE N'T FIFTY YEARS LONG ENOUGH TO TO *CAT* IN, MY LOVE?"

match, and its failure. You hinted at failure."

"Oh, yes," said my aunt, "they were *most* unhappy."

"And the girl," I went on. "Think of that girl, deserted, and humiliated, my dear aunt, for a silly jest. What ever became of her?"

"Oh," said my aunt, lightly, "she had time to repent: she never married."

"And so," I observed, "it was a tragedy for her as well."

"To be sure," said my aunt, coolly, "it was a tragedy for her; but only for a—well—not more than fifty years, I should think, my dear."

"Not more than fifty years!" I cried. "Good Lord, Aunt, that 's half a century! Think of a life *blasted* for half a century!"

"Tut!" said my aunt. "What 's half a century? She got over the trouble. Oh, she quite recovered. She outgrew it, my dear, and forever after—"

"Forever after! Forever after, my dear Aunt Sarah! Good heavens! how long did this lady live—forever after?"

"She 's still living, my child. As I say, she outgrew the tragedy, you see, and has lived on—oh, for well-nigh as many years as you are old, my dear—enjoying the humor of the thing."

"The humor of the thing!" I gasped. "The humor of the—"

"And why not?" asked my aunt, laughing. "Think of the comedy, my dear—one little red George-the-Fourth rose upsetting three lives! No, four, at the least—and how many more the dickens only knows, my love, for *I* don't."

I stared aghast at my Great-aunt Sarah, whose face was as soft and innocent as a child's, and with nothing ogreish whatever in those twinkling eyes.

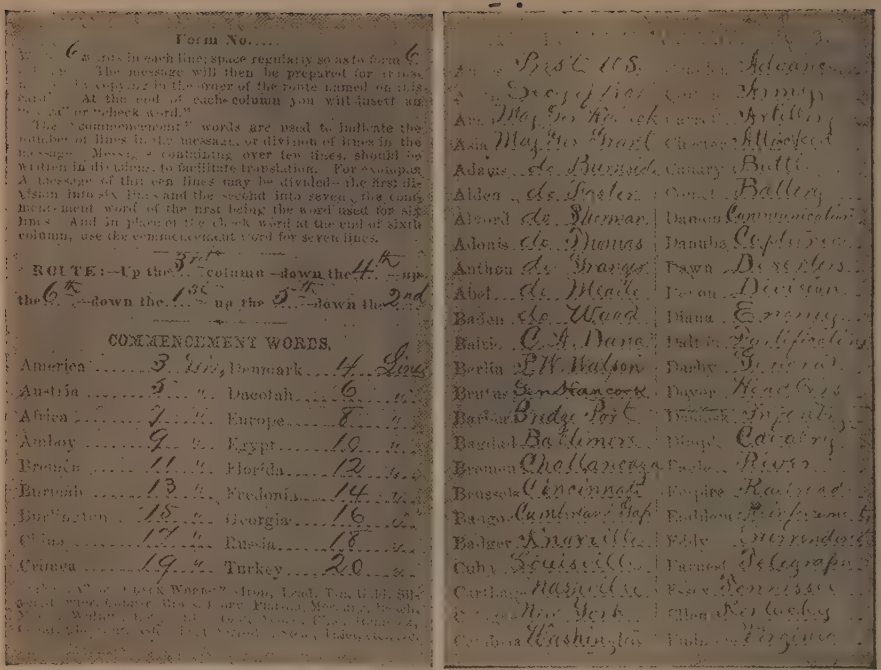
"Why," I gasped, thinking of Polly, "it seems a very singular point of view, dear Aunt, to say the least, to find a comedy in the wrecking of three or four human lives!"

"Highty-tighty!" she cried. "You have only to climb a great mountain, my dear, to see what a—what a little thing man appears—man and his troubles. Oh, mere specks in the valley, I assure you, my child. Wait—wait till *you 're* ninety-one."

"Good heavens!" I cried recklessly, still thinking of Polly, "if *that 's* being ninety-one, my dear Aunt, I 'll die young, thank you, while I 've still got a heart in me for suffering humanity."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said my aunt, airily. Then she shook her head sadly and reproachfully at me, and smiled. "And is youth less heartless, my dear," she inquired gently, plucking my sleeve, "when it begrudges to a poor old chair-ridden woman of ninety-one—a little good-humored smiling at the world she 's wept in—oh, years enough? Were n't fifty years long enough to—to *cry in,* my love?"

"My dear Aunt," I murmured, "I—I did n't understand."



Form No. .....

6 ... in each line, space regularly so as to form 6 ... The message will then be prepared for transmission ... in copies in the order of the route named on this ... At the end of each column you will insert any ... or check word."

"The 'commencement' words are used to indicate the number of lines in the message, or division of lines in the message. Messages containing over ten lines, should be written in divisions, to facilitate translation. For example: A message of thirteen lines may be divided—the first division into six lines and the second into seven, the commencement word of the first being the word used for six lines. And in place of the check word at the end of sixth column, use the commencement word for seven lines.

ROUTE:—Up the 3rd column—down the 4th—up the 6th—down the 1st—up the 5th—down the 2nd

COMMENCEMENT WORDS.

America	3	Denmark	14
Austria	5	Dacotah	6
Africa	7	Europe	8
Asiatic	9	Egypt	10
Bremen	11	Florida	12
Burmah	13	Fredonia	14
Burlington	15	Georgia	16
China	17	Russia	18
Crimea	19	Turkey	20

"Check Words" from Lead, Tom, Gold, Silver, Iron, Copper, Brass, Platina, Mercury, Steel, Water, Wood, Coal, Paper, Ink, Pen, Pencil, Slate, Chair, Table, Desk, Bench, Door, Window, Floor, Ceiling, Roof, Wall, Brick, Stone, Lime, Sand, Glass, Nail, Hammer, Saw, Plane, Axe, Hatchet, Auger, Bit, Gimlet, Screw, Screwdriver, Vise, Anvil, Bellows, Forge, Coal, Iron, Steel, Horseshoe, Nail, Rasp, File, Chisel, Punch, Rivet, Solder, Soldering Iron, Tinner's Shears, Sheet Iron, Sheet Tin, Sheet Copper, Sheet Zinc, Sheet Brass, Wire, Rod, Tube, Pipe, Elbow, Joint, Union, Coupling, Valve, Faucet, Cock, Gauge, Meter, Lever, Handle, Knob, Hinge, Lock, Key, Bolt, Latch, Chain, Rope, Cord, Twine, Thread, Needle, Pin, Button, Thimble, Scissors, Shears, Knife, Fork, Spoon, Plate, Cup, Saucer, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Cream, Milk, Butter, Bread, Meat, Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Ham, Bacon, Lard, Suet, Tallow, Candle, Lamp, Oil, Kerosene, Gasoline, Benzine, Alcohol, Turpentine, Varnish, Paint, Brush, Pencil, Crayon, Chalk, Blackboard, Eraser, Duster, Broom, Mop, Pail, Tub, Barrel, Keg, Box, Crate, Bale, Sack, Bag, Basket, Trunk, Valise, Satchel, Portmanteau, Carpet-bag, Umbrella, Cane, Whip, Spur, Saddle, Bridle, Harness, Collar, Hame, Trace, Whiffletree, Singletree, Doubletree, Evener, Neckyoke, Axle, Spindle, Hub, Spoke, Felloe, Tire, Rim, Wheel, Buggy, Carriage, Coach, Hack, Omnibus, Cab, Truck, Dray, Wagon, Cart, Sled, Sleigh, Toboggan, Snowshoe, Skate, Ski, Rudder, Tiller, Helm, Compass, Binnacle, Chronometer, Sextant, Quadrant, Telescope, Spyglass, Field-glass, Opera-glass, Microscope, Magnifying-glass, Burning-glass, Prism, Lens, Mirror, Reflector, Heliograph, Signal-lamp, Lantern, Torch, Rocket, Flare, Fuse, Gunpowder, Dynamite, Nitroglycerine, Gun-cotton, Fulminate, Percussion-cap, Cartridge, Shell, Shot, Ball, Bullet, Rifle, Musket, Carbine, Pistol, Revolver, Cannon, Howitzer, Mortar, Gatling, Mitrailleuse, Torpedo, Mine, Countermine, Sap, Trench, Parapet, Embrasure, Abatis, Chevaux-de-frise, Fraise, Palisade, Stockade, Redoubt, Fort, Citadel, Bastion, Curtain, Ravelin, Lunette, Counterscarp, Glacis, Moat, Drawbridge, Portcullis, Gate, Wicket, Sally-port, Barbette, Casemate, Magazine, Arsenal, Armory, Foundry, Machine-shop, Lathe, Planer, Drill, Boring-machine, Shaper, Grindstone, Emery-wheel, Polishing-wheel, Buffing-wheel, Vise, Clamp, Screw-plate, Tap, Die, Reamer, Gauge, Micrometer, Caliper, Square, Level, Plumb-line, Plumb-bob, Rule, Yardstick, Measuring-tape, Chain, Transit, Theodolite, Sextant, Quadrant, Telescope, Field-glass, Opera-glass, Microscope, Magnifying-glass, Burning-glass, Prism, Lens, Mirror, Reflector, Heliograph, Signal-lamp, Lantern, Torch, Rocket, Flare, Fuse, Gunpowder, Dynamite, Nitroglycerine, Gun-cotton, Fulminate, Percussion-cap, Cartridge, Shell, Shot, Ball, Bullet, Rifle, Musket, Carbine, Pistol, Revolver, Cannon, Howitzer, Mortar, Gatling, Mitrailleuse, Torpedo, Mine, Countermine, Sap, Trench, Parapet, Embrasure, Abatis, Chevaux-de-frise, Fraise, Palisade, Stockade, Redoubt, Fort, Citadel, Bastion, Curtain, Ravelin, Lunette, Counterscarp, Glacis, Moat, Drawbridge, Portcullis, Gate, Wicket, Sally-port, Barbette, Casemate, Magazine, Arsenal, Armory, Foundry, Machine-shop, Lathe, Planer, Drill, Boring-machine, Shaper, Grindstone, Emery-wheel, Polishing-wheel, Buffing-wheel, Vise, Clamp, Screw-plate, Tap, Die, Reamer, Gauge, Micrometer, Caliper, Square, Level, Plumb-line, Plumb-bob, Rule, Yardstick, Measuring-tape, Chain, Transit, Theodolite

Asia Magnolia Adams Alabama Alden Alvord Adonis Anthon Abet Baden Baltic Berlin Brutus Barbara Baghdad Bremen Brussels Bengal Badger Cuba Carthage

Adelaide Army Artillery Artificer Battle Battery Commissioner Captain Dessert Division Engineer Engineering Fortification General Cavalry River Railroad Engineer Infantry Calvary Telegraph Tennessee Nebraska Virginia

FACSIMILE OF THE TELEGRAPHIC CIPHER-CODE USED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IN 1861

The original of this card-form was devised by General Anson Stager, and the arrangement as above was made by Cipher-operator Charles A. Tinker. (Copyright, 1907, by Charles A. Tinker.)

any one else excepting a shrewd cipher-operator.

The book from which these two pages were taken was the last in the War Department series, having been sent to Beckwith on March 23, 1865, and it was this cipher that he used for Lincoln's despatches during his two weeks' stay at City Point and Richmond, March 25 to April 6, 1865, after which time none of the President's telegrams was put in cipher. In fact, after the surrender of Lee's army, Lincoln sent very few telegrams, the occasion for direct communication between the Executive Department and the generals at the front having largely passed away. The only ones of record he did send are one to Governor Pierpont, Alexandria; one to General Gordon, Norfolk; and two to General Weitzel, Richmond, all relating to the proposed assembling of the Virginia legislature. For these reasons Beckwith's cipher-book is of historic interest.

EXTEMPORIZED CIPHERS

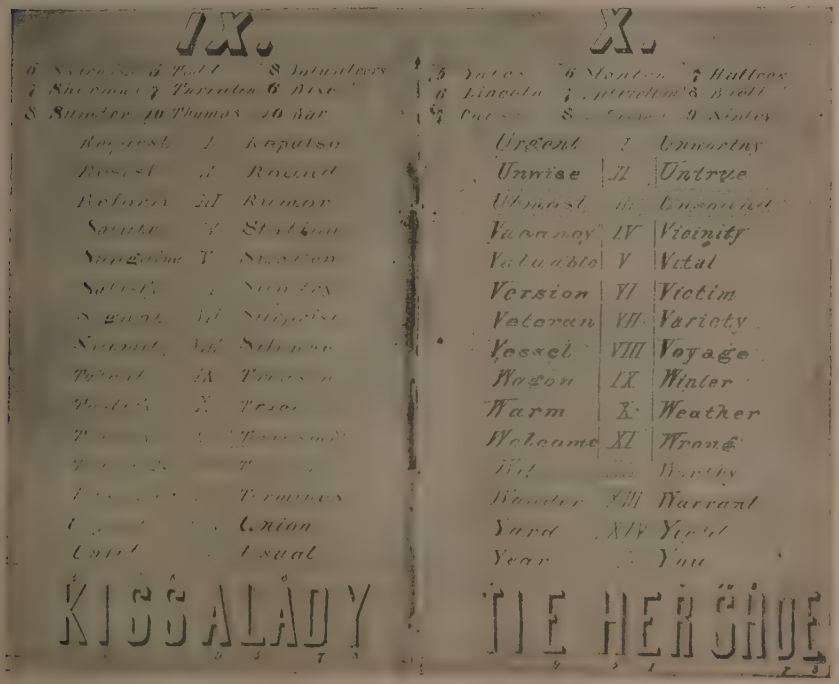
During Burnside's Fredericksburg campaign in 1862, the War Department operators discovered indication of an interloper on the wire leading to his headquarters at Acquia Creek. These indications consisted of an occasional irregular opening and closing of the circuit and once in a while strange signals, which were evidently not made by any of our own operators. It is proper to note that the characteristics of each Morse operator's sending are just as pronounced and as easily recognized as are the characteristics of ordinary handwriting, so that when a message is being transmitted over a wire, the identity of the sender may readily be known to any other operator within hearing who has ever worked with the sender of such signals. A somewhat similar means of personal identification occurs every day in the use of the telephone.

At the time referred to, therefore, we

were certain that our wire had been tapped at an unguarded point. In some way or other the Confederate learned that we suspected his presence on the wire, and he then disclosed to us the fact that he was from Lee's army and had been on our wire for several days, and that, having learned all that he wanted to know, he was then about to cut and run. We gossiped with him for a while and then ceased to hear his signals and knew, or believed, that he had gone.

Meanwhile, we had taken measures to discover his whereabouts by sending out linemen to patrol the line; but his tracks were well concealed, and it was only after the intruder had left that we found the place where our wire had been tapped. He had made the secret connection by means of fine silk-covered magnet wire, so-called, in such a manner as to conceal the joint almost entirely. Meantime, Burnside's operator was temporarily absent from his post, and we were obliged to have recourse to a crude plan for concealing the text of telegrams to the Army of the Potomac, which we had followed on other somewhat similar occasions when we believed the addressee or operator at the distant point (not provided with the cipher-key) was particularly keen and alert. This plan consisted primarily of sending the message backward, the individual words being misspelled and otherwise garbled. We had practised on one or two despatches to Burnside before the Confederate operator was discovered to be on the wire, and we were pleased to get his prompt answers, couched also in the same outlandish language, which was, however, intelligible to us after a short study of the text in each case. The general and ourselves soon became quite expert in this home-made cipher game, as we all strove hard to clothe the despatches in strange, uncouth garb.

In order to deceive the Confederate



FACSIMILE OF TWO PAGES OF THE LAST CIPHER BOOK IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT SERIES, HERE PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME

The original is in the handwriting of Captain Samuel H. Beckwith, General Grant's cipher-operator, and was used in transmitting Lincoln's telegrams to and from City Point and Richmond, March 25 to April 6, 1865.

CHARLES ALMERIN TINKER, CIPHER-OPERATOR, WAR DEPARTMENT TELEGRAPH OFFICE, 1861-1869

From a photograph by Chandler, St. Albans, Vt.

DAVID HOMER BATES, MANAGER AND CIPHER-OPERATOR, WAR DEPARTMENT TELEGRAPH OFFICE, 1861-1866

From a photograph by Hargrave, New York

From a photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

MAJOR ALBERT E. H. JOHNSON, CUSTODIAN OF MILITARY TELEGRAMS, WAR DEPARTMENT, 1862-1869

From a steel engraving by the Lewis Publishing Co.

ALBERT BROWN CHANDLER, CASHIER AND CIPHER-OPERATOR, WAR DEPARTMENT TELEGRAPH OFFICE, 1863-1866

operator, however, we sent to General Burnside a number of cipher-messages, easy of translation, and which contained all sorts of bogus information for the purpose of misleading the enemy. General Burnside or his operator at once surmised our purpose, and the general thereupon sent us in reply a lot of "balderdash," also calculated to deceive the uninitiated.

It was about this time that the following specially important despatch from Lincoln was filed for transmission:

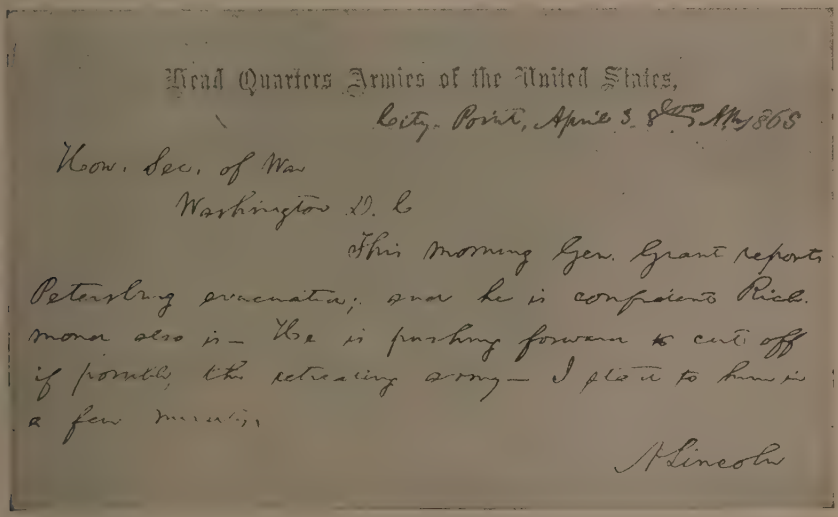
November 25, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE, Acquia Creek, Va.: If I should be in boat off Acquia Creek at dark to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, could you, without inconvenience, meet me and pass an hour or two with me.—*A. Lincoln.*

Although the Confederate operator had said good-by several days before the date of this message, we were not sure that he had actually left. We undertook therefore to put Lincoln's telegram in our home-made cipher, so that if the foreign operator were still on our wire, the message might not be readily made out by the enemy. At the same time extra precautions were taken by the Washington authorities to guard against any accident to the President while on the visit to General Burnside. No record is now found of the actual text of this cipher-despatch, as finally prepared for transmission, but going back over it word for word, I believe the following is so nearly like it as to be called a true copy:

Washington, D. C.,
November 25, 1862.

BURNSIDE, Acquia Creek: Can Inn Ale me withe 2 oar our Ann pas Ann me flesh ends N. V. Corn Inn out with U cud Inn heaven day nest Wed roe Moore Tom darkey hat Greek Why Hawk of abbott Inn B chewed I if.—*Bates.*


Head Quarters Armies of the United States,
City Point, April 3. 8th 5 Mby 1865
Hon. Sec. of War
Washington D. C
This morning Gen. Grant reports
Petersburg evacuated, and he is confident Richd.
mond also is— He is pushing forward to cut off
if possible the retreating army— I go to him in
a few minutes.
A Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S LAST CIPHER-DESPATCH, IN WHICH HE ANNOUNCED THE FALL OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND

By reading the above backward, observing the phonetics, and bearing in mind that flesh is the equivalent of meat, the real meaning is easily found. It cannot be said that this specimen exhibits specially clever work on the part of the War Department staff, nor is it likely that the Confederate operator, if he overheard its transmission, had much trouble in unraveling its meaning. As to this we can only conjecture.

Burnside readily translated this cryptogram, if it may be dignified with so high-sounding a name, and replied in similar gibberish that he would meet Lincoln at the place and time specified.

At that meeting on the steamer *Baltimore* was discussed the plan of a movement against Lee's intrenchments which was made three weeks later, and which resulted in our army being repulsed with the loss of many thousands of lives.

LINCOLN'S LAST CIPHER-DESPATCH

ANOTHER instance may be referred to in which a telegram from Lincoln was put into crude cipher form of the sort described above. On April 3, 1865, he wrote a despatch to the Secretary of War at Washington, which Grant's cipher-operator did not put in our regular cipher, but, instead, transmitted in the following form:

City Point, Va.,
8:30 A. M., April 3, 1865.

TINKER, War Department: A Lincoln its in fume a in hymn to start I army treating there possible if of cut too forward pushing is He is so all Richmond aunt confide is Andy evacuated Petersburg reports Grant morning this Washington Secretary War.—*Beckwith.*

The possible reason for adopting this crude form of cipher was to insure its reaching its destination without attracting the special attention of watchful operators on the route of the City Point, Washington wire, because at that crisis every one was on the *qui vive* for news from Grant's advancing army, and if the message had been sent in plain language, the important information it conveyed might have been overheard in its transmission and possibly have reached the general public in advance of its receipt by the War Department.

It is not necessary to give the translation of this cipher-message. To use a homely term, "Any one can read it with his eyes shut." In fact, the easiest way, perhaps, would be for one to shut the eyes and let some one else read it backward, not too slowly. The real wording then becomes plain.

This was the very last message written by Lincoln that was ever put into cipher form, all of his later despatches from City Point and Washington being sent in plain language.

CONFEDERATE CIPHER-DESPATCHES AND SECRET CODES

LINCOLN took a personal interest in our translation of the enemy's cipher-despatches, intercepted by us and brought to the War Department for translation, and whenever he saw the three of us with our heads together he knew we had something on hand of special interest. At such times his anxiety would lead him to ask whether there was anything of importance coming through the mill. One of these occasions was in 1863, during the siege of Vicksburg. General Grant's scouts captured several cipher-despatches from General Joe Johnston, addressed to General Pemberton. The letter inclosing one of them is as follows:

Hdqtrs. Dept. of the Tennessee,
Near Vicksburg, May 25th, 1863.
Col. J. C. Kelton, Asst. Adjt.-Gen.,
Washington, D. C.

COLONEL: Eight men with 200,000 percussion caps were arrested whilst attempting to get through our lines into Vicksburg. The inclosed cipher was found upon them. Having no one with me who has the ingenuity to translate it, I send it to Washington, hoping that some one there may be able to make it out. Should the meaning of this cipher be made out, I request a copy be sent to me.

Very respectfully,
U. S. Grant, Major-General.

INCLOSURE

Jackson, May 25th, 1863.

LIEUT. GENL PEMBERTON: My X A F V. U S L X was V V U F L S J P by the B R C Y A (I) J 200 000 V E G T. S U A J. N E R P. Z I F M It will be G F O E C S Z O (Q) D as they N T Y M N X. Bragg M J T P H I N Z G a Q R (K) C M K B S E When it D Z G J X I will Y O I G. A S. Q H Y. N I T W M do you Y T I A M the I I K M. V F V E Y. How and where is the J S Q M L G U G S F T V E. H B F Y is your R O E E L.

J. E. Johnston.

When General Grant's communication reached Washington, nearly a week after its date, it was at once turned over to the cipher-operators, who soon translated it almost verbatim, as follows:

Jackson, May 25th, 1863.

LIEUT.-GENERAL PEMBERTON, Vicksburg: My (last note) was returned by the bearer. 200,000 caps have been sent. It will be in-

creased as they arrive. Bragg is sending a division. When it comes I will move to you. What do you think the best route? How and where is the enemy encamped? What is your force?

J. E. Johnston.

At various other times our troops intercepted despatches, sent by one Confederate general to another, containing important information in cipher. As a rule, we were able to translate these ciphers after more or less labor. They were generally ordinary letter ciphers, the letters of the alphabet being transposed in various ways. For instance, the foregoing despatch from General Johnston of May 25, was put into a cipher the key-words of which were "Manchester Bluff." In arranging the message, Johnston wrote it out with the letters well spaced, and then on a line above he wrote in due order the letters forming the key-words "Manchester Bluff," repeating them as often as necessary to the end of his real message. Then, by means of an alphabet square, he found one by one the cipher letter for each real letter, thus: beginning with the first letter of the key-word, "M," on the top line of the alphabet square, he ran down the "M" column until he came to the first letter of his real message, then turning to the left or right, as prearranged, he found the end letter (in the A or Z column of that line), and took that end letter as the first for his cipher-despatch; and so on until all the letters had thus been couched in cipher. The reverse method would, of course, be followed by the addressee.

In translating Johnston's despatch we did not have any key-words to guide us, but guessed at the meaning, trying first one word and then another until by analogy we had worked out the entire message. Years afterward (1884), the War Department Record Office published our translation, together with a true copy of the despatch in connection with the key-words as above.[1] The official copy is the same as our translation, with two or three slight differences.

In other instances the Confederates did not use the alphabet square, with a key-word, but adopted the "Slater" code method of going ahead or back in the regular alphabet a certain number of letters, as prearranged. This plan was followed by Johnston in another despatch to Pemberton, dated June 30, 1863, only four days before the surrender of Vicksburg, which was captured by Grant's scouts on the day of its date, and deciphered by Michael Mason of Waterhouse's Chicago Battery. My record does not show just what method was used by Mason in deciphering this despatch.

In the waistcoat pocket of John Wilkes Booth, when his body was searched after he was shot, was found a copy of an alphabet square exactly like the one used by Johnston and other Southern commanders, and another copy was found in his trunk at the National Hotel, Washington, where he last roomed before the tragedy. In my war diary is this entry:

May 20, 1865.

I was subpœnaed to-day as a witness in the trial of Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Atzerodt, and other conspirators, but did not testify. Presume I will be called next week. My testimony is for the purpose of identifying the Cipher Code found on Booth's body with that used by Jeff Davis and the rebel generals.

In this connection let us refer to the official report of the trial of the conspirators in May and June, 1865, compiled by Benn Pitman. On pages 41 and 42 is given the testimony of Lieut. W. H. Terry, Wm. Eaton, Charles Duell, Colonel Jos. H. Taylor, Assistant-Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, and General Thomas T. Eckert, chief of U. S. Military Telegraphs, which, taken altogether, prove conclusively that the alphabet square cipher, at least three copies of which were in the possession of Booth and his co-conspirators,[2] was identical with

[1] See Official Records, Union and Confederate Armies, Vol. XXIV. Part 1, pp. 39–40.

[2] Duell identified at the trial a cipher letter dated Washington, D. C., April 15, written by one of Booth's band to another one in North Carolina, to whom had evidently been assigned the task of assassinating General Sherman. Duell testified that he had found this letter at Morehead City, North Carolina, and that with the help of a friend he had deciphered it by means of the alphabet square.

The following is a copy of Duell's translation of the above-mentioned letter, with important parts omitted:

Washington, D. C. April 15, 1865.

JOHN W. WISE.

Dear John: I am happy to inform you that Pet has done his work well. He is safe and old Abe

the cipher-key found by Mr. Dana in the office of Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State at Richmond, on April 6, 1865, three days after its evacuation. That evidence also shows that the same cipher-key was used in 1864 (and no doubt at many other times) for official despatches between President Davis and Secretary of State Benjamin at Richmond, and the Confederate agents, Thompson, Clay, Holcombe, and Sanders in Canada. It is inconceivable that Booth was not supplied with this cipher-code by the Confederate government.

A "DOUBLE-DYED" SPY

In order to keep itself informed upon political and military matters in the North, that Government employed agents, with headquarters in Canada,[1] who maintained secret communication with Richmond, chiefly by means of spies, who went through our lines to and fro in the performance of their very dangerous task. One of these messengers was also in the service of our Government, and as he passed through Washington on his way north or south, he found it necessary to rest and recuperate for a few hours, during which interval he would communicate with Major Eckert, and allow him to inspect his budget, which was always in cipher, and which, on his northward trip, was usually addressed to Jacob Thompson, one of the Confederate agents at Clifton, Ontario. Two extracts from my war diary will suffice to show the situation:

Sunday, October 16, 1864.

A rebel cipher, dated Clifton, Canada, October 13, was brought to the War Department to-day from Jake Thompson in Canada, addressed to Jeff Davis, Richmond.

Thompson says that Washington is sufficiently garrisoned to resist any attack until reinforced; that the re-election of Lincoln is almost certain and he urges upon Davis the necessity for the South gaining advantages over the Northern armies.

Sunday, October 23, 1864.

The rebel cipher intercepted on October 16th has been to Richmond and a reply from Jeff Davis, dated October 19th, returned, the carrier very kindly traveling via Washington and allowing us to make a copy of his precious document. Davis says Longstreet will soon attack Sheridan and then move north as far as practicable, toward unprotected points.

(Note—This was done last Wednesday, but instead of moving north, the enemy was compelled to retreat south.)

Davis adds that a blow will soon be struck near Richmond on Grant's army, that it is not quite time.[2]

The movement by the enemy promised by Davis was at first successful, our army being forced back, losing many guns, with "Sheridan twenty miles away," on his return from a visit to Washington. A special train hurried him to the front, and he then made that John Gilpin ride celebrated by T. Buchanan Read in his stirring poem, and the reorganized Union forces routed the enemy, who were commanded by Jubal Early.

As indicated in my diary, these two cipher-despatches were promptly translated by the War Department cipher-operators, and their contents proved of much interest to Lincoln, who always kept close tally on the movements, to and fro, of this messenger, who must have been possessed of great courage, intelligence, and ability, to have secured and held such a responsible and confidential position with both governments.

One of the later Confederate cipher-despatches was from Clement C. Clay, one of Thompson's associates in Canada, and the accommodating messenger allowed us to take a copy. It was addressed to Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State,

is in hell. Now sir, all eyes are on you. You must bring Sherman, Grant is in the hands of old Gray ere this. Red Shoes showed lack of nerve in Seward's case but fell back in good order. Johnson must come Old Crook has him in charge . . . Old ——— always behind lost the pop at City Point . . . Number Two will give you this . . . (signed) *Number Five.*

Duell in his testimony said:

"In making the translation I had the assistance of a gentleman in North Carolina who told me he had seen the Cipher *Box*. We first supposed by its beginning with a W that it was dated Wilmington. The first evening we tried it with Wilmington but could not make out anything. The next evening we tried the words *Washington* and *April*, and made an alphabet and stuck figures and characters under the letters of the alphabet, and, proceeding in that way, at length worked it out."

[1] A more detailed reference to this secret agency will be made in a subsequent chapter on "The Attempted Burning of New York City."

[2] Copies verbatim of the two despatches referred to may be found on page 41 of the "Trial of the Conspirators," compiled by Pitman, previously mentioned.

Richmond, and, like many others, was promptly translated by us. It was of special importance, and showed very clearly that the Confederate agents were using Canada as a rendezvous for raids into border towns and that the Canadian government officials were favoring these movements; at least secretly. Secretary Stanton directed the spy to be brought, and asked him one question only. Major Johnson, Stanton's confidential secretary, says he did not hear what that question was, but it was short, and when the man answered, in as brief a manner, the Secretary dismissed him, and turning to President Lincoln, said we should by all means retain the original document signed by Clay, for use as evidence in support of our demand upon Great Britain for heavy damages sustained by us, in consequence of the ready asylum that country was affording our enemies.

This occurred on a Sunday, and the President had come direct from Dr. Gurley's Presbyterian Church, where he had a pew, to the War Department, for conference over the matter. Stanton was for taking instant action and withholding Clay's despatch; but Assistant-Secretary Dana said we had better not break this important line of communication, as we should if we failed to allow the spy to carry the despatch to Richmond.

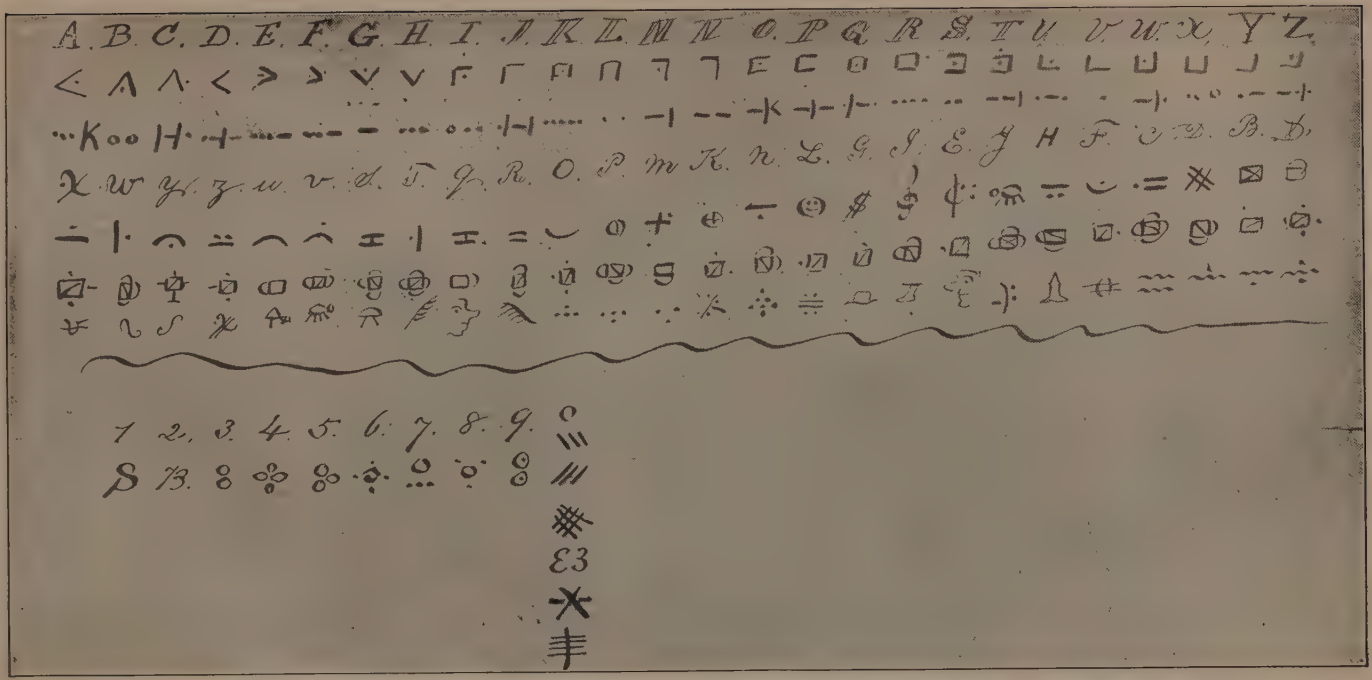
Lincoln, however, proposed a plan whereby two birds might be killed with one stone. He said: "Why not allow the messenger to depart as usual, and then capture him in Virginia somewhere, take the despatch from him, clap him in prison, and afterward let him escape?" This simple plan was adopted, and General Augur was directed to look out for a Confederate messenger on a certain road that night. The man was captured, his papers were seized, and he was put in the old Capitol Prison, from which he soon escaped after being fired on and wounded by the guard. A reward for his recapture was widely advertised in the newspapers, and when he reported back to Clay and Thompson, and glibly told his story and showed his wounds, his word was credited, and he resumed his double service, trusted even more fully than before.

The identity of this messenger was disclosed to the public on the trial of Mrs. Surratt, in May, 1865, when a certain witness gave important evidence against the conspirators, which served to show the great value placed by the Richmond government upon the services of Clay and Thompson in Canada, who were concerned in the scheme for setting fire to certain Northern cities, and also, it was believed, in the conspiracy to kidnap Lincoln.

Apropos of secret despatches carried through the lines, John H. Surratt, then about twenty years old, acted as a Confederate spy traveling between Washington and the enemy's boats on the lower Potomac, carrying his despatches "sometimes in the heel of his boots and sometimes between the planks of a buggy." He said that he never came across a more stupid set of detectives than those employed by the United States government, and that they seemed to have no idea whatever how to search him.

THE CIPHER USED BY THE CONFEDERATE AGENTS IN CANADA

On December 21, 1863, the War Department cipher-operators were called upon by Secretary Stanton to unravel a Confederate cipher-letter written in New York City by a man named J. H. Cammack, and inclosed in an envelop addressed to Alex. Keith, Jr., Halifax, Nova Scotia. The despatch itself, when we had translated it, was found to be intended for Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State, Richmond, Virginia. This cipher (see code on page 300) was wholly unlike any we had ever been called upon to translate, and the "Sacred Three" puzzled their brains for hours before they succeeded in making full sense out of the jargon, while the President hovered about us, anxious to know the sequel of our united cogitations. A few days later a second cipher was intercepted. This one was dated New York, Dec. 22, 1863, and was addressed in the inside to the Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, Secretary of War, Richmond. It was quickly deciphered, and proved to be even more important than the first one. The translations of the two despatches were as follows:



FACSIMILE OF THE CONFEDERATE CIPHER-CODE FOUND ON APRIL 6, 1865, BY CHARLES A. DANA, AMONG THE ARCHIVES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATE DEPARTMENT IN RICHMOND, HERE PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME

This cipher was used in the correspondence between the highest Confederate officials and the Confederate agents in Canada and New York City. The letters signed "J. H. C." on the next page, were written in a commingling of these six sets of hieroglyphics. From a consideration of such intricacy the reader may judge how remarkable was the feat of the cipher-operators in translating these despatches without any other clues than those derived from ingenuity and patience.

N. Y., Dec. 18, 1863.

HON. J. P. BENJAMIN, SECRETARY OF STATE, VA.:

Willis is here. The two steamers will leave here about Christmas. Lamar and Bowers left here via Bermuda two weeks ago. 12000 rifled muskets came duly to hand and were shipped to Halifax as instructed.

We will be able to seize the other two steamers as per programme. Trowbridge has followed the President's orders. We will have Briggs under arrest before this reaches you. Cost $2000. We want more money. How shall we draw. Bills all forwarded to Slidell and rects recd Write as before.

J. H. C.

The second cipher was prepared in the same way as the first, and its translation is as follows:

New York, Dec. 22, 1863.

Hon. Benj. H. Hill, Richmond, Va.

DEAR SIR: Say to Memminger [Secretary of the Treasury] that Hilton will have the machines all finished and dies all cut ready for shipping by the first of January. The engraving of the plate is superb.

They will be shipped via Halifax and all according to instructions.

The main part of the work has been under the immediate supervision of Hilton, who will act in good faith in consequence of the large amount he has and will receive. The work is beautifully done and the paper is superb. A part has been shipped and balance will be forwarded in a few days.

Send some one to Nassau to receive and take the machines and paper through Florida. Write me at Halifax. I leave first week in January. Should Goodman arrive at Nassau please send word by your agent that he is to await further instructions.

Yours truly,

J. H. C.

The man Cammack, who signed the two cipher-letters, made use of six different sets or alphabets of cryptograms, but made the error—fatal to his purpose—of confining himself, as to any given word, to one particular code or alphabet, instead of using the six sets of hieroglyphics interchangeably.

Our fortunate and prompt translation of these two important despatches resulted in an immediate visit of Assistant-Secretary Dana to New York for conference with General Dix, with the result that in less than a week six or eight of the conspirators were arrested, and a quantity of arms and ammunition was seized, which had been packed in hogsheads supposed to contain provisions, and which the cipher-despatches indicated were meant to be shipped on Atlantic liners, a number of the conspirators taking passage at the same time, their intention being suddenly to overpower the crew after sailing, and then use the vessel as a privateer or run the blockade with the cargo into a Southern port.

WHEN Richmond fell into our hands in April, 1865, Assistant-Secretary Charles A. Dana found among the Confederate archives, in addition to the alphabet square code used by Booth, a more complicated cipher-code identical with the key in the hands of Cammack, the Confederate agent in New York, and which was used by him in his two letters of December 18 and 22, 1863, last above referred to. A facsimile of the code is shown on the previous page. This special code was also used at times between Canada and Richmond for the important despatches from or to Jacob Thompson and his associates, notably the despatch herein referred to, dated October 13, 1864, from Thompson to Davis, and the latter's reply of October 19. The War Department operators, however, managed to decipher all these despatches without the aid of an official key.

Mr. Tinker has recently shown me a letter which he wrote to his mother on December 27, 1863, giving a full account of the translation of the two Confederate cipher-despatches of December 18 and 22, 1863, from which the following extract was taken:

"On December 21, after we had worked out the first rebel cipher-letter, it was found to be of such importance that a special cabinet meeting was called, and Asst.-Secretary of War, Chas. A. Dana, was sent by night train to New York to find and arrest the conspirators, which was soon accomplished. On December 24, the second rebel cipher was translated by us and proved to be almost as important as the first one. Secretary Stanton told Major Eckert he would n't give his cipher-operators for the whole clerical force of the Government. Asst.-Secretary of War Watson came into the cipher-room and congratulated us in person upon our mysterious success. He said he would like to make us

a Christmas gift, but could not do so because there was no appropriation for such a purpose, but we would all receive an addition to our pay from Dec. 1.

LINCOLN'S MEASURE OF A CAVALRYMAN

AMONG the last cipher-despatches with which Lincoln had to do, was one from Sheridan to Grant, about March 26, 1865. Sheridan, with his entire cavalry command, was finishing up his great raid from the Shenandoah Valley to join Grant's army on the James, his special object being to cut the railroad and canal to the west of Richmond and then strike to the north for the Pamunkey at White House. By the time he reached that point his horses would be in great need of forage and new shoes. Accordingly, Sheridan wrote a long despatch to Grant, telling him just when to expect him at White House, and asking him to direct General Ingalls, quartermaster, to meet him with plenty of forage for men and horses, and all the horse-shoers in the Army of the Potomac, with their kits. Sheridan then selected three of his best scouts, each taking a different route, one south of Richmond, one directly through that city, and the third to the north of Lee's army. Each man had a copy of the despatch to Grant, which Sheridan's expert cipher-operator, McCaine, had written in small but legible characters on tissue-paper. The copy was then rolled up, incased in tin-foil, and secreted on the scout's person, in one instance resting in front of his upper teeth.

Lincoln, with Mrs. Lincoln and Tad, had just reached City Point from Washington. The party had been supplied with tents close to the telegraph office, in charge of Beckwith, Grant's cipher-operator. The latter told the writer in November, 1906, that a few days after the President's arrival at Grant's headquarters, the flap of the telegraph tent was slowly turned back and there appeared at the opening a tall, slim, long-haired, typical Virginian, who quietly entered, and closed the flap, asking Beckwith, who was the only other occupant of the tent, if his name was Beckwith. Upon receiving an affirmative answer, the stranger, who was dressed in butternut clothing, soiled and worn and incredibly dusty, without further word took a small, round tinfoil-covered roll from his person, and handed it to Beckwith with the single word, "McCaine."

Beckwith grasped the meaning at once, and thinking to give the messenger a little pleasure in return for his faithful service, said: "You have risked your life in the cause. Would you not like to deliver this document direct to President Lincoln, who is now in the next tent?" The scout's eyes lighted up and he nodded assent. Beckwith then went into Lincoln's tent and told him there was a man in the telegraph office who had brought a cipher-despatch from Sheridan, and he thought it would be pleasant to have him deliver it direct to the President. Lincoln took in the situation, and returned with Beckwith to the other tent, and greeted the scout pleasantly. The latter then handed the cipher-roll to the President, who slowly and carefully unwound it and pressing out the tissue-sheet, glanced at it long enough to see that the despatch was in cipher. He then passed it over to Beckwith, remarking to the scout that he guessed this young man would have to do some work on it before it would be of any use.

The President then asked about Sheridan's whereabouts, and the route taken by the scout. The latter told where he had last seen Sheridan, when he received the little packet, and added that he was a native Virginian, and had been able to come through the city of Richmond without detection. After some further conversation and an expression of thanks from the President, the scout backed out of the tent and disappeared forever, so far as Beckwith knew. The other two scouts were never heard from, and were probably captured by the enemy. Sheridan's despatch was most welcome to Lincoln and Grant, and 20,000 horseshoes and other much needed supplies were soon on their way to the Pamunkey.

A few days later, Sheridan, with his chief of staff, Captain Forsyth, rode over from White House to City Point. Robert Lincoln informed his father, who was on the *River Queen,* that "Little Phil" had arrived. The President hastened ashore and went to Colonel Bowers's tent to express his personal congratulations to Sheridan, which he did in the most sin-

cere and graceful manner, winding up with this remark: "General Sheridan, when this peculiar war began I thought a cavalryman should be at least six feet four high; but," still holding Sheridan's hand in his earnest grasp and looking down upon the little general, he added, "I have changed my mind—five feet four will do on a pinch." Sheridan measured five feet four and a half, and at this time weighed only one hundred and forty-one pounds on the ground; but in the saddle "he weighed a ton," as his soldiers were wont to say. At the meeting with Lincoln he appeared without sword, sash, belt, or epaulets, and with his old brown slouch-hat in his hand.

LINCOLN'S "FAR SIGHT" AS TO ATLANTIC CABLES

In his Annual Message to Congress, December, 1863, Lincoln, after referring to the arrangements with the Czar of Russia for the construction of a line of telegraph from our Pacific coast through the empire of Russia to connect with European systems, urged upon Congress favorable consideration of the subject of an international telegraph (cable) across the Atlantic and a connection by telegraph and cable between Washington and our forts and ports along the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico. In the latter scheme he took a deep personal interest, and he had a number of conferences with Cyrus W. Field, the chief exponent of ocean cables.

My war diary refers to one of Field's visits to Washington, when Secretary Stanton assigned to me the duty of transcribing from dictation a memorial to the Government which Field was engaged in preparing. The latter was intensely interested in the subject, and being of an excitable nature, his words flowed from his lips in a rapid, intermittent stream, while his thoughts outran his spoken words ten to one, so that it was not long before I, not being a short-hand writer, was engulfed, and the result was, judging from my notes, that Field's memorial, like an ocean cable, was discernible only at its two ends, with here and there indications of a struggle and a splash. Several weary hours were spent in this way, and when at last some sort of order had been evolved out of seeming chaos and the memorial finally completed and signed, Field shot out of the door and rushed over to Stanton's room, waving the document as if it were a danger-signal, leaving me alone and in a semi-collapse. Drawing long breaths of relief at the removal of the tension, I returned to my regular cipher-work, resolved never again to act as an amanuensis for Cyrus W. Field.

Probably because of the very large expense involved and the fact that up to that time no long cables had been successfully laid, together with the difficulty of maintenance in working order free from injury by Confederate blockade-runners, Lincoln's cherished plan of a coast cable from Fort Monroe to New Orleans, was not adopted. Had we then known what we do now about cables, their construction, maintenance, protection, and operation, without doubt Cyrus Field's plan, which in its essentials was excellent and entirely feasible, would have been accepted and Lincoln's recommendation acted upon by Congress, and the war brought to a close months earlier. In this case Lincoln's "far sight," as in many other important matters, is now seen to have been prophetic and his broad views, which were further in advance of and more comprehensive than those of others of his time.

"CRAZYGRAMS"

On many occasions, telegrams from irresponsible persons were received at the War Department, generally addressed to the President, criticising the Administration or some of the generals in the army, and volunteering advice concerning political and military matters. One of these free-lance advisers, named Maxwell, a small dry-goods merchant, lived in Philadelphia, and scarcely a month passed in which he did not telegraph direct to the President. My memory recalls several of these telegrams. I will quote two as fair samples of many others.

During Burnside's unsuccessful campaign before Fredericksburg in 1862, there was a great deal of newspaper talk about certain of his generals, formerly under McClellan, being out of sympathy with and jealous of Burnside, and the court-martial of Fitz-John Porter, then in

progress, had as a basis for its charges the contention that Porter failed promptly to support Pope in August, 1862, because of his partizan friendship for McClellan. The President showed no surprise when he received the following telegram from his unknown adviser:

Philadelphia, December 19, 1862.
HIS EXCELLENCY A. LINCOLN, *President:*
Richmond campaign, Franklin remaining, foregone conclusion.
Robert A. Maxwell.

No reply was made to this foolish despatch, nor to several others which were afterward received from Maxwell; but at the time of the New York draft riots he sent the following:

Philadelphia, July 15, 1863.
A. LINCOLN, *President:*
Albert Gallatin Thorp, informed me that Seymour is well controlled beyond safe limits. Why hesitate?
Robt. A. Maxwell,
1032 Chestnut street.

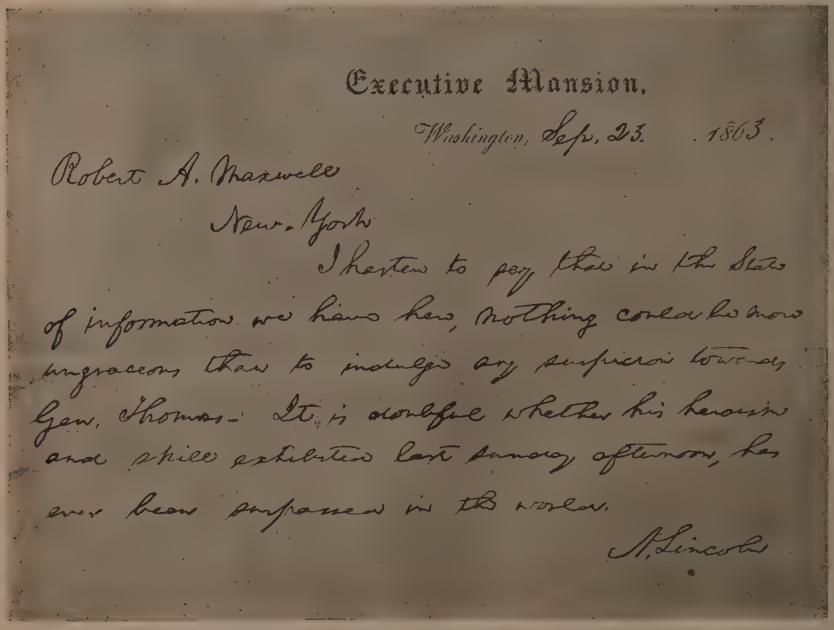
Washington, D. C., July 15, 1863.
ROBT. A. MAXWELL, Philadelphia:
Your despatch of to-day is received, but I do not understand it.
A. Lincoln.

Maxwell's despatch no doubt had reference to Governor Seymour of New York, who at that time—during the progress of the draft riots, which culminated on that day, July 15, 1863—was supposed, at least by the War Department officials, to be in close sympathy with the Confederate Government, and particularly with the efforts of their Northern agents, Jacob Thompson and others in Canada, to incite opposition in the North to the Administration at Washington, and to hinder the draft, then being enforced under Lincoln's proclamation of January 15, 1863, for 100,000 men, for six months' service.

The next Maxwell telegram of record was received nearly a year later, as follows:

New York City,
1.30 P.M., September 23, 1863.
HIS EXCELLENCY A. LINCOLN, *President:*
Will Buell's testamentary executor George Thomas ever let Rosecrans succeed? Is Bragg dumb enough to punish Thomas severely and disgracingly?
Robert A. Maxwell.

The President held this impertinent telegram until his evening visit to the War


Executive Mansion.

Washington, Sept. 23. 1863.

Robert A. Maxwell
New York

I hasten to say that in the State of information we have here, nothing could be more ungracious than to indulge any suspicion towards Gen. Thomas. It is doubtful whether his heroism and skill exhibited last Sunday afternoon, has ever been surpassed in the world.

A. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF THE TELEGRAM TO ROBERT A. MAXWELL, WHICH LINCOLN PREPARED FOR THE CIPHER-CODE, BUT SOON AFTER COUNTERMANDED

Department; meantime, no doubt, thinking that some defense of General Thomas by the Administration might serve to allay the already evident wide-spread distrust and anxiety, he wrote the following answer to Maxwell at the White House, brought it with him to the telegraph office, and handed it to Tinker, one of the cipher-operators, for transmission:

"Cipher"
Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.,
September 23, 1863.

ROBERT A. MAXWELL, New York: I hasten to say that in the state of information we have here, nothing could be more ungracious than to indulge any suspicion towards Gen. Thomas. It is doubtful whether his heroism and skill exhibited last Sunday afternoon has ever been surpassed in the world.

A. Lincoln.

But the message had been in Tinker's hands only a few minutes, when Lincoln came over to the cipher-desk and said: "I guess I will not send this; I can't afford to answer every crazy question asked me."

Thereafter, adopting Lincoln's description, we always referred to these officious despatches as "crazygrams." Tinker, of course, did not send the message which Lincoln had written, and deeming it of curious interest as a memento, preserved it carefully, with a copy of the message from Maxwell. Several years afterward, he met General Thomas in Washington, and thinking he would be especially gratified to see and possess the documents, he had the pleasure of delivering them into his own hands at Willard's Hotel, Washington, with a letter, of which the following is a copy:

May 27, 1867.

Major-General George H. Thomas,

GENERAL: I have had in my possession since the day it was written, a telegram penned by our late beloved President. Its history is this: Robert Maxwell, a quixotic individual, residing in Philadelphia, has, during the war, and since, humored a propensity for addressing dictatorial and sensational despatches to the President, his cabinet and prominent officials of the Government. By those who were familiar with his character, no consideration was accorded them. On receipt of one of these, a copy of which I inclose, the President wrote a reply, which he handed to me for transmission, but afterwards concluded not to send. I have preserved this precious autographic document, hoping some time to be honored with an opportunity to present it to you in person, to whom it justly belongs—a priceless tribute to a noble hero, whose dauntless courage on that fateful day saved the Army of the Cumberland.

Very Respectfully Yours,
Charles A. Tinker, Cipher-operator,
War Dept. Telegraph Office.

AN ATTEMPT TO BRIBE A CIPHER-OPERATOR

HAVING given the history of one of Lincoln's telegrams which he ordered withdrawn before it was transmitted, it may be well to refer to another telegram which he was asked a month later to send, but which was never even written.

In the summer of 1863, Mr. Richard O'Brien, one of the three operators who went to Washington with me in April, 1861, was stationed at Norfolk, Va., as chief operator. There still remained at Norfolk, which had fallen into our hands a year previously, a large number of Southern sympathizers. Dr. David M. Wright, a leading citizen of Norfolk, belonged to a coterie of former slave-owners, whose slaves had recently become free men under Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. This club met in secret, and among themselves and known friends freely denounced the Federal government, and on one occasion, hearing that negro troops were on their way to Norfolk, their fiery zeal led them to adopt a resolution which provided that one of their number should be chosen by lot to kill the commander of the first detachment of negro soldiers entering Norfolk. Dr. Wright received the fatal ballot, and patiently waited until his heroic opportunity, as he viewed it, should come. One day a colored company arrived. As they marched past the custom house, they were cheered by no outbursts of welcome, but were met by the cold, repellent gaze of many men, women, and children, among whom there were perhaps those who had once been owners of some of the negroes now marching past, wearing the blue uniform of the United States Army and bearing themselves well. Meantime word was signaled to Dr. Wright, who stationed himself in a convenient doorway, and, as the colored troops marched up the street, he came forward and began abusing one of the officers. Suddenly

the sound of a shot broke the silence, and Lieutenant Sanborn, from New England, a lad in years, but a man in heart and action, fell to the ground, killed by a shot fired by Wright, who was arrested with the still smoking revolver in his hands. The following telegram gives the facts:

Norfolk, July 11, 1863.
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX: Lieut. Anson L. Sanborn of the 1st Colored Regiment was shot at the head of his Company in Main Street this P.M., by Dr. Wright and died immediately. Dr. Wright is in jail, heavily ironed.

A. E. Bovay,
Major and Provost Marshal.

Dr. Wright was promptly tried by court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Richard O'Brien's younger brother, John Emmet O'Brien, was also employed as operator at Norfolk, and Dr. Wright had once attended him for a slight injury. He was therefore specially interested in the case. Dr. O'Brien (now and for many years a prominent physician of Scranton) says that Wright's brave and devoted daughter visited her father one evening and exchanged clothes with him, so that he walked out of prison past the guards, and might have escaped, had not an officer in the street, who had observed the masculine stride of the supposed woman, stopped him and sent him back to his cell.

Knowing Lincoln's merciful nature, numerous petitions were soon on their way to Washington, asking for the pardon or reprieve of Dr. Wright. One was signed by ninety-five "Citizens of Norfolk," and upon the receipt of which Lincoln sent the following telegram:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 3, 1863.
MAJOR GENERAL FOSTER, Fort Monroe: If Dr. Wright, on trial at Norfolk, has been or shall be convicted, send me a transcript of his trial and conviction, and do not let execution be done until my further order.

A. Lincoln.

General Foster answered the same day, stating that the trial had been concluded and that General Naglee had forwarded the proceedings to the President.

Meantime other petitions were received, urging that Dr. Wright be "restored to his home and family," and protesting that he was insane when he committed the deed. Dr. John P. Gray of Utica, a celebrated alienist, was selected to make an examination of Dr. Wright's mental condition, and on September 10, the President had a long interview with Dr. Gray, who left at once for Norfolk, with Lincoln's autograph letter of instructions in his pocket. Upon Dr. Gray's return with a report that he found no evidence of insanity, the President, having considered all the testimony, approved the sentence of the court and telegraphed General Foster as follows:

October 15, 1863.
Postpone the execution of Dr. Wright to Friday October 23 inst. This is intended for his preparation and is final.

A. Lincoln.

Still the friends of Dr. Wright did not give up all hope of executive clemency, but bombarded the President with telegrams and letters. The Confederate government was also besieged by some of the doctor's relatives in the South; but President Davis and Secretary of War Sedden both decided that they were powerless to help.[1]

Secretary Sedden's indorsement refers to the "natural indignation of Dr. Wright at the shameful spectacle [of the negro soldiers] and his prompt vindication of his honor," the latter phrase referring to a conversation between Wright and Lieut. Sanborn, who, it appears, had threatened to arrest Wright for his objectionable language. Of course Wright felt that his honor had been impugned when he was threatened with arrest by negro soldiers.

October 23 dawned, and still no telegram from the President. A few hours before the time for the execution, Richard O'Brien was approached by a man who offered $20,000 in gold if a forged telegram from the President were delivered, releasing Wright. My comrade refused the bribe, and General Foster telegraphed to General Halleck at 11:20 A.M., Oct. 23, 1863, "Dr. Wright was executed this morning."[2]

[1] Official records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Ser. 1, Vol. XXIX.

[2] A brief account of this tragic episode by Dr. O'Brien in a very interesting article, "Telegraphing in Battle," appeared in THE CENTURY for September, 1889.

THE UNITED STATES OF BASE-BALL

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

SHORTLY after that week of last October when the season's interest in base-ball came to its climax in the championship of the world (we call it that despite the fact that other nations do not play the game to speak of), the victorious White Sox paid a visit to a small town in Wisconsin. From October the eighth to the twentieth every American and his wife had been living on a base-ball world where the newspapers had little space for matters of state, and so when the heroes of it all were coming to a mere town, nothing else was talked of for days. When the town came to greet the players at the train, a little boy who had been brought to see them was much disappointed. He piped up, "Why, they 're only *men,* are n't they!"

This is fairly expressive of the status of the national game in America (by which we always mean the United States). For reasons indicated, base-ball is a subject difficult to approach in the truly academic spirit. The game might be considered from three separate standpoints,—as a matter of investment to the financier, and the policies of it; as a trade or profession, and the conditions under which the workman finds himself; and as a manly sport, as it affects the populace that supports it. But a man can hardly bring forth his facts from either entrance without causing happy throngs to exclaim for the first time, "Why, they 're only *hired men,* are n't they!" Whatever way you start in, the superficial facts want to create a wrong impression before you have brought them to analysis—and no man has a right to prick a bubble unless he is able to blow it up bigger and add a finer iridescence to it. It is not my intention, however, to coax facts into any figurative point of view of anything, but rather to consider the subject as a whole; and that—as it can only be seen —through the inner spirit and nature of it.

There are two sides to almost anything, and the national game is far from being an exception. From the standpoint of the base-ball enthusiast, "our town has a club in the league." From the standpoint of the professional player, the league has a club in each city. In the heart of the base-ball patriot, our club is a band of heroes going out to conquer other cities and uphold our honor; in the mind of the man with soul so dead, they are stock companies—properly financed. To the excited partizans at a game, each player is an earnest contestant for his side; to the man who is from foreign parts, it would be an important fact that they are hired men,—employees with salaries set by companies that all belong to the same corporation,—and that they get their pay for playing and not for winning. To the public it is a game; to the president of the company it may be a good or bad "performance."

To the base-ball "fan," those players are the free-handed knights of a democratic game in which city copes with city; to the player himself it has appeared that he is under an absolute despotism, a hierarchy called the National Board of Commission, and known as the supreme court of base-ball (because it has all the powers that the comparison implies). To the ardent admirer of this player or that, it might seem as if the player were master of his fate, free to enlist with any city that covets him; but to the hero himself it has seemed that he was the creature of authority, the servant of a something which can fine him and enforce the

From a photograph by Bellsmith, Cincinnati

JOHN E. BRUCE, SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL COMMISSION

From a photograph by G. H. Barnum, Cincinnati

AUGUST HERRMANN, CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL COMMISSION

From a photograph by Carl Horner, Boston

HARRY C. PULLIAM, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

From a photograph, copyright 1905, by E. Chickering & Co., Boston

B. B. JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

fine, which can "blackball" him and disbar him for life, and which, according to the regular courts, can "sell" him. It is not a mere monopoly or "trust," but base-ball law, and he may think betimes of the history of his guild with its fruitless strikes and its ill-starred trials of base-ball socialism. But to the vast majority of our citizens, this organization is the glorious United States of Base-Ball. Its nature, like that of everything that exactly fits the conditions, has been a gradual development, and its latest development, the National Commission, could not run things more to our liking.

All this is rather contradictory; but now it becomes paradoxical. As every one can see, a game which, like base-ball, does not rest its popularity on gambling, must be of such a nature that it can have purely sentimental interest. It requires that a man may be able to choose sides on patriotic principles, staking his local pride or his judgment on one side or the other; and this makes a fine sensitive demand that it be a "fair and square" enthusiastic contest. But here we have players who get their wages for playing, not merely for winning.

The American wants the best playing the "talent" affords, and as the best work is always done professionally, he must have professional players. At the same time he wants a really partizan contest, a battle between men who are so far removed from the desire for money that they would not win or lose for it. While the first requirement calls for a professional, the second calls for an amateur. He wants both at the same time; and how may this be?

Moreover, a team called after the name of any particular city has been recruited from any other cities whatever—under contract for a single season. Thus provincial pride would seem to disappear. New York's team would serve Chicago or Philadelphia quite as well with its name changed; and the same is true of the little towns. And yet it must appear to be a contest between cities. How may this be? How can a populace that likes to conceive base-ball in terms of cities be made to wait with bated breath for the fate of Cincinnati or Pittsburg or Boston?

The American public has shown a lack of interest whenever the dollar has shown its head anywhere but at the place of admission—the almighty dollar must stop at the gate. And yet the players have the natural openness to "more money," and the gamblers have not all been reformed as yet. How could the desires of such a contradictory people ever be fulfilled? That the problem has been encompassed in some way is proved by the fact that the game is such a "howling success."

It has been done by a sort of statesmanship which has made base-ball a government. Having to do with workmen and their wages, with gamblers who have tried to enter base-ball politics and accomplish its corruption, and with the populace when it is most enthusiastically disposed to be a mob and lynch umpires, it has provided for all emergencies by becoming what statesmen would call the Strong Government. Its senators are naturally the financial interests. Its unbounded success with the people is due to the fact that it governs firmly according to their real desires; and, strange to say, it has aroused no reformers to clamor against the oppression of workmen and to give awful pictures of the state of base-ball. I suppose if any one were to strain his imagination to that view of base-ball (as he might do regarding anything else on equal grounds), he would have the entire American public on his neck. And very rightly, too. A gang of young bloods from that part of Chicago which is under Federal Inspection will take the side of the White Sox so valiantly that it may be dangerous to say in their presence that the Cubs can play better ball. They are the earnest upholders of their part of Chicago, cheering and even fighting for the White Sox—a corporation. How may this be in these days of agitation? The fact is that base-ball is a government of the people as well as by the people—and please note the fine distinction instituting itself between those patriotic prepositions. The harmonizing of those contradictory interests of the public has been very astutely and honorably accomplished and approved with every man's pocket-book; and I purpose, with all respect to the Powers-that-be, to explain the nature of it—how they have achieved peace and patriotism in their realm. It has made

base-ball still more expressive of our modes of operation as a people. But first some superficial facts.

ITS SIZE

THE game as nationally organized, is divided into Major and Minor base-ball. This is a distinction which prevails between the players professionally and also between the financial promoters in their understandings with one another—it is both a professional and a commercial division. The two major leagues, the National and the American, are each an association of clubs (or properties, in the financial view) which employ the star players of the country, and handle them according to the business methods made necessary by metropolitan demands. On the other hand, the multitude of minor leagues, also composed of professional players, provide the best that can be afforded by crowds of the second and third magnitude. There are about thirty-three base-ball leagues, and altogether they furnish the regular series of games to 256 cities and towns in the United States and Canada—for Canada has become a part of us in this respect, and crosses our borders regularly to give us pitched battles. A season's pay-roll for these players amounts approximately to $4,000,000

Taking the "Cubs," the Chicago team of the National League, for example, the pay-roll necessary to keep an effective nine on the diamond during the last season amounted to $60,000, and the railroad and hotel expenses and other outlay to $200,000. For this expenditure the Chicago team entertained people to the extent of half a million admissions in its league "circuit" last summer. There are eleven cities that are of major-league size. Both of the two major leagues, with eight clubs apiece, engage themselves between these eleven cities. Five cities have a club in each of the major leagues, the ones being Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Boston. Those that have only one major club, in one league or the other, are Cleveland, Detroit, Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and Brooklyn.

A club contests only with clubs of its own league; and at the end of the season the pennant winners of each of the two major leagues match skill for the championship of the world. To a certain extent base-ball is conceived in terms of cities, and with considerable local patriotism, so it will be seen that a baseballist who lives in one of the larger cities has given two hostages to fortune. The smaller city, with only one club, is probably more intensely patriotic, more solicitous. But everybody watches the "score" of all of them, and in truth it is one big national contest. In effect, it is a single continuous game being played out through the summer in a series of contests, with varying fortunes between the cities. And in the autumn it usually ends in a "hot finish." The teams are seldom spoken of by their official names, but are fondly dubbed the Cardinals, the Red Stockings, the White Sox, and such. The New York Giants and the Pittsburg Pirates are among the best-paid teams in the country.

As to the minor leagues (really the major part of professional base-ball), some conception of their extent may be gathered from the fact that during the past year J. H. Farrell, Secretary of the National Association of Minor Leagues, had in his office at Auburn, New York, more than 4,000 contracts with base-ball players. These league territories, or circuits, fall a little short of the number of States, and have small regard for the work of the other map-makers. They overlap one another and extend over into Canada, ignoring all political distinctions. It is essentially national, on a basis of cities. Towns big and little yearn for the championship of their class and section, and so every town of any size and spirit must be in the campaign for itself. In each of these groups there is the summer-long, progressive contest, and the effect of this sentimental suspense is to roll up interest into a fervor which explodes in victory for "our club." And all the while our brass band has much to do. Its noblest function is to escort the conquering heroes to the train or to receive the foe. And while these local campaigns are progressing in the national war, the big metropolitan cities are engaged in taking on somebody of their own size, crossing half the continent to do battle until each has met the other in

a series. These are major and minor base-ball.

This base-ball world is all bound together by contract obligations—men to their clubs, clubs to their leagues, and leagues to one another, making a base-ball confederation; and at the head of it is that arbiter and supreme authority, the National Board of Commission. This "august body," as the president of a major league team expressed it to me, is the court of last resort. It keeps the whole weight of national law and penalty impending over each league and team; it rules everybody down to the player himself, and as there are few regular jobs at base-ball outside of its jurisdiction, it opens but one door of success—obedience to the laws of the Government.

The influence of the Board of Commission is both direct and indirect. As players have obligations to their teams, teams to their leagues, and leagues to one another, the Commission has final authority in all disputes concerning contract obligations or the disposal of players; and it settles all disputes that assume sufficient importance to be laid before it. Nominally it has power only between the leagues, as has the Supreme Court between States; but as anything of a local nature may be carried up into matters of national concern, it can be seen how this authority, ruling the whole base-ball world, makes the small every-day laws more inescapable. Thus base-ball is sufficiently like that system which we use to keep ourselves under control. Base-ball confederation was a growth of thirty-five years, and the Commission was created in 1902; so it is only recently that base-ball reached its culmination as a government, and put in the keystone of authority.

The foregoing is, as I said, merely a matter of facts and figures, the superficial view of things as they now appear. And it will be observed that I have been very shifty in my point of view, sometimes regarding a club as a financial enterprise, again speaking of the game as if it were purely a matter of emulation between enthusiastic cities, and yet looking upon this whole corporation as a government—as if the financial "magnates" of it had the divine rights that are derived from a responsibility for the general welfare. But this only illustrates something else about base-ball, and leads us now to the deeper nature of it.

The form of organization and the method of operation of the game are purely financial. The delegates to legislative conventions are elected and the supreme Commission appointed not by the players of base-ball, but by the financial backers themselves. This does not, on the face of it, look very democratic. The organization divides the players into classes A and B, and pays them accordingly; the salaries are set according to those classifications, and that is a part of the law. What, then, is the motive of that organization? Is that purely financial, too? Is that the whole spring and purpose of the combination? What relation does this plutocratic form of control bear to *our* interests in the national game? A player may not leave his club, his employers, and go with others even for a higher salary. They dare not lure him away with a higher salary or in any other way. If he breaks his contract and goes, both he and the other club are "outlaws": they are tabooed. Even when his legal contract is fulfilled at the end of the season, he cannot go to another major league except with the consent of all the "cities" (which is to say, club-owners) of his own league. They can keep him indefinitely, not merely by legal, but by their own power. If the club is sold, the regular courts have decided that he goes along—by virtue of his contract with the "club." The organization being wide-spread throughout the country, its powers are absolute. Would not any other employer so outwardly monopolistic have been the object of attack by reformers long ago? And can it be that this is a trust which is untampered with simply because the public would rise as one man if any one interfered with those games between the "cities"? Is this a trust pure and simple?

No, it is a government. Why did the national game gradually take on a governmental form? This question has a three-fold answer.

As the American conceives base-ball in terms of cities, but gets the best players from any source whatever, the team once formed must be "our men," and have a stability of character during the season.

The men must not change about too much. If, in the height of the season, when there is such fervid solicitude for the success of the home teams, and such eager watching of the batting averages of each player, the men were to shift about the country wherever higher salaries were offered, the enthusiasm of cities would become ridiculous. The best men would be bid for while the season's contest was going on; foresight in choosing players would be of no avail: it would be a competition of money and not of men. So, when a player has taken out his papers, he must remain a citizen of his team; he must be loyal to his city and his league. Were it not so, the sport would be gone. And as a contract with a player also binds the other party to the transaction, the "promoters" must have such power over him, even in his private conduct, as to insure that he will be a desirable man. Also, the players have a thorough course of training before the opening of the season, and this constitutes a property right in them—like that of a government in its soldiers. The penalty for any ordinary misconduct is a fine, for money has been found to be the most eloquent moralist. The capital penalty is the black-list, which is equal to deporting a man from the base-ball world. To enforce such laws, and to make the black-list effective, it is clearly necessary that there be a mutual agreement between the controllers of all clubs—a general unescapable government. That the American takes the players, unconsciously, as the kind of heroes I have indicated in this sterner side of the matter, is shown in his patriotic attitude toward them. He likes to see the game that is going on in every vacant lot and in the ball-grounds of city parks, but, after all, deny it as he will, his heart goes out in full admiration toward the regulars. They fight for our part of the country. This phase of base-ball government is due to the way we like to take the game.

Secondly, the government of base-ball announces its general purpose to be "the governing of professional players," and in the word professional we find another reason for its being. Base-ball has, at times in its history, supported pool-rooms, professional gamblers. The regular operating of a pool-room would require that the gamblers offer the public odds on every important game being played throughout the country, as is the case with horse-racing. The base-ball public has a true instinct that gamblers do not conduct a business on chance, and that, however they may seem to win and lose, they are betting not on their judgment, but on their knowledge. And this would mean base-ball conspiracy among the players. It so happens that the pool-rooms flourished in the days when the players themselves had control of the game. The public immediately lost interest in it; they did not trust the players. Horse-racing is of interest *because* of the gambling. A sport must be of one kind or the other; it cannot be mixed and continue on a successful basis. Base-ball, in the nature of the game, does not lend itself permanently to gambling interests. It would require a "fixing" of too many men; and that would not long remain secret or profitable. It is this feature of base-ball which has kept it the national sport.

There is no professional gambling in base-ball; it is not a gambler's game. Honestly conducted, it is too uncertain for the purpose; and everybody knows it. But while base-ball cannot be a permanent gambling interest, there is nothing in the game itself which would prevent it from being a temporary one; nothing to keep a player from being influenced if the temptation were large and the penalty small. The player, individually, would not have enough at stake to assure the public an honest game; but capital, knowing that gambling is fatal and that conspiracy would be found out, has sufficient at stake in its permanent investment. It cannot afford to have the dollar show its head inside of the diamond for a moment. The public, knowing this, enters fully into that other kind of interest—a purely partizan enthusiasm. It is not that financial promoters are considered more honest than the players and that base-ballists are naïvely trustful of them; but it is the knowledge of the fact that capital, having greater interests at stake, has greater *foresight,* for capital is organized foresight. Base-ball protects itself automatically in the long run; but the confidence must be complete in any particular game. Capital itself could not conspire with so many men to whom it has to be so strict an em-

ployer; and so the public and the financial promoters are on the same side of the fence.

Here, for once in the history of the world, the interests of the financier and of the people are one. And so, the public, by the indirection of its patronage and confidence, has delegated base-ball government to them. The matter has worked itself out historically. Here, then, is required power greater than that of an ordinary employer, who simply discharges a workman: it is government. The supreme court is no secret; the black-list is not hidden, but is simply put in force. Thus the player has his career at stake at all times.

It is just because of this fact that they are ball-players pure and simple, and the bound retainers of our civic cause, that the men are such public idols. The word professional, as applied to sport, has derived all its bad odor from its association with prize-fighting and such sports as depend on an individual, a single contestant who can, without dependence on others, "throw" a contest, and throw it in the direction of the gambling interests, his only conspirators. This being so easy and safe, it has repeatedly been done; and after the one "big haul," nothing could be done about it. But base-ball, though it has individual contestants, is not an individual contest; and as conspiracy would have to be too wide-spread in a series of games, it does not serve the purposes of the pool-room. And as to the single game, the men are under an iron-handed government whose purpose is to have a winning team and get big gate receipts.

The result has been to make the player a hired man, the soldier of a government which has power to govern. And so the word "professionalism" does not apply to him in its malodorous sense. A base-ball player is a professional exactly in the sense that a doctor or a lawyer is professional. In the general average it pays better than these professions. Thus has been solved that peculiar problem of satisfying the American's desire for the expertness of a professional and the virtues of an amateur at the same time. The base-ball player is virtually a professional amateur. He plays in earnest because he is a base-ballist himself, because his employer inspires him, and is generous in making it an object to win, and because there is honor in it. The American does not object to that kind of "professional" any more than the Italian objects to a professional singer. He is a connoisseur of base-ball, and wants something to be enthusiastic about.

President Charles W. Murphy of the Chicago club, winners of the National pennant for 1906, stated the truth to me from the employer's standpoint. "Base-ball is absolutely honest; and to that reason more than to any other can be traced its widespread popularity." The great base-ball public has an instinct of this fact; the newspapers are unanimous in declaring it a "clean" game; and so it is a game of purely sentimental, patriotic, interest.

In its third reason for being, base-ball government touches us closely; it is deep in the psychology of ruling a people. To perceive it, we look down into the heart of things, and there we find the umpire firmly standing. Everybody takes sides in base-ball, especially when the home team is doing battle. Were it a mere matter of money and professionalism, as it is conceived by the professional sport, we might keep quiet and be a "game loser," but as it is a matter of sentiment and base-ball patriotism, defeat comes hard. There have been times when, if the crowd had got justice into its own hands, it would have gone hard with the umpire. One reason for this, setting occasional rowdyism aside, is that the ball is very delusive in its appearance of going over the plate according to the rules. Any lateral aberration is better seen from a position in the line of its flight than from the side view that most of the spectators have, and this matter of position is the more important from the fact that a ball may be pitched with so great a speed that it is hard to follow. The spectators are inclined to believe what they see with their own eyes, and the umpire, being in a better position to see correctly, holds different views. Then there is disagreement,—and such a disagreement as can be aroused only by a question of "fair play." Just as we see that our side has scored, the umpire promulgates the news that it is the exact opposite—rascal and liar that he is. This is something that goes deep

into human affairs. It goes further in its significance than any mere interests at stake, it is a principle; and that is worth fighting for. And so it has come to pass, hand to hand and with sticks and stones. Umpires have fled by way of woodshed and alley, and been locked in the police-station for safe-keeping. As the French say, we "have the failings of our talents." A history of the base-ball umpire would be a tale of breathless 'scapes by land and water.

It has been in the minor leagues especially that the umpire has led a "dog's life." The metropolitan audiences, being more overawed by their own power, take it out in yelling, in trying to disconcert the opposed side, and especially in saying and doing things to "rattle the pitcher." Enthusiasm is like a conflagration in seeming to feed on itself; like a fire it burns harder when the fuel is all together, and a base-ball audience is a leaping bonfire of enthusiasm. The American dotes on it; I would almost risk the assertion that it is the national antidote. A foreign onlooker, without insight of the hidden realities, might well draw the conclusion that our populace has a predilection for lynching. But we can afford to let the impeachment pass, pointing to the fact that in the end we are with the umpire in approving of the strong government—over ourselves.

The powers that be have been very astute in this latter regard. The mob spirit is lighted by some one taking the initiative, especially one of the popular idols. In matters of government, all that is needed is dissension in places of authority, a discountenancing of the administration, and finally a part of the army on the popular side; then there is revolution. Dissension in the army is the one thing that must not be. The base-ball legislators have therefore put their thumbs down hard on the players in the field.

Formerly a player was allowed to come in from his position and "kick" without limit. The function of a captain is to watch out for the interests of his side, as against the umpire, and big first-basemen have shown their fitness to be captain and maintained that position by their ability to overawe the umpire and make him change his mind. But base-ball has changed in its personal character; the captain need not now be so ominous a person. Nowadays he can protest on the field only as a matter of legal form on appeal; and his final remedy consists in an appeal afterward to have the umpire's judgment reversed. That section of base-ball law which states the privileges of the captain in behalf of his team, and then hedges it about with limitations, is rather humorous reading. The umpire must not be coerced; and if he does not change his mind willingly, the captain's remedy is in a formal appeal. But the captain cannot even "appeal" to the judicial powers on anything involving "accuracy of judgment" on the part of the umpire. When you consider that the umpire's work is virtually all involved in "accuracy of judgment,"—for he is sure to be letter-perfect in the rules,—it can be seen that the umpire is invested with infallibility and absolute power. If he does not change his mind when politely spoken with, his word is law. He can call a man peremptorily out of the game, and order a substitute, only being open to a question of his "reasons" from the captain; and his reason need only be that he sees fit to do so. As early as 1875 it was beginning to be seen that this was necessary, De Witt's "Umpire's Guide" saying: "It is one of the necessities of the game of base-ball, apparently, that the duties of the umpire should exceed, in multiplicity and importance, those of the referee or umpire in every other sport in vogue." And so it has come to pass. Of course the umpire is almost certain to be right; his position depends upon it, for he is an employee, too. But the point is that the umpire is right, whether he is right or wrong; and, moreover, it is against the law for him to be influenced, as judge and jury, except according to the facts and the law. He is not merely enforcing the law, but the law is enforcing the umpire,—that is what players and populace are given to understand,— and behind that dictum is the general government, with the Commission, that can chop off the heads of anything and everybody. The players have an eye to the penalties, and the law is largely respected; they do not themselves start too much argument and disorder. The populace itself is controlled by a fine

indirection; a man may yell all he wishes, for enthusiasm or exercise, but not with any shadow of a hope of affecting the umpire. Thus peace is encompassed; the umpire stands for the national government, and not for the local interests.

Base-ball authorities, whenever they write for print, do not fail to keep up a missionary work with the players and the public, making pleas for a higher civilization in base-ball and appealing to their patriotism with beautiful ideals of conduct. The truth is that the antipathy to the ancient enemy, the umpire, still rankles and breaks out upon occasion. It is doubtful whether the statesmen of the game can ever bring about such a thing as a passive earnestness or a refined enthusiasm; but their governmental measures have been effective, and the result has been to make it a more popular game. The public growls but does not bite so often now; everybody likes it better under the strong government. And so the managers furnish it, for in any phase of base-ball it will always be found, in the last analysis, that we are the people.

OUTLAWS

CERTAIN parts of the country have such a favorable base-ball atmosphere that they produce an unusual quota of phenomenal players; and major base-ball has been largely contributed to by these tracts. Massachusetts is said to lead the States, with Pennsylvania and Ohio crowding her for the honor. The "bottoms" of the Ohio River, in the general neighborhood of Cincinnati, is one of these inoculated tracts. In fact, the first professional team, and the one that started up the country's enthusiasm with the Red-Stocking performances in 1868, came from there. It has been said of Pennsylvania that a traveler may look out of the car windows at any time and see a base-ball game on either hand; but some allowance must be made for American humor —said to be the humor of exaggeration. But even with such discount, a good-sized truth will be left regarding the pioneers of "town ball"; and the present-day manifestation of this zeal in Pennsylvania would be humorous were it not a thorn in the side of the general government.

A government, of course, must have its state criminals, its fugitives from justice who are entrenched in their strongholds; and Pennsylvania is the renegade's home base. If a great player is put out as a penalty by the rest of the country, or if he jumps his contract, he can make straight for the "Outlaw League." Philadelphia, being a major league town, stands by the government; but scattered over the State are eight towns, such as Altoona, Coatesville, and Lebanon, whose size would naturally permit them to support only minor league players. But the inhabitants have major league tastes, and in the solidarity of the rest of the country they find an opportunity. The inhabitants take in an "outlaw" player quite shamelessly, and give him money and honor. It has become a serious matter to the rest of the country to have good players thus harbored where they can hold out unrepentantly, for thus the whole penalty has miscarried, and law is brought to naught. A player who is universally outlawed can virtually be monopolized by a single exceptional league; and a natural advantage to the small towns would be to give them major league talent, which they could not ordinarily afford. But the people of the Tri-State League, which is its proper name though it is virtually confined to Pennsylvania, deny all such motives or advantages. They simply declare the whole state of affairs to be that they require the highest talent in base-ball, and must get it where they find it. They plead guilty to the soft impeachment of luring away players who are willing to violate the "reserve clause" of the other leagues, but declare that their inhabitants are wealthy and can pay for metropolitan base-ball. Indeed, the games they furnish do tend to make this true, drawing good crowds and keeping up the enthusiasm; but they do not acknowledge any advantage in the general state of affairs, claiming that they only ignore its rules.

If the "Outlaw League" were to come in under the general government, it would have to let out its outlawed players and lose certain advantages in getting their equals again. And the inhabitants are used to the high-class players. On the other hand, though it is a serious state of affairs, the government cannot afford to give a general pardon to its culprits.

A government has got to be firm. Even as I write, the National Board of Commission is holding a session in Cincinnati, and among the general business comes up this difficult problem again. Both sides seem to be facing the same obstacles as ever and cannot change their minds. Probably there never was a government so shrewdly constituted as to fit all the complicate conditions of American society. But any government worthy of the name must have its unconquerable, mountainous, moonshine districts—places where they make illicit base-ball.

THE SPIRIT OF IT

When a town wishes to compete for honors with other towns in a league which is already formed, it cannot simply make application, and be admitted; it must purchase the franchise of some other town in the league. This looks entirely financial; but it is not so. The American wishes to follow the fortunes of the game in some established, systematic way, and as he conceives base-ball patriotically in terms of cities, it must be conducted in regular tournaments. This being the case, the towns in the contest must be kept within such limits as to number and distance from one another and comparative size that they can travel back and forth enough times during a summer to complete the series that will decide which is the conqueror of them all. This is a practical condition, and by conforming to it everybody is enabled to take the game as a matter of local pride, a patriotic sentiment. All summer the towns are going back and forth to give one another battle—towns condensed to nine men with the town's name like the official stamp of sentiment on their bosoms. Here is the spirit and essence of organized base-ball. The game itself was found to fit us as a democratic sport, and then we further fitted it to ourselves in a democratic way. The organization of clubs into leagues is fundamentally sentimental, and this spirit will be found to dominate it even in its financial phases. This will bear concrete examination; and as the minor leagues are the larger part of base-ball, we will begin with that class.

Taking Ohio, which is famed for the production of star players in its minor clubs, let us look at a base-ball community which is neither a village nor a metropolis. Zanesville is a good-sized city without going to either extreme, and being the home of the present Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, it is fairly representative of our idea of patriotism. The city must have professional players, but in a minor league. It has had base-ball, but at present is looking for a connection; it is in the circuit of two leagues, the Central, and the Ohio and Pennsylvania, and it must buy a franchise from some other town. The newspaper expresses the city's mind as follows:

> Zanesville is practically assured of base-ball next season. At a meeting held here the other day, quite a large sum of money was subscribed for a club, and more will be coming from other supporters who have not been approached by the promoters as yet. The club which is now being organized will be much better than the one of last season. In base-ball affairs it is best that the club be owned by local people. These promoters do not care so much to make money on the investment as to have base-ball. If the receipts of the season cover the expenses, that is all that is desired. Good players will not then be sold for filthy lucre.

This is the fundamental nature of it, and on close study the spirit will be found to permeate the national game even in its more largely financial phases. Metropolitan base-ball differs from this only in the way that all things in the city differ from those of the town. Even major-league base-ball has not always paid; and in such cases the promoters willingly go down in their pockets. The successful promoter must be a genuine base-ballist.

Base-ball organization, in this matter of gathering cities into a society, is fundamentally sentimental in its workings; it is for the purpose of enlarging the interest of base-ball as an inter-city contest. As the many leagues do not all contend with one another, but have little to do with one another in the matter of comparative honors beyond the post-season contest between the major leagues, it is evident that the leaguing of leagues is where the purely governmental purposes begin to operate. The claim that it is for the general good of the game itself has proved true enough; and it bears down on the individual player strongly

because he is one factor, and, in fact, the elemental factor, of improvement.

The "selling" of a player is really the premium or a satisfactory price which one club exacts from another for the release of a player's contract obligations. The major-league clubs are always drawing their men from among the best talent developed in the minor-league clubs; and they also "sell" and "trade" men according as they are found to fit with different teams; and in such things the smaller clubs have as lively a regard for their own rights, in the making of laws, as have the larger clubs.

The major leagues are especially jealous in the observation of the "reserve clause." While a player is contracted to play with his club for a season, the fulfilment of it is not all left to his individual responsibility; the clubs have a mutual agreement to observe the contracts, also. And the "reserve clause" is a part of the law that goes further. When a player has filled his individual contract, and is released from that particular club, he may not go over to a club in the other big league until all the clubs of his own league have had the right to ask that he be assigned to them: it takes the unanimous agreement of all the other cities in the league to let him go. And the other big league is bound to respect this. This is a phase of the mutual rights between leagues, but, as affecting the player himself, it is based on the fact that he has been trained and developed at considerable cost. Each of the big clubs is taken in the winter to some favorable clime,—possibly Florida or California,—and trained in preparation for the base-ball campaign. The winning of games is not based merely on good individual work, but also on good "team work." It is largely tactical. This development of a good player constitutes a sort of governmental right to the time and money that has been invested in him, and this right is jealously guarded. In every way, the handling of the base-ball player, the observation of a property right in him, and the expectation of "loyalty," is comparable to the way of a nation with a soldier. In the methods and the spirit in which it is carried out the military similarity is very strong.

The larger organization is conceived as an association, but being for governmental purposes, the monopolistic form of organization is necessary. Setting aside for the moment any financial questions, it is apparent that the form of organization would be necessary on governmental grounds alone. And it rests with the promoters, the investors or employers, because only they have the power to make it effective. It was a matter of development through a historical experience; and only lately has it reached its rounded form. But, we might well ask, does the fact that this governmental form is necessary preclude the possibility that it might also have purely financial objects which the form of agreement so well fits? In all these details it will also be found that there are two sides to base-ball; for most of the rules have the usual faculty which rules have of working both ways. For instance, the arrangement that a league may not lure away another league's men is a source of additional expense to the promoters. A club must have the use of more men than the "nine" in order to get through the emergencies of a season at the top notch of efficiency; and not being able to get them at random as they are needed, a larger number must be engaged and trained beforehand. At the time I am writing, Cleveland has already engaged, in its determination to win out in 1907, four catchers, eleven pitchers, seven infielders, and seven outfielders—twenty-nine men, so far, in order to have the "nine." And while getting them, they released all former "bad drafts"—another military term which finds itself at home in the national game. Taking it altogether, the desires of the public, the financial interests, and the good of the game, scientifically and ethically, are all so interrelated that the interests are virtually one. It can be viewed only as a complicated whole which is perfectly satisfied with itself. The player is a public servant, a soldier of the cause. And the base-ball public worships him. The promoters, at the end of a winning season, are very benevolent despots.

For instance, in the season of 1906 the pennants of both major leagues were captured by the two Chicago clubs. Then they played each other a series for the Championship of the World. The year before, Philadelphia had it out with New York, to the excitement of both cities, in

record-breaking crowds; but it may be imagined what happened when a city was proudly divided against itself, and that city Chicago. The parks could not hold Chicago, naturally. The street-cars were held back by crowds watching the bulletins. The theaters were packed with audiences who watched newspaper reports; everywhere were crowds watching imaginary base-ball because they could not get in. At the final contest there were 23,627 who managed to get in; the rest stretching away for blocks. Early in the morning they had come and got into line with their lunches in boxes and the pink or green supplements of newspapers,—willing to stand and eat dinner afoot on the mere chance of getting in. Chicago was "base-ball crazy." We had given New York and Philadelphia and the rest of them such a glorious base-ball defeat. It was Chicago's private business; but spectators came from all over the State and from distant States to see the show. Even lumbermen in the State of Washington had been keeping track of the score.

The Cubs had won their league pennant and also broken a record in the history of the game; and now the other part of Chicago, the White Sox, turned about and beat *them*. At the end of the last game, the players, knowing what to expect, dropped everything instantly and ran. Most of them got away. The enthusiasm of base-ball friends is only less to be feared than the attack of enemies. A small-sized fortune was voluntarily distributed among the men by President Comiskey of the winning team.

A base-ball "corporation" is an anomaly in terms. There is as much emulation between the promoters of the metropolitan teams as between the smaller fry, and as the public has an instinct of the spirit in which it is conducted, and insists upon utter integrity, the management must have the virtues of a satisfactory government. An official must have all the liberal qualities that go to make up the virtues of a real "sport" and at the same time he must control with an iron hand that would put a mere trust to shame. The history of the game is interesting. It is a record of strikes and revolts against oppression in the old, developmental days; of organization wars; of the trials and failures of socialism on the part of the players. They tried to run themselves but did not please the people; and so their socialism brought us all to what I would call, on second thought, a democratic despotism. Can any one imagine what would happen if there were Government Ownership of base-ball? It would be too much like war.

THE NATIONALITY OF IT

An interesting phase of our base-ball seriousness put itself into evidence recently. Although the spirit of the sport is about the furthest possible remove from academic worries, there is one question that is a national concern—"Who started it?" This comes so near home that it interests even a base-ball "fan."

There are two sets of opinion, certain of our authorities claiming that it had its small beginnings in the old English game of rounders, and others maintaining, to the satisfaction of the majority, that this is not so. The traditions of the game seem to lose themselves in the early 40's, when there was no base-ball at all, but only boy's playing in various ways with the bat and the ball. And so this important matter, with two theories concerning it, and with a prehistoric period, has been in a state where one's sentiments could set themselves up as authoritative opinions. Most players flout any suggestion of rounders.

But in the season of 1905, the game went to such a pitch of popularity that when the base-ball fathers again took sides on this question it was decided to have the matter settled authoritatively for all time. A special Base-ball Commission was appointed. It included such base-ball players as Arthur P. Gorman, United States Senator from Maryland, and Morgan G. Bulkeley, United States Senator from Connecticut, and formerly Governor of that State. Besides these, were A. G. Mills, N. E. Young, Alfred J. Reach, and George Wright, all of them high in the councils of the game itself. As to the United States Senators, Mr. Gorman was not only an enthusiastic player of base-ball, but formerly president of a famous team, the Nationals of Washington, and Mr. Bulkeley was first President of the National League.

These six veterans of the game have given due time to the performance of their office and as yet the matter has not been settled. The death of Senator Gorman had the effect, I am informed, of delaying final consideration of the evidence. The secretary, Mr. James E. Sullivan of New York, who is also secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, has collected a mass of evidence consisting of letters and briefs from experts and old-timers—sworn statements on both sides of the controversy. All this evidence will be formulated and finally considered before a great while and then the special commission will make known where base-ball originated.

Those who advocate an English origin (they might be called the Evolutionists) would derive base-ball from something else because there are rudimentary indications of it in the older game of rounders; and they do the best they can with the dark ages of its history. But the opposition shows that the sort of ball game which American school-boys played in the first half of the nineteenth century was as rudimentary as anything could well be with a bat and a ball, and that it grew spontaneously. So they would trace its entire history in America. This country originated it as spontaneously as it made it what it is, they say. In the early fifties, when it was beginning to attract the attention of the elders in various forms of "old cat," the Philadelphians played what they called "town ball," and in other communities the game showed a natural independence in its rules, as if it were all spontaneous. The highly developed game as it exists to-day is decidedly a growth of this country, and if we cannot prove the very origin of the idea of hitting a ball with a bat, we can at least treat base-ball as the Greeks did the Olympic Games, and make for ourselves a tradition. They claimed that the Olympic Games were formally founded by the gods. Indeed, the sphere was presented to us by heaven, and the bat is only the stick that every small boy carries with the purpose of hitting something. That much was natural; and we did the rest. It was a development, not an invention; and from the evidence at hand we only know that America and base-ball met each other when they were young and grew up together. The commission will decide; and let us hope that when our base-ball doctrine is handed down the game will not be in any way beholden to any Foreign Power.

THE IDEAL

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

BROTHER in hope, if you
Should ever pierce our empyrean through,
And find that perfect star
Whose beams we have not seen, yet know they are,
Say that I loved it, too,
But could not climb so far.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

IT is notable that while the name of Thomas Bailey Aldrich stands in the popular mind for the light touch in verse —a touch that few in our time have been able to equal in delicacy and attractiveness, the greater part of his verse ranges from the serious to the tragic. The subjects in a majority of cases are not those which the casual reader might expect from the author of many of his well-known songs and episodes.

Aldrich's light touch seems to us most nearly perfect where the subject is apparently most personal, as in the unsurpassable lyric, "Forever and a Day":

I

I little know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air
With his soft crescendo now;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May—
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

II

It 's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight;
For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden-boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.
Until she come again
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

Such a lyric as this would seem to be as sure of keeping its place in English literature as any poem of its class that the centuries have sanctioned.

The art in his grave poems is really in keeping with that of his lighter verse. But the reader is sure that the careful workmanship is not the result of mere artifice; that it comes from a sense of beauty and the poet's pure desire for perfection. There is no filing for the sake of filing, but a conscientious seeking for the right phrase. He confessed once to a search of days for what he thought the absolutely right adjective to describe the cry of the sea-gull, hitting at last upon the word "petulant"; and this persistency was characteristic.

Often he struck the note of high patriotism, and many are his poems that deal with the mysteries of life and death. He wrote fit and beautiful threnodies, and in his verse one comes constantly upon startling hints and suggestions concerning nature, human fate, and the spirit-world, as in "Rencontre," "Identity," "I Vex Me Not With Brooding on the Years," "A Mood," and "Apparitions," poems which have a new poignancy in the light of his departure.

APPARITIONS

At noon of night, and at the night's pale end,
Such things have chanced to me
As one, by day, would scarcely tell a friend
For fear of mockery.

Shadows, you say, mirages of the brain!
I know not, faith, not I.
Is it more strange the dead should walk again
Than that the quick should die?

Aldrich ought to have lived longer and continued to write, for many years to come, for he was in little danger of failing in taste and rigid self-criticism. But, after all, his life had a remarkable completeness. His boyish attainment of fame made him not less, but more, careful in his

art from the beginning. There never was a time when he did not hold high the standard of art, and not less for himself than for others. With increasing years his touch grew more assured and his imagination deeper.

Neither in his genial prose writings nor in his verse was fully reflected the wit which made personal intercourse with him a rare privilege. For private conversation was reserved the treasure of his whimsical and never-failing humor. Doubtless many of his sallies will be jotted down by friends and preserved by his biographer, but the manner of his appealing persiflage and illuminating witticisms can never be reproduced.

Nor can be told yet the story of his chief happiness—of that life of inseparable affection which helped to make his career one of the most fortunate in the annals of literature.

SAFETY ON RAILROADS

THERE is no doubt that the traveling public is acquiring an increased anxiety on the subject of railroad accidents. The statistics as to injuries to employees are startling enough, but to the men and women who travel the dangers of transportation have recently been brought home with still greater force by the sadly numerous accounts of injuries to travelers themselves.

The whole question of safety-devices, on railroads as in the entire industrial world, has been receiving public attention of late by the exhibition of safety-devices prepared by the American Institute of Social Service.

The timely article by Professor Stratton of Johns Hopkins University, in the May CENTURY, on "Railroad Disasters at Night" suggests possible remedies. Again, the subject of the mechanical determination and record of speed on railroads is one that apparently needs investigation in America, as other countries seem to be ahead of us in this regard.

As to the problem of safety on the railroads, would it not allay public anxiety if a special commission of experts were appointed by some responsible body, with the advice and consent of the railroads themselves, which commission should make a scientific investigation of the entire subject of the prevention of accidents on our railroads; the report of such commission, wherein practicable, to be acted upon by the railroads promptly and in good faith?

OPEN LETTERS

"Lincoln in the Telegraph Office"

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE PAPER IN THE MAY CENTURY

AN incident of striking interest in regard to Abraham Lincoln's early presence in a telegraph office has been described to me by Charles A. Tinker, my associate cipher-operator in the War Department Telegraph Office, and may be offered here as a postscript to my opening paper in the May CENTURY. Later it will appear in my book.

It forms the earliest data which the writer has been able to find concerning Lincoln's presence in a telegraph office. Mr. Tinker says that in the month of March, 1857, he was employed as telegraph-operator in the Tazewell House, Pekin, Illinois, which, during successive terms, was the headquarters of the judge of the circuit and of the lawyers in attendance on court. As Abraham Lincoln had occasionally sent and received telegrams through the office, a speaking acquaintance had grown up between the lawyer and the operator. On one occasion, after watching young Tinker's expert manipulation of the Morse key, and seeing him write down an incoming message, which he received by sound, an unusual accomplishment in those early days, Lincoln asked him to explain the operation of the new and mysterious force. Tinker gladly complied with the request, going into details, beginning at the battery, the source of the electric current, which, in its passage through the coils of the magnet (or "relay," as it is technically called), serves to attract an iron armature con-

nected with a retractile spring, which pulls back the armature from the two parallel ends of the relay magnet whenever the electric current is broken. By this means, as Tinker explained to Lincoln, the now familiar dots and dashes of the Morse telegraph signals are sent and received.

Tinker says that Lincoln seemed to be greatly interested in his explanation, and asked pertinent questions, showing an observing mind already well furnished with a knowledge of collateral facts and natural phenomena. He seemed to comprehend readily the operation of the telegraph, which was then a comparatively new feature in business and social intercourse, wires having been extended west of the Allegheny Mountains only five or six years before that time.

From this early period until the day of his death, eight years afterward, Lincoln's connection with the telegraph was very close.

David Homer Bates.

Gérard's "Countess Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély"

CHIEF among the painters of the Napoleonic period, and one of the most noted pupils of David, was François-Pascal Gérard. He was a baron and was born in 1770, at Rome, where he passed his early life. His first works were large historical canvases, a style of picture then largely in vogue. But, being unsuccessful in this field, he turned his attention to portraiture, in which line he attained great distinction, becoming the "painter of kings," and, in the opinion of his friends, the "king of painters." Napoleon, Josephine, and Louis XVIII were among his sitters.

The portrait of the Countess Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély is a beautiful example of his work, and belongs to his best period. Though showing the Italian influence in the arrangement of its landscape background, it reveals an originality in the ease, naturalness, and spontaneity of the pose, with those long, bare arms so frankly disposed. Were they less beautiful, the disposition would be intolerable.

The hair of the countess is a lovely shade of brown, matching her eyes. The vivacious, yet mellow tone of the flesh, and the gauzy waist of delicate blue that partly veils it, show off interestingly against the flat, cool tones of the gray sky. On the right a dark-green curtain hangs from the gray-stone casement of the window by which she is sitting. The dress is black, of a greenish cast, upon which falls a gray-blue sash. The countess is sitting upon a rich red cushion. It is a life-size bust on canvas, measuring three feet high by twenty-nine inches wide.

T. Cole.

NOTE

CONCERNING the article on the "Washington-Craigie-Longfellow House" in THE CENTURY for February, we learn from Colonel T. W. Higginson that the name "Fayersham," on page 497, should have been Habersham; that it cannot positively be stated that the house was built in 1759, as is declared in the article; and also that Longfellow Park was not given by the heirs to the city of Cambridge, but to the Longfellow Memorial Association, the city exempting the property from taxation.—THE EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Aunt Jemimy "Excurts" to Jamestown

"YAS 'M, I had a mighty po' sort uh time on dat 'scursion," said Aunt Jemimy, wringing out the last piece of "wash" into her generous tub. "Fac' is, honey, I jes is 'bout made up muh min' not tuh go 'scurtin' roun' dis country no mo'. 'T ain't wuth hit. Fust time I went on a 'scursion I got muhse'f tied up tuh dat no-'count Jonas, en de nex' time we-all went, blessed ef he ain't drop one of de twins out uh de cyah winduh, en de train hat tuh run back considerbul 'fo' we cotch up wid dat chile, layin' dyah, lumberin' laik he was gwine split his mouf open.

"But dis las' time hit was de wuss uv all. Wait 'll I tell you. Preachuh Jinkins uv de 'Lebenth Mount Zion Chu'ch is a mighty eddicated man, en he 'low we-all got tuh know somep'n 'bout de hist'ry uv Jeemestown, so 's tuh be able tuh instruc' de brethren en sistuhren whar 'll come down heah f'om de Nawth 'long 'bout Exposition-time. So eve'y membuh uv de congregation chipped in en 'rent a steamboat fuh de day, en de Preachuh,

whar had done read up on de subjick, stood up in de eend uv de boat wid a megahorn tuh holluh out de names uv de grand places uv intrus' we-all hat tuh pass.

"En dat was all right, so fuh ez hit went. Excurtin' is a business whar allus starts off wid a whoop en eends wid a flop. Leas'ways, dat 's de way uv all dem 'scursions whar I 've been at, en eve'ybody got aboa'd dis one in a mighty good humor dat day, totin' de snack-barskits, en de palm-leaf fans, en de camp-stools.

" Sich a-laffin' en a-talkin' en a-passin' de cormplimints uv de weathuh you ain't nevuh heah; en when de boat swung huh nose roun', en p'inted hit down de ribbuh you 'd 'a' thought she was p'intin' straight fuh de Promised Lan' by de shout dat went up.

" Den all uv a suddint Bruh Jinkins 'gun tuh play on dat megahorn. ' Ladies en gem-man,' says he, ' on de lef' bank uv de noble Jeemes you will please tuh obserb Powytan—dat place whar de Injine maiden Poky-hunter save' Marse Jawn Smif f'om descalpitation by huh daddy.'

"Co'se 't wa'n't nothin' much tuh look at, chile; dee ain't nevuh much tuh see in a view, but we-all look jes de same, 'ca'se dat was what we 'd done come fuh; en, anyway, I reckon ef dat gal hat tuh knowed how many Jawn Smifs she was gwine tuh tuhn loose in dis country, she 'd 'a' laid off en fotch him de fust whack huhse'f.

"Look tuh me laik nobody would n' no' mo' min' killin' a Jawn Smif den dee would min' killin' a 'skeetuh, dyah 's allus plenty mo' tuh tek dee place. I lay 't wa'n't long 'fo' she was sorry 'nough she 'd done been so survigrous 'bout savin' dat man.

"Wellum, pretty soon we-all come tuh a place call Dutch Gap, en 'fo' de Lawd! chile, I thought dat steamuh was gwine bus' huhse'f wide open squeedjin' th'ough dat place. Cyan't see what nobody wan' tuh build a ribbuh dat narruh fuh, jes at de ve'y place whar hit ought tuh be widuh, too. Dyah was sich a' all-fiahed scrougin' en a-bustin' tuh git th'ough dat I disremembuhs what de Preachuh hat tuh say on de subjick; but de nex' place uv intrus' was Varina, whar, ef you 'll b'lieve me, dat Poky-hunter dat I was tellin' you 'bout jes now tuk en went en got huhse'f ma'ied tuh anothuh man, en sot up tuh housekeepin' on dat ve'y spot.

"Hit was de ve'y stranges' thing I evuh heah tell uv. Heah she 'd done fyah flung huhse'f at Jawn Smif's haid, en he 'on't look at huh. Nor'm, dat 's what I heah tell. He 'on't even look at huh. I 'spec', ef de trufe was knowed, she was jes a little too dark-complected tuh suit him; so she jes hat tuh up en take 'nuthuh Jawn whar wa'n't so pernicketty; en dyah dee lived tuhgethuh, right dyah. De Preachuh say we-all jes hat tuh 'maginate de house, 'ca'se dee sutney want nothin' dyah dat we c'u'd see.

"Hit 's a funny thing 'bout dese heah 'scursions, honey. You nevuh does go tuh see what 's dyah now, but allus what use' tuh was dyah. I 'clar' fo' gracious, hit jes kep' dis nigguh on de jump, twel I did n' know ef muh eyes was in de back uv muh haid uh de front. Eve'y time Bruh Jinkins horn out, ' Heah 's dis ' uh ' Heah 's dat,' I 'd jump up en glue muh eyes on dat spot, en I is yet tuh see de fust trace uv anything he was talkin' 'bout so glib; en oncet de camp-stool shet up wid me de wrong way, en de nex' time I jes miss hit altuhgethuh, en hit tuk fo' strong, able-bodied men tuh get me right-side up ag'in.

"Nor'm, honey, excurtin' sutney ain't what hit 's cracked up tuh be, you heah me.

"Wellum, 'long 'bout dat time we-all 'gun tuh git mighty hongry, so we jes drawed up dem pestiferous camp-cheers en open up de snack. Dyah was right smart uv a corntention 'twixt Sis' Jinnie Remus en Sis' Jane Ricks en me as tuh which had de bes' fried chicken, en ef I does say hit muhse'f, de Preachuh's toof was fuhevuh p'intin' right at muh barskit, twel dee yothuhs was right smart huffed, en I hattuh puhten' tuh think dat dyah chicken was so much gooder 'n mine I could n' even eat muh own muhse'f. Dyah was whar I made de mistake, honey. Lordy! I 'on't nevuh fuhgit tuh muh dyin' day de awful spasms uv feelin' I had when I bit off de meat f'om one uv Sis Jane Ricks' chicken laigs, en lef' muh front toof stickin' in de bone. Honey, hit was heart-bustin', dat 's what hit was.

"Muh ve'y bes' set, too, en I would n' 'a' had dem two women know dee wa'n't mine, bawned, so tuh speak, in muh mouf, fuh nothin' unduh de sun. Dee 'd 'a' hawked de news f'om one eend uv dat boat tuh de yothuh, en folks 'd come peerin' in muh mouf laik dee was lookin' at some uv de daid-en-gone places Preachuh Jinkins was talkin' 'bout.

"Sis' Jane look bat-eyed at me. 'Ain't muh chicken scrumptious 'nough fuh yo' tas'e?' says she. ' M-m,' says I, pretendin' tuh eat. What 'd I do? Jes sot dyah wid de eend uv muh bandana tucked in de hole.

"' What kin be de mattuh wid Sis' Jemimy?' Bruh Jinkins ax. ' Seems tuh me she hain't enjoyin' dis feas' ez she should, seein' how pop'lar huh lay-out is.'

"' De motion uv de boat,' says I, th'ough de right eend uv muh mouf, ' is 'mos' too much fuh me. Hit 's been a long time sence I tuk a sea trip befo'.'

"Wellum, wid dat dee all sort uv let me 'lone, 'ca'se it sutney ain't pleasant tuh have no sea-sick pusson sittin' 'longside uv a opened-out snack. But, Lawd! chile, I was

dat hongry I c'u'd 'a' et de ve'y stool I was settin' on, cyarpit seat en all, en I did n' dass n't tech na'y mou'ful on 'count uv de lynx eyes uv dem two.

"When we-all come tuh Westovuh, I 'd laid off tuh tell 'em all tales dat even Bruh Jinkins did n' know nothin' 't all 'bout, 'ca'se muh gran'mammy had been de cook down dyah sence I c'u'd riccomembuh; but I jes had tuh sot dyah dumb ez a clam, eve'ybody pityin' me en movin' a leetle out uh muh way, twel I c'u'd 'a' holluhed fit tuh bus', I was dat mad.

"Now en den I 'd sort uh fuhgit 'bout dat gap en start in tuh talk, but muh tongue 'd go shootin' th'ough, en 't was ez much ez I c'u'd do tuh pull hit out ag'in, much less git out what I was gwine tuh say.

"What 'd I keer 'bout Jeemestown artuh dat? Eve'y slab in de graveyahd looked laik a front tooth tuh me. I got out 'longside uv de res' uv 'em, but I jes sot dyah on de ruins, wid muh haid in muh han's en tuk no intrus' in nothin'.

"Not dat dyah was anything wuth lookin' at. One chimbley don' make a view any mo' 'n five front teeth make a set, en I was too busy threadin' dat gap wid muh tongue tuh keer who dat chimbley 'longed tuh when hit was a house.

"Hit sutney do go mighty hahd wid a 'oman tuh keep huh mouf shet fuh de bes' part uv a day, but dat 's what I hat tuh do, honey. I did hit mos' uv de way down, en all de way back, en you kin heah me now, chile, dat dat 's de las' excurtin' yo' Aunt Jemimy 's gwine tuh do outside uv huh trip tuh de cem'tery, en dat 's Gawd's own trufe."

Cally Ryland.

Sleepy Time

GOOD night, little baby;
I 've counted your toes,
I 've kissed all your fingers,
And rumpled your nose.

Good night, little baby;
The day 's gone away;
The big, tired darkness
Does n't know how to play.

Good night, little baby;
My arms are the bed,
My heart is the pillow,
My love is the spread.

Anita Fitch.

Drawn by Charles Nuttall

GETTING RECKLESS

BOOK AGENT: My dear sir, this is a scientific treatise on agriculture. As an up-to-date farmer, you can't afford to do without it.

FARMER: Still, I reckon I 'll do without it, I 've been economizin' so long it 's a kind o' relief to do somethin' I can't afford.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

MARGARET ANGLIN AS "RUTH JORDAN" IN WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S PLAY "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI